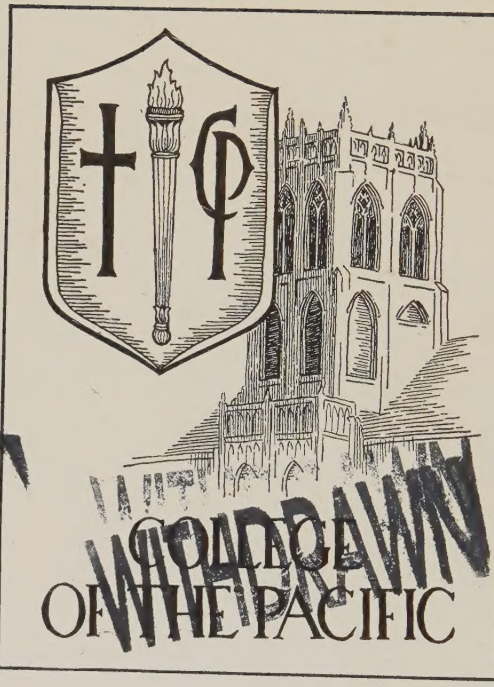

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The Baroness Nairne

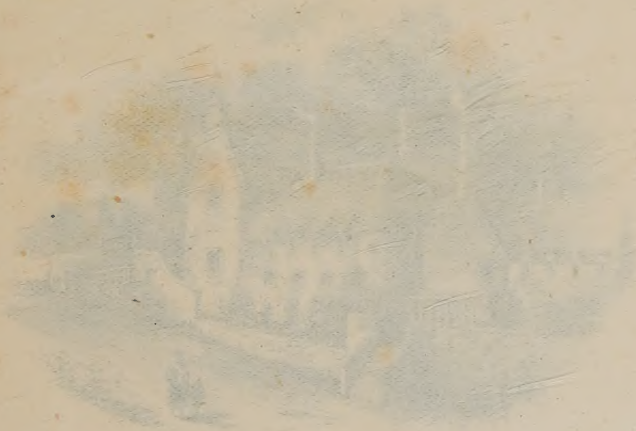
The Scottish Minstrel

THE

SONGS AND SONG WRITERS

OF SCOTLAND

SUBSEQUENT TO BURNS

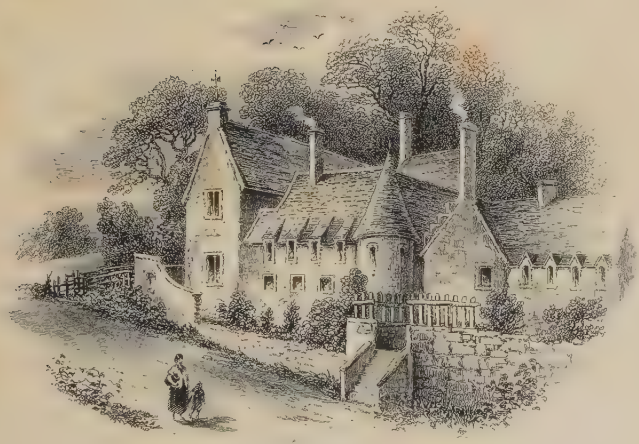


EDINBURGH

WILLIAM P. NIMMO

The Scottish Minstrel

THE SONGS AND SONG WRITERS OF SCOTLAND SUBSEQUENT TO BURNS.



THE AULD HOUSE O GASK

THE BIRTHPLACE OF LADY NAIRNE

EDINBURGH
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

THE

SCOTTISH MINSTREL

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND

SUBSEQUENT TO BURNS

WITH

Memoirs of the Poets

BY THE

REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A. SCOT.

HISTORIOGRAPHER TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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As if pointing to a condition of primeval happiness, Poetry has been the first language of nations. The Lyric Muse has especially chosen the land of the mountain and the flood; and such scenes she has only abandoned when the inhabitants have sacrificed their liberties. Edward I., who massacred the Minstrels of Wales, might have spared the butchery, as their strains were likely to fall unheeded on the ears of their subjugated countrymen. The martial music of Ireland is a matter of tradition; on the first step of the invader the genius of chivalric song departed from Erin. Scotland retains her independence, and those strains which are known in northern Europe as the most inspiriting and delightful, are recognised as the native minstrelsy of Caledonia. The origin of Scottish song and melody is as difficult of settlement as is the era of Ossian. There probably were songs and music in Scotland in ages long prior to the period of written history. Preserved and transmitted through many generations of men, stern and defiant as the mountains amidst which it was produced, the Minstrelsy of the North has, in the course of centuries, continued steadily to increase alike in aspiration of sentiment and harmony of numbers.

The spirit of the Scottish lyre seems to have been aroused during the war of independence, and the ardour of the strain has not since diminished. The metrical chronicler, Wyntoun, has preserved a stanza, lamenting the calamitous death of Alexander III., an event which proved the commencement of the national struggle:

"Quhen Alysandyr oure kyng wes dede,
That Scotland led in luve and lé,
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle:
Oure gold wes changyd into lede.
Cryst, borne in-to virgynyté
Succour Scotland and remede,
That stad is in perplexyté."

The antiquity of these lines has been questioned, and the strain does seem a little too

dolorous for the times. Stung as they were by the perfidious dealings of their own nobility, and the ruthless oppression of a neighbouring monarch, the Minstrels sought every opportunity of arousing the patriotic feelings of their countrymen, while they despised the efforts of the enemy, and anticipated their defeat. At the siege of Berwick in 1296, when Edward I. began his first expedition against Scotland, the Scottish Minstrels ridiculed the attempt of the English monarch to capture the place in some lines which have been preserved. The ballad of "Gude Wallace" has been ascribed to this age; and if scarcely bearing the impress of such antiquity, it may have had its prototype in another of similar strain. Many songs were sung by the common people in celebration of Wallace and Bruce.

The battle of Bannockburn was an event peculiarly adapted for the native lyre. The following lines commemorating the victory have been preserved by the chronicler Fabyan:

"Maydens of Englande,
Sore may ye morne,
For your lemmans, ye
Haue lost at Bannockysburne.
With heue-a-lowe,
What weneth the king of England,
So soon to have won Scotland?
With rumbylowe."

Rhymes in similar pasquinade against the south were composed on the occasion of the nuptials of the young Prince, David Bruce, with the daughter of Edward II.

After the oblivion of a century, the Scottish Muse experienced a revival on the return, in 1424, of James I. from his English captivity. Of strong native genius, and possessed of all the learning which could be obtained at the period, this chivalric sovereign was especially distinguished for his skill in music and poetry. By Tassoni the Italian writer, he has been described as a composer of sacred music, and the inventor of a kind of music of a plaintive character. His poetical works—"The King's Quair," and "Peblis to the Play"—abound not only in traits of lively humour, but in singular gracefulness. To his pen "Christ's Kirk on the Green" may also be ascribed. The native minstrelsy was fostered and promoted by many of his royal successors. James III. was patron of Sir William Rogers, an accomplished musician, and the founder of a new school of Scottish music; James IV. bestowed largesses on Henry the Minstrel, cherished the poet Dunbar, and himself wrote verses; James V. composed "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "The Jollie Beggar," ballads which are still sung. Queen Mary loved music, and wrote verses in French; and James VI., the last occupant of the Scottish throne, sought reputation as a writer both of Latin and English poetry. Under the patronage of the Royal House of Stewart, epic and lyric poetry flourished in Scotland. The poetical chroniclers Barbour, Henry the Minstrel, and Wyntoun, are familiar names, as are likewise the poets Henryson, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay. But the authors of the songs of the people have been forgotten. In a droll poem entitled "Cockelby's Sow," ascribed to the reign of James I., is enumerated a considerable catalogue of contemporary lyrics. In the pro-

logue to Gavin Douglas' translation of the Æneid of Virgil, written not later than 1513, and in the "Complaynt of Scotland," published in 1549, further catalogues of the popular songs have been preserved.

The poetic gift had an influence upon the Reformation both of a favourable and an unfavourable character. By exposing the vices of the Romish clergy, Sir David Lyndsay and the Earl of Glencairn promoted the interests of the new faith; while, on the event of the Reformation being accomplished, the degraded condition of the Muse was calculated to undo the beneficial results of the ecclesiastical change. The Church early attempted to remedy the evil by sanctioning the replacement of profane ditties with words of religious import. Of this nature the most conspicuous effort was Wedderburne's "Book of Godly and Spiritual Ballads," a work more calculated to provoke merriment than to excite any other feeling.

On the union of the Crowns a new era arose in the history of the Scottish Muse. The national spirit abated, and the poets rejoiced to write in the language of their southern neighbours. In the time of Barbour, the Scottish and English languages were almost identical; they were now widely dissimilar, and the Scottish poets, by writing English verse, required to translate their sentiments into a new tongue. Their poetry thus became more the expression of the head than the utterance of the heart. The national bards of this period, the Earl of Stirling, Sir Robert Aytoun, and Drummond of Hawthornden, have, amidst much elegant versification, left no impression on the popular mind. Other poets of that and the succeeding age imitated Buchanan, by writing in Latin verse. Though a considerable portion of our elder popular songs may be fairly ascribed to the seventeenth century, the names of few of the writers have been preserved. The more conspicuous song writers of this century are Francis Semple, Lord Yester, Lady Grizzel Baillie, and Lady Wardlaw.

The taste for national song was much on the wane, when it was restored by the successful efforts of Allan Ramsay. He revived the elder ballads in his "Evergreen," and introduced contemporary poets in his "Tea Table Miscellany." The latter obtained a place on the tea table of every lady of quality, and soon became eminently popular. Among the more conspicuous promoters of Scottish song, about the middle of last century, were Mrs Alison Cockburn, Miss Jane Elliot of Minto, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Sir John Clerk of Pennycuick, Dr Austin, Dr Alexander Geddes, Alexander Ross, James Tytler, and the Rev. Dr Blacklock. The poet Robert Fergusson, though peculiarly fond of music, did not write songs. Scottish song reached its climax on the appearance of Robert Burns. He so struck the chord of the Scottish lyre, that its vibrations were felt in every bosom. The songs of Caledonia, under the influence of his matchless power, became celebrated throughout the world. He purified the elder minstrelsy, and by a few gentle, but effective touches, renovated its fading aspects. "He could glide like dew," writes Allan Cunningham, "into the fading bloom of departing song, and refresh it into beauty and fragrance." Contemporary with Burns, being only seven years his junior, though upwards of half-a-century later in becoming known, Carolina Oliphant, Baroness Nairne, proved a noble coadjutor and successor to the rustic bard in renovating the national minstrelsy. Possessing a fine musical ear,

she adapted her lyrics with singular success to the sentiments of the older airs, and was thus enabled to supersede many ribald and vulgar ditties, which associated with inspiring music, had long maintained a noxious popularity. Of Burns' immediate contemporaries, the more conspicuous were, John Skinner, Hector Macneill, John Mayne, and Richard Gall. Grave as a pastor, Skinner revelled in drollery as a versifier: Macneill loved sweetness and simplicity; Mayne, with a perception of the ludicrous, was plaintive and sentimental; Gall was patriotic and graceful.

Sir Walter Scott, the great poet of the past half-century, if his literary qualifications had not been so varied, would have possessed renown as a writer of Scottish songs; he was thoroughly imbued with the martial spirit of the old times, and keenly alive to those touches of nature which give point and force to the productions of the national lyre. Joanna Baillie sung effectively the joys of rustic social life, and gained admission to the cottage hearth. Lady Anne Barnard won national admiration by one plaintive lay. Allan Cunningham wrote the Scottish ballad in the peculiar rhythm and with the power of the older minstrels. Alike in mirth and tenderness, Sir Alexander Boswell was exquisitely happy. Tannahill gave forth strains of bewitching sweetness; Hogg, whose ballads abound with supernatural imagery, evinced in song the utmost pastoral simplicity; Motherwell was a master of the plaintive; Robert Nicoll rejoiced in rural loves. Among living song-writers, Charles Mackay holds a first place—his songs glow with patriotic sentiment, and are redolent in beauties; in pastoral scenes, Henry Scott Riddell is without a competitor; James Ballantine has wedded to heart-stirring strains those maxims which conduce to virtue. The Scottish Harp vibrates to sentiments of chivalric nationality in the hands of Hugh Ainslie, Alexander Maclagan, and Robert White. Eminent lyrical simplicity is depicted in the strains of Archibald Mackay, John Crawford, Thomas C. Latto, James Smith, George W. Donald, Matthias Barr, and George Mac Donald. The best ballad writers introduced in the present work are Robert Chambers, John S. Blackie, Mrs Ogilvy, and the late Professor Aytoun. Amply sustained is the national reputation in female lyric poets, by the compositions of Mrs Simpson, Isabella Craig Knox, and Margaret Crawford Roseburgh. The national sports are celebrated with stirring effect by Thomas T. Stoddart, and the late William A. Foster. Sacred poetry is admirably represented by such lyrical writers as Horatius Bonar, D.D., and the late James D. Burns. Many thrilling verses, suitable for music, though not strictly claiming the character of lyrics, have been produced by Thomas Aird, Henry Glassford Bell, James Hedderwick, Andrew J. Symington, and the late James Macfarlan.

Of the collections of the elder Scottish Minstrelsy, the best catalogue is supplied by Dr David Laing in the latest edition of Johnson's Musical Museum. Of the modern collections we would honourably mention, "The Harp of Caledonia," edited by John Struthers (3 vols. 12mo); "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern" (4 vols. 8vo), edited by Allan Cunningham; "The Scottish Songs" (2 vols. 12mo), edited by Robert Chambers; and, "The Book of Scottish Song," edited by Alexander Whitelaw. Most of these works contain original songs, but the amplest collections of these are M'Leod's "Original National Melodies," and the several small

volumes of "Whistle Binkie."* The more esteemed modern collections with music are "The Scottish Minstrel," edited by R. A. Smith † (6 vols. 8vo); "The Songs of Scotland, adapted to their appropriate Melodies, arranged with Pianoforte Accompaniments," edited by G. F. Graham, Edinburgh: 1848 (3 vols. royal 8vo); "The Select Songs of Scotland, with Melodies, etc." Glasgow: W. Hamilton, 1855 (1 vol. 4to); "The Lyric Gems of Scotland, a Collection of Scottish Songs, Original and Selected, with Music," Glasgow, 1856 (12mo). Of district collections of Minstrelsy, "The Harp of Renfrewshire," published in 1820, under the editorship of Motherwell, and "The Contemporaries of Burns," containing interesting biographical sketches and specimens of the Ayrshire bards, claim special commendation.

The present Collection proceeds on the plan of presenting memoirs of the song writers in connection with their compositions, thus making the reader acquainted with the condition of every writer, and with the circumstances in which his minstrelsy was given forth. In this manner, too, many popular songs, of which the origin was unknown, have been permanently connected with the names of their authors. In the preparation of the first edition, especially in procuring materials for the memoirs and biographical notices, the editor was occupied during a period of four years. He has, in preparing the present edition, made every effort to render the work still more worthy of public acceptance. Every article has undergone a strict revision, errors and omissions have been rectified, and in relation to not a few of the memoirs, new and important particulars have been added. Many recent poets, not included in the former edition, have been introduced. In presenting this reprint to his fellow-countrymen, the Editor rejoices in having found a Publisher, who, imbued with the national spirit, has undertaken to produce the work at a price which will render it generally accessible.

Snowdoun Villa,
Lewisham, Kent, *April* 18, 1870.

* The publisher of this meritorious little work, Mr David Robertson of Glasgow, was a native of Port of Menteith, Perthshire; he died at Glasgow on the 6th of October 1854. Mr Robertson maintained an extensive correspondence with the humbler bards, and succeeded in recovering many interesting lyrics, which would otherwise have perished.

† Robert Archibald Smith, so justly celebrated in connection with the modern history of Scottish Music, was born at Reading, Berkshire, on the 16th November 1780. In his twentieth year he settled in Paisley, where he formed the acquaintance of Tannahill, whose best songs he subsequently set to music. In 1823, he became precentor in St George's Church, Edinburgh, on the recommendation of its celebrated pastor, the late Dr Andrew Thomson. His musical works are held in high estimation. His death took place at Edinburgh on the 3d January 1829.

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MODERN SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

JOHN SKINNER.

Among those modern Scottish poets whose lives, by extending to a considerably distant period, render them connecting links between the old and recent minstrelsy of Scotland, the first place is due to the Rev. John Skinner. This ingenious person was born on the 3d of October 1721, at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, and county of Aberdeen. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was parochial schoolmaster; but two years after his son's birth, he was presented to the more lucrative situation of schoolmaster of Echt, a parish about twelve miles distant from Aberdeen. He discharged the duties of this latter appointment for the period of fifty years. He was twice married. By his first union with Mrs Jean Gillanders, the relict of Donald Farquharson of Balfour, was born an only child, the subject of this memoir. The mother dying when the child was only two years old, the charge of his early training depended solely on his father, who for several years remained a widower. The paternal duties were adequately performed: the son, while a mere youth, was initiated in classical learning, and in his thirteenth year he became a successful competitor for a bursary or exhibition in Marischal College, Aberdeen. At the University, during the usual philosophical course of four years, he pursued his studies with diligence and success; and he afterwards became an usher in the parish schools of Kemnay and Monymusk.

From early youth, young Skinner had courted the Muse of his country, and composed verses in the Scottish dialect. When a mere stripling, he took delight in repeating the long poem by James I. of "Christ-kirk on the Green;" he afterwards translated it into Latin verse; and an imitation of the same poem, entitled "The Monymusk Christmas Ba'ing," which he composed in his sixteenth year, attracting the notice of the lady of Sir Archibald Grant, Bart., of Monymusk, brought him the favour of that influential family. Though the humble usher of a parish school, he was honoured with the patronage of the worthy baronet and his lady, became an inmate of their mansion, and had the uncontrolled use of its library. The residence of the poet in Monymusk House indirectly conduced towards his forming ecclesiastical opinions, which exercised an important influence on his career. The Episcopal clergyman of the district was frequently a guest at the table of Sir Archibald; and by the conversation of this person, Mr Skinner was induced to enlist his sympathies in the cause of the Episcopal or non-juring clergy. They bore the latter appellation from their refusal, during the existence of the exiled family of Stuart, to take the oath of allegiance to the House of Hanover. In 1740, on the invitation of Mr Robert Forbes, Episcopal minister at Leith, afterwards a bishop, Mr Skinner, in the capacity of private tutor to the only son of Mr Sinclair of Scalloway, proceeded to Zetland, where he acquired the intimate friendship of the Rev. Mr Hunter, the only non-

juring clergyman in that remote district. There he remained only one year, owing to the death of the elder Mr Sinclair, and the removal of his pupil to pursue his studies in a less retired locality. He lamented the father's death in Latin, as well as in English verse. He left Scalloway with the best wishes of the family; and as a substantial proof of the good-will of his friend Mr Hunter, he received in marriage the hand of his eldest daughter.

Returning to Aberdeenshire, he was ordained a presbyter of the Episcopal Church, by Bishop Dunbar of Peterhead; and in November 1742, on the unanimous invitation of the people, he was appointed to the pastoral charge of the congregation at Longside. Uninfluenced by ambition, he fixed here a permanent habitation: he rented a cottage at Linshart in the vicinity, which, though consisting only of a single apartment, besides the kitchen, sufficed for the expenditure of his limited stipend. In every respect he realised Goldsmith's description of the village pastor:

> "A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
> Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place."

Secluded, however, as were Mr Skinner's habits, and though he never had interfered in the political movements of the period, he did not escape his share in those ruthless severities which were visited upon the non-juring clergy subsequent to the last Rebellion. His chapel was destroyed by the soldiers of the Duke of Cumberland; and, on the plea of his having transgressed the law by preaching to more than four persons without subscribing the oath of allegiance, he was, during six months, detained a prisoner in the jail of Aberdeen.

Entering on the sacred duties of the pastoral office, Mr Skinner appears to have checked the indulgence of his rhyming propensities. His subsequent poetical productions, which include the whole of his popular songs, were written to please his friends, or gratify the members of his family, and without the most distant view to publication. In 1787, he writes to Burns, on the subject of Scottish song: "While I was young, I dabbled a good deal in these things; but on getting the black gown, I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all tolerably good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted those effusions which have made a public appearance, beyond my expectations, and contrary to my intentions; at the same time, I hope there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected." Some of Mr Skinner's best songs were composed at a sitting, while they seldom underwent any revision after being committed to paper. To the following incident, his most popular song, "Tullochgorum," owed its origin: In the course of a visit he was making to a friend in Ellon (not Cullen, as has been stated on the authority of Burns), a dispute arose among the guests on the subject of Whig and Tory politics, which, becoming somewhat too exciting for the comfort of the lady of the house, in order to bring it promptly to a close, she requested Mr Skinner to suggest appropriate words for the favourite air, "The Reel of Tullochgorum." Mr Skinner readily complied, and, before leaving the house, produced what Burns, in a letter to the author, characterised as "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw." The name of the lady who made the request to the poet was Mrs Montgomery, and hence the allusion in the first stanza of the ballad:

> "Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
> And lay your disputes all aside;
> What signifies't for folks to chide
> For what was done before them?
> Let Whig and Tory all agree," etc.

Though claiming no distinction as a writer of verses, Mr Skinner did not conceal his ambition to excel in another department of literature. In 1746, in his twenty-fifth year, he published a pamphlet in defence of the non-juring character of his Church, entitled "A Preservative against Presbytery." A performance of greater effort, published in 1757, excited some attention, and the unqualified commendation of the learned Bishop Sherlock. In this production, entitled "A Dissertation on Jacob's Prophecy," which was intended as a supplement to a treatise on the same subject by Dr Sherlock, the author has established, by a critical examination of the original language, that the words in Jacob's prophecy (Gen. xlix. 10), rendered "sceptre" and "lawgiver" in the authorised version, ought to be translated "tribeship" and "typifier," a difference of interpretation which obviates some difficulties respecting the exact fulfilment of this remarkable prediction. In a pamphlet printed in 1767, Mr Skinner again vindicated the claims and authority of his Church; and on this occasion, against the alleged misrepresentations of Mr Norman Sievewright, English clergyman at Brechin, who had published a work unfavourable to the cause of Scottish Episcopacy. His most important work, "An Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, from the first appearance of Christianity in that kingdom," was published in the year 1788, in two octavo volumes. This publication, which is arranged in the form of letters to a friend, and dedicated, in elegant Latin verse, "Ad Filium et Episcopum" (to his son, and bishop), by partaking too rigidly of a sectarian character, did not attain any measure of success. Mr Skinner's other prose works were published after his death, together with a Memoir of the author, under the editorial care of his son, Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen. These consist of theological essays, in the form of "Letters addressed to Candidates for Holy Orders," "A Dissertation on the Shekinah, or Divine Presence with the Church or People of God," and "An Essay towards a literal or true radical exposition of the Song of Songs," the whole being included in two octavo volumes, which appeared in 1809. A third volume was added, containing a collection of the author's compositions in Latin verse, and his fugitive songs and ballads in the Scottish dialect—the latter portion of this volume being at the same time published in a more compendious form, with the title, "Amusements of Leisure Hours; or, Poetical Pieces, chiefly in the Scottish dialect."

Though living in constant retirement at Linshart, the reputation of the Longside pastor, both as a poet and a man of classical taste, became widely extended, and persons distinguished in the world of letters sought his correspondence and friendship. With Dr Gleig, afterwards titular Bishop of Brechin, Dr Doig of Stirling, and John Ramsay of Ochtertyre, he maintained an epistolary intercourse for several years. Dr Gleig, who edited the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, consulted Mr Skinner respecting various important articles contributed to that valuable publication. His correspondence with Doig and Ramsay was chiefly on their favourite topic of philology. These two learned friends visited Mr Skinner in the summer of 1795, and entertained him for a week at Peterhead. This brief period of intellectual intercourse was regarded by the poet as the most entirely pleasurable of his existence; and the impression of it on the vivid imagination of Mr Ramsay is recorded in a Latin eulogy on his northern correspondent, which he subsequently transmitted to him. A poetical epistle addressed by Mr Skinner to Robert Burns, in commendation of his talents, was characterised by the Ayrshire Bard as "the best poetical compliment he had ever received." It led to a regular correspondence, which was carried on with much satisfaction to both parties. The letters, which chiefly relate to the preparation of Johnson's "Musical Museum," then in the course of publication, have been included in Burns's published correspondence. Burns never saw Mr Skinner; he had not informed himself as to his locality during the prosecution of his northern tour,

and had thus the mortification of ascertaining that he had been in his neighbourhood, without having formed his personal acquaintance. To Mr Skinner's son, whom he accidentally met in Aberdeen on his return, he expressed a deep regret for the blunder, as "he would have gone twenty miles out of his way to visit the author of 'Tullochgorum.'"

As a man of ingenuity, various acquirements, and agreeable manners, Mr Skinner was held in much estimation among his contemporaries. Whatever he read, with the assistance of a commonplace-book, he accurately remembered, and could readily turn to account; and, though his library was contained in a closet of five feet square, he was abundantly well informed on every ordinary topic of conversation. He was fond of controversial discussion, and wielded both argument and wit with a power alarming to every antagonist. Though keen in debate, he was possessed of a most imperturbable suavity of temper. His conversation was of a playful cast, interspersed with anecdote, and free from every affectation of learning. As a clergyman, he enjoyed the esteem and veneration of his flock. Besides efficiently discharging his ministerial duties, he practised gratuitously as a physician, having qualified himself, by acquiring a competent acquaintance with the healing art at the medical classes in Marischal College. His pulpit duties were widely acceptable; but his discourses, though edifying and instructive, were more the result of the promptitude of the preacher, than the effects of a painstaking preparation. He abandoned the aid of the manuscript in the pulpit, on account of the untoward occurrence of his notes being scattered by a startled fowl, in the early part of his ministry, while he was addressing his people from the door of his house, after the wanton destruction of his chapel.

In a scene less calculated to invite poetic inspiration no votary of the muse had ever resided. On every side of his lonely dwelling extended a wild uncultivated plain; nor for miles around did any other human habitation relieve the monotony of this cheerless solitude. In her gayest moods, Nature never wore a pleasing aspect in Longside, nor did the distant prospect compensate for the dreary gloominess of the surrounding landscape. For his poetic suggestions, Mr Skinner was wholly dependent on the singular activity of his fancy; as he derived his chief happiness in his communings with an attached flock, and in the endearing intercourse of his family. Of his children, who were somewhat numerous, he contrived to afford the whole, both sons and daughters, a superior education; and he had the satisfaction, for a long period of years, to address one of his sons as the bishop of his diocese.

The death of Mr Skinner's wife, in the year 1799, fifty-eight years after their marriage, was the most severe trial which he seems to have experienced. In a Latin elegy, he gave expression to the deep sense which he entertained of his bereavement. In 1807, his son, Bishop Skinner, having sustained a similar affliction, invited his aged father to share the comforts of his house; and after ministering at Longside for the remarkably lengthened incumbency of sixty-five years, Mr Skinner removed to Aberdeen. But a greater change was at hand; on the 16th of June 1807, in less than a week after his arrival at his son's residence, he was seized with illness, and almost immediately expired. His remains were interred in the churchyard of Longside; and the flock to which he had so long ministered placed over the grave a handsome monument, bearing, on a marble tablet, an elegant tribute to the remembrance of his virtues. At the residence of Bishop Skinner, he had seen his descendants in the fourth generation.

Of Mr Skinner's songs, printed in this collection, the most popular are "Tullochgorum," "John o' Badenyon," and "The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn." The whole are pervaded by sprightliness and good-humoured pleasantry. Though possessing

the fault of being somewhat too lengthy, no song-compositions of any modern writer in Scottish verse have, with the exception of those of Burns, maintained a stronger hold of the Scottish heart, or been more commonly sung in the social circle. Mr Skinner's poetical compositions, under the title of "Amusements of Leisure Hours," appeared at Edinburgh in 1809 in a thin duodecimo volume; and in 1859, Mr H. G. Reid published at Peterhead his "Songs and Poems," accompanied with a well-written biographical sketch.

TULLOCHGORUM.

I.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what was done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum;
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing alang wi' me
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

II.

O Tullochgorum 's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
For blythe and cheerie we 'll be a',
Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
Blythe and cheerie we 'll be a',
And mak' a happy quorum;
For blythe and cheerie we 'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

III.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays?
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them;
They 're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They 're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna please a Scottish taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

IV.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsells distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like old philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum?

V.

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them:
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
That 's fond o' Tullochgorum!

VI.

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

I.

When first I came to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there and everywhere
Was like a morn in May;
No care I had, nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have past
In country or in town;
I still was pleased where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tuned my pipe and pleased myself
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

II.

Now in the days of youthful prime
A mistress I must find,
For *love*, I heard, gave one an air,
And e'en improved the mind:
On Phillis fair above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice;
To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,
I offer'd many a vow;
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do;
But, when at last I breathed my flame,
I found her cold as stone;
I left the girl, and tuned my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

III.

When *love* had thus my heart beguiled
With foolish hopes and vain;
To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine,
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine;
And now whatever might betide
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply.
A strait soon came: my friend I tried;
He heard, and spurn'd my moan;
I hied me home, and tuned my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

IV.

Methought I should be wiser next,
And would a *patriot* turn,
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes
And cry up Parson Horne.*
Their manly spirit I admired
And praised their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal;
But e'er a month or two had pass'd,
I found myself betray'd,
'Twas *self* and *party*, after all,
For a' the stir they made;
At last I saw the factious knaves
Insult the very throne;
I cursed them a', and tuned my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

V

What next to do I mused a while,
Still hoping to succeed;
I pitch'd on *books* for company,
And gravely tried to read:
I bought and borrow'd everywhere,
And studied night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote
That happen'd in my way:
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully through many a page
I hunted after truth.

A thousand various schemes I tried,
And yet was pleased with none;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

VI.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere,
That wish to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
For happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here,
Is but an empty name,
And *girls*, and *friends*, and *books*, and so,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advised, and warning take
From such a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
Nor one of high degree;
You'll meet displeasure everywhere;
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe and please yourselves
With John o' Badenyon.

* This song was composed when Wilkes, Horne, and others were exciting a commotion about liberty.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

I.

WERE I but able to rehearse
My Ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw;
The Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Wha had kent her might hae sworn
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa';
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa'.

II.

I never needed tar nor keil
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crookit horn did as weel
To ken her by amo' them a';
She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor caw;
Baith to the fauld and to the cot, etc.

III.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor wet could never wrang her,
Anes she lay an ouk and langer
Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw:
Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,
And eat the kail, for a' the tyke,
My Ewie never play'd the like,
But tyc'd about the barn wa';
My Ewie never play'd the like, etc.

IV.

A better or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
For, silly thing, she never mist
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa':

The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock,
And now the laddie has a flock
O' mair nor thirty head ava';
And now the laddie has a flock, etc.

V.

I lookit aye at even' for her,
Lest mishanter should come o'er her,
Or the fowmart might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa';
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Well deserved baith girse and corn,
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa';
Sic a Ewe was never born, etc.

VI.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can speak it without *greeting*?)
A villain cam' when I was sleeping,
Sta' my Ewie, horn, and a':
I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down aneath a buss o' thorn
I got my Ewie's crookit horn,
But my Ewie was awa';
I got my Ewie's crookit horn, etc.

VII.

O! gin I had the loon that did it,
Sworn I have as well as said it,
Though a' the warld should forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a thra':
I never met wi' sic a turn
As this sin' ever I was born,
My Ewie, wi' the crookit horn,
Silly Ewie, stown awa';
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn, etc.

VIII.

O! had she died o' crook or cauld,
As Ewies do when they grow auld,
It wad na been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to nane o's a':
For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could hae born,
Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa';
The loss o' her we could hae born, etc.

IX.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a bluidy villain's knife,
I'm really fleyt that our guidwife
Will never win aboon't ava:
O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call your muses up and mourn,
Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn
Stown frae's and fell'd and a'!
Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn, etc.

O! WHY SHOULD OLD AGE SO MUCH WOUND US?

TUNE—"*Dumbarton Drums.*"

I.

O! WHY should old age so much wound us?*
There is nothing in it all to confound us:
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oys all around us;
For how happy now am I, etc.

II.

We began in the warld wi' naething,
And we've jogged on, and toil'd for the ae thing;
We made use of what we had,
And our thankful hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the claithing;
We made use of what we had, etc.

III.

We have lived all our lifetime contented,
Since the day we became first acquainted:
It's true we've been but poor,
And we are so to this hour,
But we never yet repined or lamented;
It's true we've been but poor, etc.

IV.

When we had any stock, we ne'er vauntit,
Nor did we hing our heads when we wantit;
But we always gave a share
Of the little we could spare,
When it pleased a kind Heaven to grant it;
But we always gave a share, etc.

V.

We never laid a scheme to be wealthy,
By means that were cunning or stealthy;
But we always had the bliss—
And what further could we wiss?—
To be pleased with ourselves and be healthy;
But we always had the bliss, etc.

VI.

What though we cannot boast of our guineas
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies;
And these, I'm certain, are
More desirable by far
Than a bag full of poor yellow steinies;
And these, I am certain, are, etc.

VII.

We have seen many wonder and ferly,
Of changes that almost are yearly,
Among rich folks up and down,
Both in country and in town,
Who now live but scrimply and barely;
Among rich folks up and down, etc.

VIII.

Then why should people brag of prosperity?
A straiten'd life we see is no rarity;
Indeed, we've been in want,
And our living's been but scant,
Yet we never were reduced to need charity;
Indeed, we've been in want, etc.

IX.

In this house we first came together,
Where we've long been a father and mither;
And though not of stone and lime,
It will last us all our time;
And I hope we shall ne'er need anither;
And though not of stone and lime, etc.

* This tune requires O to be added at the end of each of the long lines, but in reading the song the letter O is better omitted.

X.

And when we leave this poor habitation,
We'll depart with a good commendation;
We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
To a better house than this,
To make room for the next generation;
We'll go hand in hand, I wiss, etc.

Then why should old age so much wound us? etc.

LIZZY LIBERTY.

TUNE—"*Tibbie Fowler i' the Glen.*"

I.

THERE lives a lassie i' the braes,
And Lizzy Liberty they ca' her,
When she has on her Sunday's claes,
Ye never saw a lady brawer;
So a' the lads are wooing at her,
Courting her, but canna get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty, there's ow'r mony wooing at her!

II.

Her mither ware a tabbit mutch,
Her father was an honest dyker,
She's a black-eyed wanton witch,
Ye winna shaw me mony like her;
So a' the lads are wooing at her,
Courting her, but canna get her;
Bonny Lizzie Liberty, wow, sae mony's wooing at her!

III.

A kindly lass she is, I'm seer,
Has fowth o' sense and smeddum in her,
And nae a swankie far nor near,
But tries wi' a' his might to win her:
They're wooing at her, fain would hae her,
Courting her, but canna get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty, there's ow'r mony wooing at her!

IV.

For kindly though she be, nae doubt,
She manna thole the marriage tether,
But likes to rove and rink about,
Like Highland cowt amo' the heather,
Yet a' the lads are wooing at her,
Courting her, but canna get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty, wow, sae mony's wooing at her!

V.

It's seven year, and some guid mair,
Syn Dutch Mynheer made courtship till her,
A merchant bluff and fu' o' care,
Wi' chuffy cheeks, and bags o' siller;
So Dutch Mynheer was wooing at her,
Courting her, but cudna get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty has ow'r mony wooing at her!

VI.

Neist to him came Baltic John,
Stept up the brae, and leukit at her,
Syne wear his wa', wi' heavy moan,
And in a month or twa forgat her:
Baltic John was wooing at her,
Courting her, but cudna get her;
Filthy elf, she's nae herself, wi' sae mony wooing at her!

VII.

Syne after him cam' Yankie Doodle,
Frae hyne ayont the muckle water;
Though Yankie's nae yet worth a bodle,
Wi' might and main he would be at her:
Yankie Doodle's wooing at her,
Courting her, but canna get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty, wow, sae mony's wooing at her!

VIII.

Now Monkey French is in a roar,
And swears that nane but he sall hae her,
Though he sud wade through bluid and gore,
It's nae the king sall keep him frae her:
So Monkey French is wooing at her,
Courting her, but canna get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty has ow'r mony wooing at her!

IX.

For France, nor yet her Flanders frien',
Needna think that she'll come to them;
They've casten aff wi' a' their kin,
And grace and guid have flown frae them:
They're wooing at her, fain wad hae her,
Courting her, but canna get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty, wow, sae mony's wooing at her!

X.

A stately chiel they ca' John Bull
Is unco thrang and glaikit wi' her;
And gin he cud get a' his wull,
There's nane can say what he wad gi'e her:
Johnny Bull is wooing at her,
Courting her, but canna get her;
Filthy Ted, she'll never wed, as lang's sae mony's wooing at her!

XI.

Even Irish Teague, ayont Belfast,
Wadna care to speir about her;
And swears, till he sall breathe his last,
He'll never happy be without her:
Irish Teague is wooing at her,
Courting her, but canna get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty has ow'r mony wooing at her!

XII.

But Donald Scot's the happy lad,
Though a' the lave sud try to rate him:
Whan he steps up the brae sae glad,
She disna ken maist whare to set him:
Donald Scot is wooing at her,
Courting her, will maybe get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty, wow, sae mony's wooing at her!

XIII.

Now, Donald, tak' a frien's advice—
I ken fu' weel ye fain wad hae her;
As ye are happy, sae be wise,
And ha'd ye wi' a smackie frae her:
Ye're wooing at her, fain wad hae her,
Courting her, will maybe get her;
Bonny Lizzy Liberty, there's ow'r mony wooing at her!

XIV.

Ye're weel, and wat'sna, lad, they're sayin',
Wi' getting leave to dwall aside her;
And gin ye had her a' your ain,
Ye might na find it mows to guide her:
Ye're wooing at her, fain wad hae her,
Courting her, will maybe get her;
Cunning quean, she's ne'er be mine, as lang's
sae mony's wooing at her.

THE STIPENDLESS PARSON.

TUNE—"*A Cobbler there was,*" *etc.*

I.

How happy a life does the Parson possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;
Who depends on his book and his gown for
support,
And derives no preferment from conclave or
court! Derry down, etc.

II.

Without glebe or manse settled on him by law,
No stipend to sue for, nor vic'rage to draw;
In discharge of his office he holds him content,
With a croft and a garden, for which he pays
rent. Derry down, etc.

III.

With a neat little cottage and furniture plain,
And a spare room to welcome a friend now
and then;
With a good-humoured wife in his fortune to
share,
And ease him at all times of family care.
Derry down, etc.

IV.

With a few of the Fathers, the oldest and best,
And some modern extracts pick'd out from the
rest;
With a Bible in Latin, and Hebrew, and Greek,
To afford him instruction each day of the week.
Derry down, etc.

V.

What children he has, if any are given,
He thankfully trusts to the kindness of Heaven;
To religion and virtue he trains them while
young,
And with such a provision he does them no
wrong. Derry down, etc.

VI.

With labour below, and with help from above,
He cares for his flock, and is bless'd with their
love:
Though his living, perhaps, in the main may
be scant,
He is sure, while they have, that he'll ne'er
be in want. Derry down, etc.

VII.

With no worldly projects nor hurries perplex'd,
He sits in his closet and studies his text;
And while he converses with Moses or Paul,
He envies not bishop, nor dean in his stall.
Derry down, etc.

VIII.

Not proud to the poor, nor a slave to the great,
Neither factious in Church, nor pragmatic in
State,
He keeps himself quiet within his own sphere,
And finds work sufficient in preaching and
prayer. Derry down, etc.

IX.

In what little dealings he's forced to transact,
He determines with plainness and candour to
act;
And the great point on which his ambition is set,
Is to leave at the last neither riches nor debt.
Derry down, etc.

X.

Thus calmly he steps through the valley of life,
Unencumber'd with wealth, and a stranger to
strife;
On the bustlings around him unmoved he can
look,
And at home always pleased with his wife and
his book. Derry down, etc.

XI.

And when, in old age, he drops into the grave,
This humble remembrance he wishes to have:
"By good men respected, by the evil oft tried,
Contented he lived, and lamented he died!"
Derry down, etc.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

TUNE—"*Miss Ross's Reel.*"

I.

WHEN fops and fools together prate,
O'er punch or tea, of this or that,
What silly poor unmeaning chat
Does all their talk engross!
A nobler theme employs my lays,
And thus my honest voice I raise
In well-deserved strains to praise
The worthy Man of Ross.

II.

His lofty soul (would it were mine!)
Scorns every selfish, low design,
And ne'er was known to repine,
At any earthly loss:
But still contented, frank, and free,
In every state, whate'er it be,
Serene and staid we always see
The worthy Man of Ross.

III.

Let misers hug their worldly store,
And gripe and pinch to make it more;
Their gold and silver's shining ore
He counts it all but dross:
'Tis better treasure he desires;
A surer stock his passion fires,
And mild benevolence inspires
The worthy Man of Ross.

IV.

When want assails the widow's cot,
Or sickness strikes the poor man's hut,
When blasting winds or foggy rot
Augment the farmer's loss:
The suff'rer straight knows where to go,
With all his wants and all his woe;
For glad experience leads him to
The worthy Man of Ross.

V.

This Man of Ross I'll daily sing,
With vocal note and lyric string,
And duly, when I've drank the king,
He'll be my second toss.
May Heaven its choicest blessings send
On such a man, and such a friend;
And still may all that's good attend
The worthy Man of Ross.

VI.

Now, if you ask about his name,
And where he lives with such a fame,
Indeed, I'll say you are to blame,
For truly, *inter nos*,
'Tis what belongs to you and me,
And all of high or low degree,
In every sphere to try to be
The worthy Man of Ross.

A SONG ON THE TIMES.

TUNE—"*Broom of the Cowdenknowes.*"

I.

WHEN I began the world first,
It was not as 'tis now;
For all was plain and simple then,
And friends were kind and true:
Oh, the times, the weary, weary times!
The times that I now see;
I think the world's all gone wrong,
From what it used to be.

II.

There were not then high capering heads,
Prick'd up from ear to ear;
And cloaks and caps were rarities,
For gentle folks to wear:
Oh, the times, the weary, weary times! etc.

III.

There's not an upstart mushroom now,
But what sets up for taste;
And not a lass in all the land,
But must be lady-drest:
Oh, the times, the weary, weary times! etc.

IV.

Our young men married then for love,
So did our lasses too;
And children loved their parents dear,
As children ought to do:
Oh, the times, the weary, weary times! etc.

V.

For oh, the times are sadly changed—
A heavy change indeed!
For truth and friendship are no more,
And honesty is fled:
Oh, the times, the weary, weary times! etc.

VI.

There's nothing now prevails but pride,
Among both high and low;
And strife, and greed, and vanity,
Is all that's minded now:
Oh, the times, the weary, weary times! etc.

VII.

When I look through the world wide,
How times and fashions go,
It draws the tears from both my eyes,
And fills my heart with woe!
Oh, the times, the weary, weary times!
The times that I now see;
I wish the world were at an end,
For it will not mend for me!

WILLIAM CAMERON.

William Cameron was born in 1751. He studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he was a pupil of Dr Beattie, "who ever after entertained for him much esteem." A letter, addressed to him by this eminent professor, in 1774, has been published by Sir William Forbes;* and his name is thus introduced at the beginning of Dr Beattie's "Letter to the Rev. Hugh Blair, D.D., on the Improvement of Psalmody in Scotland, 1778, 8vo:" "The message you lately sent me by my friend Mr Cameron, has determined me to give you my thoughts at some length upon the subject of it." Having obtained licence as a probationer, he was ordained to the pastoral charge of Kirknewton, in the county of Midlothian, on the 17th August 1786

He died in his manse, on the 17th of November 1811, in the 60th year of his age, and the 26th year of his ministry. In 1781, along with the celebrated John Logan and Dr Morrison, minister of Canisbay, he contributed towards the formation of a collection of Paraphrases from Scripture, which, being approved by the General Assembly, is still used in public worship in Scotland. He is understood to have composed the 14th and 17th Paraphrases, and to have revised thirty-nine others in the series. He published "Poems on various occasions" (Edinburgh, 1780, 8vo); "The Abuse of Civil and Religious Liberty, a Sermon" (Edinburgh, 1793, 8vo); "Ode on Lochiel's Birth-day" (1796, 4to); "A Review of the French Revolution" (Edinburgh, 1802, 8vo); "Poems on several occasions" (Posthumous, 1813, 8vo). He is the reputed author of "Poetical Dialogues on Religion, in the Scottish Dialect, between two Gentlemen and two Ploughmen" (Edinburgh, 1788). The following song, which was composed by Mr Cameron, on the restoration of the forfeited estates by Act of Parliament in 1784, is transcribed from Johnson's "Musical Museum:"

* Forbes's "Life of Beattie," vol. i. p. 375.

AS O'ER THE HIGHLAND HILLS I HIED.

Tune—"*As I came in by Auchindoun.*"

As o'er the Highland hills I hied,
The Camerons in array I spied;
Lochiel's proud standard waving wide,
In all its ancient glory.
The martial pipe loud pierced the sky,
The bard arose, resounding high
Their valour, faith, and loyalty,
That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
Awaking battle's fierce alarms,
But every hero's bosom warms
With songs of exultation.
While brave Lochiel at length regains,
Through toils of war, his native plains,
And, won by glorious wounds, attains
His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
And echo wide from hill to vale;
Ye warlike clans, arise and hail
Your laurell'd chiefs returning.
O'er every mountain, every isle,
Let peace in all her lustre smile,
And discord ne'er her day defile
With sullen shades of mourning.

M'Leod, M'Donald, join the strain,
M'Pherson, Fraser, and M'Lean;
Through all your bounds let gladness reign;
Both prince and patriot praising;
Whose generous bounty richly pours
The streams of plenty round your shores;
To Scotia's hills their pride restores,
Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,
Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare,
With scowling brow, to overbear,
A vassal's right invading.
Let Freedom's conscious sons disdain
To crowd his fawning, timid train,
Nor even own his haughty reign,
Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern chiefs, whose rage unbroke
Has still repell'd the tyrant's shock;
Who ne'er have bow'd beneath his yoke,
With servile base prostration;—
Let each now train his trusty band,
'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand,
With undivided heart and hand,
For Freedom, King, and Nation.

MRS JOHN HUNTER.

ANNE HOME was the eldest daughter of Robert Home of Greenlaw, Berwickshire, surgeon of Burgoyne's Regiment of Light Horse, and afterwards physician in Savoy. She was born at Hull in 1742, her father having then practised as a surgeon in that place. By contracting an early marriage, in which affection overcame more prudential considerations, both her parents gave offence to their relations, who refused to render them pecuniary assistance. Her father, though connected with many families of rank, and himself the son of a landowner, was consequently obliged to depend, in the early part of his career, on his professional exertions for the support of his family. His circumstances appear subsequently to have been more favourable. In July 1771, Miss Home became the wife of John Hunter, the distinguished anatomist, to whom she bore two children. She afforded evidence of her early poetical talent, by composing, before she had completed her twenty-third year, the song beginning, "Adieu! ye streams that smoothly glide." This appeared in the *Lark*, an Edinburgh periodical, in the year 1765. In 1802, she published a collection of her poems, in an octavo volume, which she inscribed to her son, John Banks Hunter.

During the lifetime of her distinguished husband, Mrs Hunter was in the habit of receiving at her table, and sharing in the conversation of the chief literary persons of her time. Her evening *conversazioni* were frequented by many of the more learned, as well as fashionable persons in the metropolis. On the death of her husband, which took place in 1793, she sought greater privacy, though she still continued to reside in London. By those who were admitted to her intimacy, she was not more respected for her superior talents and intelligence, than held in esteem for her unaffected simplicity of manners. She was the life of her social parties, sustaining the happiness of the hour by her elegant conversation, and encouraging the diffident by her approbation. Amiable in disposition, she was possessed of a beautiful countenance and a handsome person. She wrote verses with facility, but she sought no distinction as a poetess, preferring to be regarded as a good housewife and an agreeable member of society. In her latter years, she obtained amusement in resuming the song-writing habits of her youth, and in corresponding with her more intimate friends. She likewise derived pleasure in the cultivation of music: she played with skill, and sung with singular grace.

Mrs Hunter died at London, on the 7th January 1821, after a lingering illness. Several of her lyrics had for some years appeared in the collections of national poetry. Those selected for the present work have long maintained a wide popularity. The songs evince a delicacy of thought, combined with a force and sweetness of expression.

THE INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away:
Now the flame rises fast; ye exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain,
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorn'd to complain.

MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my boddice blue.

"For why," she cries, "sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?"
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.*

Adieu! ye streams that smoothly glide,
Through mazy windings o'er the plain;
I'll in some lonely cave reside,
And ever mourn my faithful swain.

Flower of the forest was my love,
Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
Gentle and constant as the dove,
Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,
For me he searched the banks around;
But, ah! the sad and fatal day,
My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.

Now droops the willow o'er the stream;
Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove;
Dire fancy paints him in my dream;
Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.

THE SEASON COMES WHEN FIRST WE MET.

The season comes when first we met,
But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?
O! days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you, indeed, for ever past?
The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace;
But, ah! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close!

OH, TUNEFUL VOICE! I STILL DEPLORE.

Oh, tuneful voice! I still deplore
Those accents which, though heard no more,
Still vibrate in my heart;
In echo's cave I long to dwell,
And still would hear the sad farewell,
When we were doom'd to part.

Bright eyes! O that the task were mine,
To guard the liquid fires that shine,
And round your orbits play—
To watch them with a vestal's care,
And feed with smiles a light so fair,
That it may ne'er decay!

DEAR TO MY HEART AS LIFE'S WARM STREAM.*

Dear to my heart as life's warm stream,
Which animates this mortal clay;
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day;
And thus beguile the present pain,
With hopes that we shall meet again?

Yet will it be as when the past
Twined every joy, and care, and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast,
Of kind affections finely wrought.
Ah, no! the groundless hope were vain,
For so we ne'er can meet again!

May he who claims thy tender heart,
Deserve its love as I have done?
For, kind and gentle as thou art,
If so beloved, thou'rt fairly won.
Bright may the sacred torch remain,
And cheer thee till we meet again!

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close conceal'd,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be reveal'd.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

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* Of the "Flowers of the Forest," two other versions appear in the Collections. That version beginning, "I've heard the lilting at our yow-milking," is the composition of Miss Jane Elliot, daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Lord Justice-Clerk, who died in 1766. She composed the song about the middle of the century, in imitation of an old version to the same tune. The other version, which is the most popular of the three, with the opening line, "I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling," was also the composition of a lady, Miss Alison Rutherford; by marriage, Mrs Cockburn, wife of Mr Patrick Cockburn, advocate. Mrs Cockburn was a person of highly superior accomplishments. She associated with her learned contemporaries, by whom she was much esteemed, and died at Edinburgh in 1794, at an advanced age. "The forest" mentioned in the song comprehended the county of Selkirk, with portions of Peeblesshire and Lanarkshire. This was a hunting-forest of the Scottish kings.

* These lines were addressed by Mrs Hunter to her daughter, on the occasion of her marriage.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast,
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointments cannot come,
And Time guides, with unerring feet,
The weary wanderers home.

ALEXANDER, DUKE OF GORDON.

ALEXANDER, fourth Duke of Gordon, was born in the year 1743, and died on the 17th of January 1827, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Chiefly remembered as a kind patron of the poet Burns, his name is likewise entitled to a place in the national minstrelsy as the author of a version of the often-parodied song, "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen." Of this song, the original set of words is contained in a MS., bearing date 1728, which belonged to James Anderson, editor of *Diplomata Scotiæ*, and is now deposited in the Advocates' Library. The song is anonymous, as is the version, first published in Dale's "Scottish Songs," beginning—

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strabogie,
Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,
But I maun hae my cogie."

A third version, distinct from that inserted in the text, was composed by William Reid, of Glasgow. The Duke's song, with which Burns expressed himself as being "charmed," was first published in the second volume of Johnson's "Musical Museum." It has the merit of being free of blemishes in want of refinement, which affect the older versions. A version was composed by Lady Nairne. (See *postea*.) The "Bogie" celebrated in the song is a river in Aberdeenshire, which, rising in the parish of Auchindoir, discharges its waters into the Deveron, a little below the town of Huntly. It gives its name to the extensive and rich valley of Strathbogie, through which it proceeds.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strabogie;
Gin I hae but a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid daylight;
Gi'e me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillions the French excel,
John Bull loves country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well;
Mynheer an all'mande prances;
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesomes they dance wondrous light,
But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,
Danced to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,
Wale each a blythesome rogie;
I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie.

Now, piper lads, bang up the spring,
The country fashion is the thing,
To pree their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Strabogie.
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun hae their come again,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men o' Strabogie,
Well stop a while and tak' a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak' your glass,
And try ilk ither to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

MRS GRANT OF CARRON.

Mrs Grant of Carron, the author of one song, which has long maintained a favourite place, was born in Ireland of Scottish parents. She married—first, her cousin, Mr Grant of Carron, near Elchies, on the river Spey, about the year 1763; and, secondly, Dr Murray, a physician in Bath. She died at Bath about the year 1814.

In his correspondence with George Thomson, Burns, alluding to the song of Mrs Grant, "Roy's Wife," remarks that he had in his possession "the original words of a song for the air in the handwriting of the lady who composed it," which, he adds, "are superior to any edition of the song which the public has seen." He subsequently composed an additional version himself, beginning, "Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?" but this, like others of the bard's conversions of Scottish songs into an English dress, did not become popular. The verses by his female friend, in which the lady is made to be the sufferer by misplaced affection, and commencing, "Stay, my Willie, yet believe me," though published, remain likewise in obscurity. "Roy's Wife" was originally written to an old tune called "The Ruffian's Rant," but this melody is now known by the name of its favourite words. The sentiment of the song is peculiarly pleasing. The rejected lover begins by loudly complaining of his wrongs, and the broken assurances of his former sweetheart: then he suddenly recalls what were her good qualities; and the recollection of these causes him to forgive her marrying another, and even to extend towards her his warmest sympathies.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best o' onie;
But, ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carl, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, etc.

Oh, she was a canty quean,
An' weel could dance the Hieland walloch!
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife, etc.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie!
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, etc.

ROBERT COUPER, M.D.

Robert Couper was born at Sorbie, in Wigtonshire, on the 22d of September 1753.* His father rented the farm of Balsier in that parish. With a view towards the ministry in the Scottish Church, he proceeded to the University of Glasgow in 1769; but being deprived of both his parents by death before the completion of the ordinary period of academical study, and his pecuniary means being limited, he quitted the country for America, where he became tutor to a family in Virginia. He now contemplated taking orders in the Episcopal Church, but on the outbreak of the War of Independence in 1776, he returned to Britain without fulfilling this intention. He resumed his studies at Glasgow preparatory to his seeking a surgeon's diploma; and

* The parochial register of births contains the following: "Robert Cooper, son to George Cooper in Balsier, baptized October 2, 1753."

he afterwards established himself as a medical practitioner in Newton-Stewart, a considerable village in his native county. From this place he removed to Fochabers, about the year 1788, on being recommended, by his friend Dr Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy at Glasgow, as physician to the Duke of Gordon. Before entering on this new sphere of practice, he took the degree of M.D. At Fochabers he remained till the year 1806, when he again returned to the south. He died at Wigton on the 18th January 1818. From a MS. Life of Dr Couper, in the possession of a gentleman in Wigton, and communicated to Dr Thomas Murray, author of "The Literary History of Galloway," these leading events of Dr Couper's life were first published by Mr David Laing, in his "Additional Illustrations to the Scots Musical Museum," vol. iv. p. 513.

Dr Couper published "Poetry, chiefly in the Scottish Language" (Inverness, 1804, 2 vols. 12mo). Among much tawdry versification, there is occasional power, which, however, is insufficient to compensate for the general inferiority. A few songs are superior to the poems; those following are not unworthy of a place among the national minstrelsy.

KINRARA.

TUNE—"*Neil Gow.*"

RED gleams the sun on yon hill-tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs through her glens the Spey,
Around Kinrara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye,
Would ever, ever cheer me.

The lav'rock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheerie,
And I sit weeping by the birk:
O where art thou, my dearie?
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary;
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!
Thou canna be my dearie.

THE SHEELING.

TUNE—"*The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*"

OH, grand bounds the deer o'er the mountain,
And smooth skims the hare o'er the plain;
At noon, the cool shade by the fountain
Is sweet to the lass and her swain.
The ev'ning sits down dark and dreary;
Oh, yon's the loud joys of the ha';
The laird sings his dogs and his dearie—
Oh, he kens na his singin' ava.

But oh, my dear lassie, when wi' thee,
What's the deer and the maukin to me?
The storm soughin' wild drives me to thee,
And the plaid shelters baith me and thee.
The wild warld then may be reeling,
Pride and riches may lift up their e'e;
My plaid haps us baith in the sheeling—
That's a' to my lassie and me.

THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.*

OH, mind ye the ewe-bughts, my Marion?
It was then I forgather'd wi' thee;
The sun smiled sweet o'er the mountain,
And saft sough'd the leaf on the tree.

Thou wast fair, thou wast bonnie, my Marion,
And lovesome thy rising breast-bane;
The dew sat in gems o'er thy ringlets,
By the thorn when we were alane.

There we loved, there thou promised, my Marion,
Thy soul—a' thy beauties were mine;
Crouse we skipt to the ha' i' the gloamin',
But few were my slumbers and thine.

Fell war tore me lang frae thee, Marion,
Lang wat'ry and red was my e'e;
The pride o' the field but inflamed me
To return mair worthy o' thee.

Oh, aye art thou lovely, my Marion,
Thy heart bounds in kindness to me;
And here, oh, here is my bosom,
That languish'd, my Marion, for thee.

* These verses form a modernised version of the old and popular song, "Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion?"

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

Lady Anne Lindsay was the eldest of a family of eight sons and three daughters, born to James, Earl of Balcarres, by his spouse, Anne Dalrymple, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of Castleton, Bart. She was born at Balcarres, Fifeshire, on the 27th November 1750.* Inheriting a large portion of the shrewdness possessed by the old family of Lindsay, and a share of talent from her mother, who was a person of singular energy, though somewhat capricious in temper, Lady Anne evinced, at an early age, an uncommon amount of sagacity. Fortunate in having her talents well directed, and naturally inclined towards the acquisition of learning, she soon began to devote herself to useful reading, and even to literary composition. The highly-popular ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" was written when she had only attained her twenty-first year. According to her own narrative, communicated to Sir Walter Scott, she had experienced loneliness on the marriage of her younger sister, who accompanied her husband to London, and had sought relief from a state of solitude by attempting the composition of song. An old Scottish melody,† sung by an eccentric female, an attendant on Lady Balcarres, was connected with words unsuitable to the plaintive nature of the air; and, with the design of supplying the defect, she formed the idea of writing "Auld Robin Gray." The hero of the ballad was the old herdsman at Balcarres. To the members of her own family, Lady Anne communicated her new ballad, but scrupulously concealed the fact of her authorship from others, "perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing."

While still in the bloom of youth, the Earl of Balcarres died, and the Dowager-Countess having taken up her residence in Edinburgh, Lady Anne obtained increased means of acquainting herself with the world of letters. At her mother's residence she met many of the literary persons of consideration in the northern metropolis, including such men as Lord Monboddo, David Hume, and Henry Mackenzie. To comfort her sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce, who was now a widow, she subsequently removed to London, where she formed the acquaintance of the principal personages then occupying the literary and political arena, such as Burke, Sheridan, Dundas, and Windham. She also became known to the Prince of Wales, who continued to entertain for her the highest respect. In 1793, she married Andrew Barnard, Esq., son of the Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards secretary, under Lord Macartney, to the colony at the Cape of Good Hope. She accompanied her husband to the Cape, and had meditated a voyage to New South Wales, that she might minister, by her benevolent counsels, towards the reformation of the convicts there exiled. On the death of her husband in 1807, she again resided with her widowed sister, the Lady Margaret, till the year 1812, when, on the marriage of her sister to Sir James Burges, she occupied a house of her own, and continued to reside in Berkeley Square till the period of her death, which took place on the 6th of May 1825.

To entire rectitude of principle, amiability of manners, and kindliness of heart, Anne Barnard added the more substantial, and, in females, the more uncommon quality of eminent devotedness to intellectual labour. Literature had been her favourite pursuit from childhood, and even in advanced life, when her residence

* In all the memoirs of Lady Anne Barnard, she is represented as having been born on the 8th December 1750. The following entry in the baptismal register of Kilconquhar, her native parish, supplies the correct date, which we have introduced in the text: "December 1, 1750. The Right Hon. James, Earle of Balcarras, and his Lady, Anne Dalrymple, had a child baptized, named Anne. Witnesses, Mr James Dalrymple and Robert Hamilton of Kilbrackmont, Esq., and Doctor James Smith in Pearth, and born the 27th of November 1750."

† The name of this old melody is, "The Bridegroom greets when the Sun gangs down."—*See* Stenhouse's Notes to Johnson's "Musical Museum," vol. iv. p. 280; and the "Lives of the Lindsays," by Lord Lindsay. vol. ii., pp. 314, 332, 392. Lond. 1849, 3 vols. 8vo.

was the constant resort of her numerous relatives, she contrived to find leisure for occasional literary *réunions*, while her forenoons were universally occupied in mental improvement. She maintained a correspondence with several of her brilliant contemporaries, and, in her more advanced years, composed an interesting narrative of family Memoirs. She was skilled in the use of the pencil, and sketched scenery with effect. In conversation she was acknowledged to excel; and her stories* and anecdotes were a source of delight to her friends. She was devotedly pious, and singularly benevolent: she was liberal in sentiment, charitable to the indigent, and sparing of the feelings of others. Every circle was charmed by her presence; by her condescension she inspired the diffident; and she banished dulness by the brilliancy of her humour. Her countenance, it should be added, wore a pleasant and animated expression, and her figure was modelled with the utmost elegance of symmetry and grace. Her sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce, was eminently beautiful.

The popularity obtained by the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" has seldom been exceeded in the history of any other metrical composition. It was sung in every fashionable circle, as well as by the ballad-singers, from Land's-end to John o' Groat's; was printed in every collection of national songs, and drew tears from our military countrymen both in America and India. With the exception of Pinkerton, every writer on Scottish poetry and song has awarded it a tribute of commendation. "The elegant and accomplished authoress," says Ritson, "has, in this beautiful production, to all that tenderness and simplicity for which the Scottish song has been so much celebrated, united a delicacy of expression which it never before attained." "'Auld Robin Gray,'" writes Sir Walter Scott, "is that real pastoral which is worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phillis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downwards."

During a long lifetime, till within two years of her death, Lady Anne resisted every temptation to acknowledge herself the authoress of this popular ballad, thus evincing her determination not to have the secret wrested from her till she chose to divulge it. Some of these inducements may be enumerated. The extreme popularity of the ballad might have proved sufficient in itself to justify the disclosure; but, apart from this consideration, a very fine tune had been put to it by a doctor of music;† a romance had been founded upon it by a man of eminence; it was made the subject of a play, of an opera, and of a pantomime; it had been claimed by others; a sequel had been written to it by some scribbler, who professed to have composed the whole ballad; it had been assigned an antiquity far beyond the author's time; the Society of Antiquaries had made it the subject of investigation; and the author had been advertised for in the public prints, a reward being offered for the discovery. Never before had such general interest been exhibited respecting any composition in Scottish verse.

In the "Pirate," published in 1823, the author of "Waverley" had compared the condition of Mina to that of Jeanie Gray, in the words of Lady Anne, in a sequel which she had published to the original ballad:

> "Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent;
> Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
> She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
> And she droop'd like a snowdrop broke down by the hail!"

At length, in her seventy-third year, and upwards of half a century after the

* "She was entertaining a large party of distinguished guests at dinner, when a hitch occurred in the kitchen. The old servant came up behind her and whispered, 'My lady, you must tell another story—the second course won't be ready for five minutes!'"—Letter of General Lindsay to Lord Lindsay, "Lives of the Lindsays," vol. ii. p. 387.

† The Rev. William Leeves, of Wrington, to whose tune the ballad is now sung—*See* an account of Mr Leeves' claims to the authorship of the tune, etc., in Johnson's "Musical Museum;" Stenhouse's Notes, vol. iv. p. 231.

period of its composition, Lady Anne voluntarily made avowal of the authorship of the ballad and its sequel. She wrote to Sir Walter Scott, with whom she was acquainted, requesting him to inform his *personal friend*, the author of "Waverley," that she was indeed the authoress. She inclosed a copy to Sir Walter, written in her own hand; and, with her consent, in the course of the following year, he printed "Auld Robin Gray" as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club.

The second part has not acquired such decided popularity, and it has not often been published in the Collections. Of the fact of its inequality, the authoress was fully aware: she wrote it simply to gratify the desire of her mother, who often wished to know how "the unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended." The Countess, it may be remarked, was much gratified by the popularity of the ballad; and though she seems, out of respect to her daughter's feelings, to have retained the secret, she could not resist the frequent repetition of it to her friends.

In the character of Lady Anne Barnard, the defective point was a certain want of decision, which not only led to her declining many distinguished offers for her hand, but tended, in some measure, to deprive her of posthumous fame. Illustrative of the latter fact, it has been recorded that, having intrusted to Sir Walter Scott a volume of lyrics, composed by herself and by others of the noble house of Lindsay, with permission to give it to the world, she withdrew her consent after the compositions had been printed in a quarto volume, and were just on the eve of being published. The copies of the work, which was entitled "Lays of the Lindsays," were destroyed. One lyric only has been recovered, beginning, "Why tarries my love?" It is printed as the composition of Lady Anne Barnard, in a note appended to the latest edition of Johnson's "Musical Museum," by Mr C. K. Sharpe, who transcribed it from the *Scots Magazine* for May 1805. The popular song, "Logie o' Buchan," sometimes attributed to Lady Anne in the Collections, did not proceed from her pen, but was composed by George Halket, parochial schoolmaster of Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, about the middle of the last century.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Part I.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye 's come hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown-piece, he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, and my mither couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;—
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, oh, for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
The ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae is me?

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
I gied him a kiss, and bade him gang awa';—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee;
For though my heart is broken, I'm but young,
wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For oh, Robin Gray, he is kind to me!

PART II.

The spring had pass'd over, 'twas summer nae mair,
And, trembling, were scatter'd the leaves in the air;
"Oh, winter," cried Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
For wae looks the sun when he shines upon me."

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent;
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek was grown pale,
And she droop'd like a snow-drop broke down by the hail.

Her father was sad, and her mother was wae,
But silent and thoughtfu' was auld Robin Gray;
He wander'd his lane, and his face was as lean
As the side of a brae where the torrents have been.

He gaed to his bed, but nae physic would take,
And often he said, "It is best, for her sake!"
While Jeanie supported his head as he lay,
The tears trickled down upon Auld Robin Gray.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie!" said he, wi' a groan;
"I'm nae worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known;
Send round for your neighbours—my hour it draws near,
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wrang'd her," he said, "but I kent it o'er late;
I've wrang'd her, and sorrow is speeding my date;
But a's for the best, since my death will soon free
A faithfu' young heart, that was ill match'd wi' me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay;
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet o' her vow;—
In mercy forgi'e me, 'twas I stole the cow!

"I cared not for crummie, I thought but o' thee;
I thought it was crummie stood 'twixt you and me;
While she fed your parents, oh! did you not say,
You never would marry wi' auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness at hame, and want at the door—
You gi'ed me your hand, while your heart it was sore;
I saw it was sore, why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the land!

"How truth, soon or late, comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back, and your cheek it grew white;
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me.
Oh, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to dee!

"Is Jamie come here yet?" and Jamie he saw;
"I've injured you sair, lad, so I leave you my a';
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be!
Waste no time, my dauties, in mournin' for me."

They kiss'd his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his faee
Seem'd hopefu' of being accepted by grace;
"Oh, doubtna," said Jamie, "forgi'en he will be,
Wha wadna be tempted, by love, to win thee?"

* * * * * *

The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa';
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie of a'
Was thinking she couldna' be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e, while her heart was sae light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife of her Jamie, the tear couldna stay;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
Oh, now she has a' that her heart can desire!

In an earlier continuation of the original ballad, there are some good stanzas, which, however, the authoress had thought proper to expunge from the piece in its altered and extended form. One verse, descriptive of Robin Gray's feelings, on observing the concealed and withering grief of his spouse, is beautiful for its simplicity:

"Nae questions he spier'd her concerning her health,
He look'd at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth;
When his heart it grew grit, and, sighin' he feign'd
To gang to the door to see if it rain'd."

SONG.

Why tarries my love?
Ah! where does he rove?
My love is long absent from me.
Come hither, my dove,
I'll write to my love,
And send him a letter by thee.

To find him, swift fly!
The letter I'll tie
Secure to thy leg with a string.
Ah! not to my leg,
Fair lady, I beg,
But fasten it under my wing.

Her dove she did deck,
She drew o'er his neck
A bell and a collar so gay;
She tied to his wing
The scroll with a string,
Then kiss'd him and sent him away.

It blew and it rain'd;
The pigeon disdain'd
To seek shelter; undaunted he flew,
Till wet was his wing,
And painful his string,
So heavy the letter it grew.

It flew all around,
Till Colin he found,
Then perch'd on his head with the prize;
Whose heart, while he reads,
With tenderness bleeds,
For the pigeon that flutters and dies.

JOHN TAIT.

John Tait was, in early life, devoted to the composition of poetry. In Ruddiman's *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine* for 1770, he repeatedly published verses in the Poet's Corner, with his initials attached, and in subsequent years he published anonymously the "Cave of Morar," "Poetical Legends," and other poems. "The Vanity of Human Wishes, an Elegy, occasioned by the Untimely Death of a Scots Poet," appears under the signature of J. Tait, in "Poems on Various Subjects, by Robert Fergusson, Part II." (Edinburgh, 1779, 12mo). He was admitted as a Writer to the Signet on the 21st of November 1781; and in July 1805 was appointed Judge of Police, on a new police system being introduced into Edinburgh. In the latter capacity, he continued to officiate till July 1812, when a new Act of Parliament intrusted the settlement of police cases, as formerly, to the magistrates of the city. Mr Tait died at his house in Abercromby Place, on the 29th of August 1817.

"The Banks of the Dee"—the only popular production from the pen of the author—was composed in the year 1775, on the occasion of a friend leaving Scotland to join the British forces in America, who were then vainly endeavouring to suppress that opposition to the control of the mother country which resulted in the permanent establishment of American independence. The song is set to the Irish air of "Langolee." It was printed in Wilson's Collection of Songs, which was published at Edinburgh in 1779, with four additional stanzas by a Miss Betsy B——s, of inferior merit. It was republished in "The Goldfinch" (Edinburgh, 1782), and afterwards was inserted in Johnson's "Musical Museum." Burns, in his letter to Mr George Thomson, of 7th April 1793, writes: "'The Banks of the Dee' is, you know, literally 'Langolee' to slow time. The song is well enough, but has some false imagery in it; for instance:

"'And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree.'

In the first place, the nightingale sings in a low bush, but never from a tree; and, in the second place, there never was a nightingale seen or heard on the banks of the Dee, or on the banks of any other river in Scotland. Creative rural imagery is always comparatively flat."

Thirty years after its first appearance, Mr Tait published a new edition of the song in Mr Thomson's Collection, vol. iv., in which he has, by alterations on the

first half stanza, acknowledged the justice of the strictures of the Ayrshire bard. The stanza is altered thus:

> " 'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
> And sweetly the *wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree;*
> At the foot of a rock, where the *wild rose was growing,*
> I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee."

The song, it may be added, has in several collections been erroneously attributed to John Home, author of the tragedy of " Douglas."

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were, blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,
Thy banks' purest stream shall be dear to me ever,
For there first I gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And, ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth! o'er the rude roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to wander 'mongst those once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

Hector Macneill was born on the 22d of October 1746, in the villa of Rosebank, near Roslin; and, to use his own words, "amidst the murmur of streams and the shades of Hawthornden, may be said to have inhaled with life the atmosphere of a poet."* Descended from an old family, who possessed a small estate in the southern district of Argyllshire, his father, after various changes of fortune, had obtained a company in the 42d Regiment, with which he served during several campaigns in Flanders. From continued indisposition, and consequent inability to undergo the fatigues of military life, he disposed of his commission, and retired, with his wife and two children, to the villa of Rosebank, of which he became the owner. A few years after the birth of his son Hector, he felt necessitated, from straitened circumstances, to quit this beautiful residence; and he afterwards occupied a farm on the banks of Loch Lomond. Such a region of the picturesque was highly suitable for the development of those poetical talents which had already appeared in young Hector, amidst the rural amenities of Roslin. In his eleventh year, he wrote a

* We quote from a MS. autobiography of the Poet, in the possession of one of his surviving friends. We have likewise to acknowledge our obligations to J. S. Muschet, Esq., M.D., of Birkhill, Stirlingshire, for communicating some interesting letters of the Poet, addressed to his late father. An intelligent abridgment of the autobiography appears in "Blackwood's Magazine," vol. iv. p. 273. *See* likewise the "Encyclopædia Britannica," vol. xv. p. 307.

drama, after the manner of Gay; and the respectable execution of his juvenile attempts in versification gained him the approbation of Dr Doig, the learned rector of the grammar-school of Stirling, who strongly urged his father to afford him sufficient instruction, to enable him to enter upon one of the liberal professions. Had Captain Macneill's circumstances been prosperous, this counsel might have been adopted, for the son's promising talents were not unnoticed by his father; but pecuniary difficulties opposed an unsurmountable obstacle.

An opulent relative, a West India trader, resident in Bristol, had paid the captain a visit; and, attracted by the shrewdness of the son Hector, who was his namesake, offered to retain him in his employment, and to provide for him in life. After two years' preparatory education, he was accordingly sent to Bristol, in his fourteenth year. He was destined to an adventurous career, singularly at variance with his early predilections and pursuits. By his relative he was destined to sail in a slave ship to the coast of Guinea; but the intercession of some female friends prevented his being connected with an expedition so uncongenial to his feelings. He was now despatched on board a vessel to the island of St Christopher's, with the view of his making trial of a seafaring life, but was provided with recommendatory letters, in the event of his preferring employment on land. With a son of the Bristol trader he remained twelvemonths; and, having no desire to resume his labours as a seaman, he afterwards sailed for Guadaloupe, where he continued in the employment of a merchant for three years, till 1763, when the island was ceded to the French. Dismissed by his employer, with a scanty balance of salary, he had some difficulty in obtaining the means of transport to Antigua; and there, finding himself reduced to entire dependence, he was content, without any pecuniary recompense, to become assistant to his relative, who had come to the town of St John's. From this unhappy condition he was rescued, after a short interval. He was possessed of a knowledge of the French language—a qualification which, together with his general abilities, recommended him to fill the office of assistant to the Provost-Marshal of Grenada. This appointment he held for three years, when, hearing of the death of his mother and sister, he returned to Britain. On the death of his father, eighteen months after his arrival, he succeeded to a small patrimony, which he proceeded to invest in the purchase of an annuity of £80 per annum. With this limited income, he seems to have planned a permanent settlement in his native country; but the unexpected embarrassment of the party from whom he had purchased the annuity, and an attachment of an unfortunate nature, compelled him to re-embark on the ocean of adventure. He accepted the office of assistant-secretary on board Admiral Geary's flag-ship, and made two cruises with the grand fleet. Proposing again to return to Scotland, he afterwards resigned his appointment; but he was induced, by the remonstrances of his friends, Dr Currie, and Mr Roscoe, of Liverpool, to accept a similar situation on board the flag-ship of Sir Richard Bickerton, who had been appointed to take the chief command of the naval power in India. In this post, many of the hardships incident to a seafaring life fell to his share; and being present at the last indecisive action with "Suffrein," he had likewise to encounter the perils of war. His present connection subsisted three years; but Macneill sickened in the discharge of duties wholly unsuitable for him, and longed for the comforts of home. His resources were still limited, but he flattered himself in the expectation that he might earn a subsistence as a man of letters. He fixed his residence at a farm-house in the vicinity of Stirling; and, amidst the pursuits of literature, the composition of verses, and the cultivation of friendship, he contrived, for a time, to enjoy a considerable share of happiness. But he speedily discovered the delusion of supposing that an individual, entirely unknown in the literary world, could at once be able to

establish his reputation, and inspire confidence in the bookselling trade, whose favour is so essential to men of letters. Discouraged in longer persevering in the attempt of procuring a livelihood at home, Macneill, for the fourth time, took his departure from Britain. Provided with letters of introduction to influential and wealthy persons in Jamaica, he sailed for that island on a voyage of adventure; being now in his thirty-eighth year, and nearly as unprovided for as when he had first left his native shores, twenty-four years before. On his arrival at Kingston, he was employed by the collector of customs, whose acquaintance he had formed on the voyage; but this official soon found he could dispense with his services, which he did, without aiding him in obtaining another situation. The individuals to whom he had brought letters were unable or unwilling to render him assistance, and the unfortunate adventurer was constrained, in his emergency, to accept the kind invitation of a medical friend, to make his quarters with him till some satisfactory employment might occur. He now discovered two intimate companions of his boyhood settled in the island, in very prosperous circumstances, and from these he received both pecuniary aid and the promise of future support. Through their friendly offices, his two sons, who had been sent out by a generous friend, were placed in situations of respectability and emolument. But the thoughts of the poet himself were directed towards Britain. He sailed from Jamaica, with a thousand plans and schemes hovering in his mind, equally vague and indefinite, as had been his aims and designs during the past chapter of his history. A small sum given him as the pay of an inland ensigncy, now conferred on him, but antedated, sufficed to defray the expenses of the voyage.

Before leaving Scotland for Jamaica, Macneill had commenced a poem, founded on a Highland tradition; and to the completion of this production he assiduously devoted himself during his homeward voyage. It was published at Edinburgh in 1789, under the title of "The Harp, a Legendary Tale." In the previous year, he published a pamphlet in vindication of slavery, entitled, "On the Treatment of the Negroes in Jamaica." This pamphlet, written to gratify the wishes of an interested friend, rather than as the result of his own convictions, he subsequently endeavoured to suppress. For several years, Macneill persevered in his unsettled mode of life. On his return from Jamaica, he resided in the mansion of his friend, Mr Graham of Gartmore, himself a writer of verses, as well as a patron of letters; but a difference with the family caused him to quit this hospitable residence. After passing some time with his relatives in Argyllshire, he entertained a proposal of establishing himself in Glasgow, as partner of a mercantile house, but this was terminated by the dissolution of the firm; and a second attempt to succeed in the republic of letters had an equally unsuccessful issue. In Edinburgh, whither he had removed, he was seized with a severe nervous illness, which, during the six following years, rendered him incapable of sustained physical exertion. With a little money, which he contrived to raise on his annuity, he retired to a small cottage at St Ninians; but his finances again becoming reduced, he accepted the hospitable invitation of his friends, Major Spark and his lady, to become the inmate of their residence of Viewforth House, Stirling. At this period, Macneill composed the greater number of his best songs, and produced his poem of "Scotland's Skaith, or the History of Will and Jean," which was published in 1795, and speedily gained him a wide reputation. Before the close of twelvemonths, it passed through no fewer than fourteen editions. A sequel, entitled "The Waes o' War," which appeared in 1796, attained an equal popularity. The original ballad was composed during the author's solitary walks in the King's Park, Stirling. It was completed in his own mind before any of the stanzas were committed to paper.

The hope of benefiting his enfeebled constitution in a warm climate induced him

to revisit Jamaica. As a parting tribute to his friends at Stirling, he published, in 1799, immediately before his departure, a descriptive poem, entitled "The Links of Forth, or a Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling," which, regarded as the last effort of a dying poet, obtained a reception fully equal to its merits.

On the oft-disappointed and long unfortunate poet the sun of prosperity at length arose. On his arrival in Jamaica, one of his early friends, Mr John Graham, of Three-Mile-River, settled on him an annuity of £100 a-year; and, in a few months afterwards, they sailed together for Britain, the poet's health being essentially improved. Macneill now fixed his permanent residence in Edinburgh, and, with the proceeds of several legacies bequeathed to him, together with his annuity, was enabled to live in comparative affluence. The narrative of his early adventures and hardships is supposed to form the basis of a novel, entitled, "The Memoirs of Charles Macpherson, Esq.," which proceeded from his pen in 1800. In the following year, he published a complete edition of his poetical works, in two duodecimo volumes. In 1809, he published "The Pastoral, or Lyric Muse of Scotland," in a thin quarto volume; and, about the same time, anonymously, two other works in verse, entitled "Town Fashions, or Modern Manners Delineated," and "Bygone Times and Late-come Changes." His last work, "The Scottish Adventurers," a novel, appeared in 1812, in two octavo volumes.

The latter productions of Hector Macneill, both in prose and verse, tended rather to diminish than increase his fame. They exhibit the sentiments of a querulous old man, inclined to cling to the habits of his youth, and to regard any improvement as an act of ruthless innovation. As the author of some excellent songs, and one of the most popular ballads in the Scottish language, his name will continue to be remembered. His songs "Mary of Castlecary," "My boy, Tammie," "Come under my plaidie," "I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane," "Donald and Flora," and "Dinna think, bonnie lassie," will retain a firm hold of the popular mind. His characteristic is tenderness and pathos, combined with unity of feeling, and a simplicity always genuine and true to nature. Allan Cunningham, who forms only a humble estimate of his genius, remarks that his songs "have much softness and truth, an insinuating grace of manners, and a decorum of expression, with no small skill in the dramatic management of the stories."* The ballad of "Scotland's Skaith" ranks among the happiest conceptions of the Scottish Doric muse; rural life is depicted with singular force and accuracy, and the debasing consequences of the inordinate use of ardent spirits among the peasantry, are delineated with a vigour and power, admirably adapted to suit the author's benevolent intention in the suppression of intemperance.

During his latter years, Macneill was much cherished among the fashionables of the capital. He was a tall, venerable-looking old man; and although his complexion was sallow, and his countenance somewhat austere, his agreeable and fascinating conversation, full of humour and replete with anecdote, rendered him an acceptable guest in many social circles. He displayed a lively, but not a vigorous intellect, and his literary attainments were inconsiderable. Of his own character as a man of letters, he had evidently formed a high estimate. He was prone to satire, but did not unduly indulge in it. He was especially impatient of indifferent versification; and, among his friends, rather discouraged than commended poetical composition. Though long unsettled himself, he was loud in his commendations of industry; and, from the gay man of the world, he became earnest on the subject of religion. For several years, his health seems to have been unsatisfactory. In a letter, dated Edinburgh, January 30, 1813, he writes: "Accumulating years and infirmities are begin-

* "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern," by Allan Cunningham, vol i. p. 242. London, 1825; 4 vols. 12mo.

ning to operate very sensibly upon me now, and yearly do I experience their increasing influence. Both my hearing and my sight are considerably weakened, and, should I live a few years longer, I look forward to a state which, with all our love for life, is certainly not to be envied. . . . . My pen is my chief amusement. Reading soon fatigues, and loses its zest; composition never, till over-exertion reminds me of my imprudence, by sensations which too frequently render me unpleasant during the rest of the day." On the 15th of March 1818, in his seventy-second year, the poet breathed his last, in entire composure, and full of hope.

MARY OF CASTLECARY.*

TUNE—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

"OH! saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love, down on yon lee?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'?
Sought she the burnie whare flow'rs the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Whare could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love, down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing, late in the gloamin',
Down by the burnie whare flow'rs the haw-tree.
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!"

"It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love, ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart—modest her nature;
She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castlecary;
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee."

"It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castlecary;
It was, then, your true love I met by the tree;—
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me."
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew;
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e—
"Ye's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning;
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly you lee."

"Awa' wi' beguiling," cried the youth, smiling;
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing—
Fair stood the lo'ed maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
"Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?"
"Oh, Jamie, forgi'e me! your heart's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

* This song was first published, in May 1791, in *The Bee*, an Edinburgh periodical, conducted by Dr James Anderson.

MY BOY, TAMMY.*

"WHARE hae ye been a' day,
My boy, Tammy?
Whare hae ye been a' day,
My boy, Tammy?"
"I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Meadow green, and mountain gray,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just come frae her mammy."

"And whare got ye that young thing,
My boy, Tammy?"
"I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding a wee lamb and ewe
For her poor mammy."

"What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy, Tammy?"
"I praised her een, sae bonnie blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou';
I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow;—
She said she'd tell her mammy.

"I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
'I hae a house, it cost me dear;
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;—
Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.'

"The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
'I maunna leave my mammy;
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,
She's been my comfort a' my days;
My father's death brought mony waes—
I canna leave my mammy.'"

* This beautiful ballad was first printed, in 1791, in *The Bee*. It is adapted to an old and sweet air, to which, however, very puerile words were attached.

"'We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie;
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claise,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.'
The wee thing gi'es her hand and says—
'There! gang and ask my mammy.'

"Has she been to kirk wi' thee,
My boy, Tammy?"
"She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her e'e;
But, oh! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy."

OH, TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO!*

TUNE—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

"Oh, tell me, bonnie young lassie!
Oh, tell me how for to woo!
Oh, tell me, bonnie sweet lassie!
Oh, tell me how for to woo!
Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?
Lips, like the roses, fresh moisten'd wi' dew;
Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?
Oh, tell me how for to woo!

"Far hae I wander'd to see thee, dear lassie!
Far hae I ventured across the saut sea;
Far hae I travell'd ower moorland and mountain,
Houseless and weary, sleep'd cauld on the lea.
Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak' love to onie,
For ne'er lo'ed I onie till ance I lo'ed you;
Now we're alane in the green-wood sae bonnie—
Oh, tell me how for to woo!"

"What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie?
What care I for your crossing the sea?
It was na for naething ye left poor young Peggie;
It was for my tocher ye cam' to court me.
Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gaudie!
Ribbons, and perlins, and breast-knots enew?
A house that is canty, with wealth in't, my laddie?
Without this ye never need try for to woo."

"I hae na gowd to busk ye aye gaudie;
I canna buy ribbons and perlins enew;
I've naething to brag o' house, or o' plenty,
I've little to gi'e, but a heart that is true.
I cam' na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' ony;
I never lo'ed Peggie, nor e'er brak my vow:
I've wander'd puir fule! for a face fause as bonnie:
I little thocht this was the way for to woo."

"Our laird has fine houses, and guineas o' gowd,
He's youthfu', he's blooming, and comely to see.
The leddies are a' ga'en wud for the wooer,
And yet, ilka e'ening, he leaves them for me.
Oh, saft in the gloaming, his love he discloses!
And saftly, yestreen, as I milked my cow,
He swore that my breath it was sweeter than roses,
And a' the gait hame he did naething but woo."

"Ah, Jenny! the young laird may brag o' his siller,
His houses, his lands, and his lordly degree;
His speeches for *true love* may drap sweet as honey,
But trust me, dear Jenny, he ne'er lo'ed like *me*.
The wooin' o' gentry are fine words o' fashion—
The faster they fa' as the heart is least true;
The dumb look o' love's aft the best proof o' passion;
The heart that feels maist is the least fit to woo."

"Hae na ye roosed my cheeks like the morning?
Hae na ye roosed my cherry-red mou'?
Hae na ye come ower sea, moor, and mountain?
What mair, Johnnie, need ye to woo!
Far ye wander'd, I ken, my dear laddie;
Now that ye've found me, there's nae cause to rue:
Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll never gang gaudie;
I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true."

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom,
The saft tear o' transport fill'd ilk lover's e'e;
The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,
And sweet sang the mavis aboon on the tree.
He clasp'd her, he press'd her, and ca'd her his hinny;
And aften he tasted her honey-sweet mou';
And aye, 'tween ilk kiss, she sigh'd to her Johnnie,
Oh, laddie! weel can ye woo."

LASSIE WI' THE GOWDEN HAIR.

LASSIE wi' the gowden hair,
Silken snood, and face sae fair;
Lassie wi' the yellow hair,
Thinkna to deceive me.
Lassie wi' the gowden hair,
Flattering smile, and face sae fair,
Fare ye weel! for never mair
Johnnie will believe ye.
Oh, no! Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn;
Oh, no! Mary Bawn, ye'll nae mair deceive me.

Smiling, twice ye made me trow,
Twice, poor fool! I turn'd to woo;
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow;
Now I've sworn to leave ye.

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* Mr Graham, of Gartmore, an intimate friend of Hector Macneill, composed a song, having a similar burden, the chorus proceeding thus:

"Then, tell me how to woo thee love;
Oh, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me."

This was published by Sir Walter Scott, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," as a production of the reign of Charles I.

Twice, fause maid! ye brak' your vow;
Twice, poor fool! I've learn'd to rue;
Come ye yet to mak' me troo?
Thrice ye'll ne'er deceive me.
No, no! Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn!
Oh, no! Mary Bawn; thrice ye'll ne'er deceive me.

Mary saw him turn to part;
Deep his words sank in her heart;
Soon the tears began to start,
"Johnnie, will ye leave me?"
Soon the tears began to start,
Grit and gritter grew his heart;
"Yet a word before we part,
Love could ne'er deceive ye.
Oh, no! Johnnie doo, Johnnie doo, Johnnie doo;
Oh, no! Johnnie doo—love could ne'er deceive ye.

Johnnie took a parting keek;
Saw the tears drap o'er her cheek;
Pale she stood, but couldna speak—
Mary's cured o' smiling.
Johnnie took anither keek—
Beauty's rose has left her cheek;
Pale she stands, and canna speak—
This is nae beguiling.
Oh, no! Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn, dear Mary Bawn;
Oh, no; Mary Bawn—love has nae beguiling.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

TUNE—"*Johnnie M'Gill.*"

"COME under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
Oh, come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me!
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

"Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, auld Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye may be my gutcher;—auld Donald, gae 'wa!
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw;
Oh, nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly!
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw."

"Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back—
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now, and kindly; I'll busk ye aye finely;
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

"My father's aye tauld me, my mither and a',
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie;
But, waes me! ye ken he has naething ava.
I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty—my time is but sma';
Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye;
I thocht ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa."

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Whare Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary;
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;
The owlet was screamin' while Johnnie cried,
"Women
Wad marry Auld Nick if he'd keep them aye braw."

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.*

I LO'ED ne'er a laddie but ane,
He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;
He's willing to mak' me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,
And a pair o' mittens o' green;
The price was a kiss o' my mou',
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land and their lordly degree;
I carena for aught but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordly to me:

* The first stanza of this song, along with a second, which is unsuitable for insertion, has been ascribed, on the authority of Burns, to the Rev. John Clunie, minister of Borthwick, in Mid-Lothian, who died in 1819, aged sixty-two. Ritson, however, by prefixing the letters "J. D." to the original stanza would seem to point to a different author.

His words are sae sugar'd and sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!
I listen, poor fool! and I greet;
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we've little to brag o', near fear—
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, though we've naething but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

"O Marion! the heart that is true,
Has something mair costly than gear!
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings! gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
While here in my arms I lock mine!"

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
Wae's me! can I tak' it amiss?
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut and to kiss!
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,
And this nicht I'm Jamie's for life!

DONALD AND FLORA.*

I.

When merry hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
Sadd'ning to Mora;†
Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
Quick heaved her bosom bare,
As to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow.

II.

"Loud howls the stormy flist,
Cold, cold is winter's blast;
Haste, then, O Donald, haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since on a foreign shore
You promised to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

III.

"'Where now is Donald dear?'
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
'Say, is he still sincere
To his loved Flora?'
Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turn'd to stone:
Ah, Flora! thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!'

IV.

"Come, then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay;
Where can my rover stray
From his loved Flora!
Ah! sure he ne'er can be
False to his vows and me;
Oh, Heaven!—is not yonder he,
Bounding o'er Mora!"

V.

"Never, ah! wretched fair!"
Sigh'd the sad messenger,
"Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora!
Cold as yon mountain snow
Donald thy love lies low;
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

VI.

"Well fought our gallant men
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.
But, ah! though our foes did flee,
Sad was such victory—
Truth, love, and loyalty
Fell far from Mora.

VII.

"'Here, take this love-wrought plaid,'
Donald, expiring, said;
'Give it to yon dear maid
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan! tell
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora.'"

VIII.

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair;
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out, "Poor Flora!
Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!"
Was all the fond heart could say:
At length the sound died away
Feebly in Mora.

* This fine ballad was written by Macneill, to commemorate the death of his friend, Captain Stewart, a brave officer, betrothed to a young lady in Athole, who, in 1777, fell at the battle of Saratoga, in America. The words, which are adapted to an old Gaelic air, appear with music in Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," vol. iii. p. 28. The ballad, in the form given above, has, in several of the stanzas, been improved by the author, on his original version, published in Johnson's "Museum." See the "Museum," vol. iv. p. 238.

† Mora is the name of a small valley in Athole, so designated by the two lovers.

MY LUVE'S IN GERMANY.*

Tune—"*Ye Jacobites by name.*"

My luve's in Germanie, send him hame, send him hame;
My luve's in Germanie, send him hame;
My luve's in Germanie,
Fighting brave for royalty:
He may ne'er his Jeanie see—
Send him hame.

* This song was originally printed on a single sheet by N. Stewart & Co., Edinburgh, in 1794, as the lament of a lady on the death of an officer. It does not appear in Macneill's "Poetical Works," but he asserted to Mr Stenhouse his claims to the authorship.—Johnson's "Museum," vol. iv. p. 323.

He's as brave as brave can be—send him hame,
send him hame;
He's as brave as brave can be—send him hame;
He's as brave as brave can be,
He wad rather fa' than flee;
His life is dear to me—
Send him hame.

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee, bonnie dame,
bonnie dame,
Your luve ne'er learnt to flee, bonnie dame;
Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
But he fell in Germanie,
In the cause of royalty,
Bonnie dame.

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea—Willie's slain,
Willie's slain;
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea—Willie's gane!
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,
To his love and ain countrie:
This warld's nae mair for me—
Willie's gane!

DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.*

TUNE—*"Clunie's Reel."*

"Oh, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to
leave thee!
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave
thee;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave
thee;
I'll tak' a stick into my hand, and come again
and see thee."

"Far's the gate ye hae to gang; dark's the
night, and eerie;
Far's the gate ye hae to gang; dark's the night,
and eerie;
Far's the gate ye hae to gang; dark's the night,
and eerie;
Oh, stay this night wi' your love, and dinna
gang and leave me."

"It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave
my dearie;
But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my
dearie
But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my
dearie;
Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come
again and see thee."

"Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and
leave me
Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and
leave me.
When a' the lave are sound asleep, I'm dull
and eerie;
And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking
on my dearie."

"Oh, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to
leave thee;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave
thee;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave
thee;
Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I'll come
again and see thee.

"Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw
loud and fear me;
Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud
and fear me;
While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae
and drearie;
And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang
and leave me."

"Oh, never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang
and leave thee;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and
leave thee;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and
leave thee;
E'en let the world gang as it will, I'll stay at
hame and cheer ye."

Frae his hand he coost his stick; "I winna
gang and leave thee;"
Threw his plaid into the neuk; "Never can I
grieve thee;"
Drew his boots, and flang them by; cried,
"My lass, be cheerie!
I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never
leave my dearie."

* The last verse of this song was added by John Hamilton. The song, on account of this addition, was not included by Macneill in the collected edition of his "Poetical Works." One of Miss Blamire's songs has the same opening line; and it has been conjectured by Mr Maxwell, the editor of her poems, that Macneill had been indebted to her song for suggesting his verses.

MRS GRANT OF LAGGAN.

Mrs Anne Grant, commonly styled of Laggan, to distinguish her from her contemporary, Mrs Grant of Carron, was born at Glasgow, in February 1755. Her father, Mr Duncan Macvicar, was an officer in the army, and, by her mother, she was descended from the old family of Stewart, of Invernahyle, in Argyllshire. Her early infancy was passed at Fort-William; but her father having accompanied his regiment to America, and there become a settler, in the State of New York, at a very tender age she was taken by her mother across the Atlantic, to her new home. Though her third year had not been completed when she arrived in America, she retained a distinct recollection of her landing at Charleston. By her mother she was taught to read, and a well-informed sergeant made her acquainted with writing. Her precocity for learning was remarkable. Ere she had reached her sixth year, she had made herself familiar with the Old Testament, and could speak the Dutch language, which she had learned from a family of Dutch settlers. The love of poetry and patriotism was simultaneously evinced. At this early period, she read Milton's "Paradise Lost" with attention, and even appreciation; and glowed with the enthusiastic ardour of a young heroine over the adventures of Wallace, detailed in the metrical history of Henry, the Minstrel. Her juvenile talent attracted the notice of the more intelligent settlers in the State, and gained her the friendship of the distinguished Madame Schuyler, whose virtues she afterwards depicted in her "Memoirs of an American Lady."

In 1768, along with his wife and daughter, Mr Macvicar returned to Scotland, his health having suffered by his residence in America; and, during the three following summers, his daughter found means of gratifying her love of song, on the banks of the Cart, near Glasgow. The family residence was now removed to Fort-Augustus, where Mr Macvicar had received the appointment of barrack-master. The chaplain of the fort was the Rev. James Grant, a young clergyman, related to several of the more respectable families in the district, who was afterwards appointed minister of the parish of Laggan, in Inverness-shire. At Fort-Augustus, he had recommended himself to the affections of Miss Macvicar, by his elegant tastes and accomplished manners, and he now became the successful suitor for her hand. They were married in 1779, and Mrs Grant, to approve herself a useful helpmate to her husband, began assiduously to acquaint herself with the manners and habits of the humbler classes of the people. The inquiries instituted at this period were turned to an account more extensive than originally contemplated. Mr Grant, who was constitutionally delicate, died in 1801, leaving his widow and eight surviving children without any means of support, his worldly circumstances being considerably embarrassed.

On a small farm which she had rented, in the vicinity of her late husband's parish, Mrs Grant resided immediately subsequent to his decease; but the profits of the lease were entirely inadequate for the comfortable maintenance of the family. Among the circle of her friends she was known as a writer of verses; in her ninth year, she had essayed an imitation of Milton; and she had written poetry, or at least verses, on the banks of the Cart and at Fort-Augustus. To aid in supporting her family, she was strongly advised to collect her pieces into a volume; and, to encourage her in acting upon this recommendation, no fewer than three thousand subscribers were procured for the work by her friends. The celebrated Duchess of Gordon proved an especial promoter of the cause. In 1803, a volume of poems appeared, from her pen, which, though displaying no high powers, was favourably received and had the double advantage of making her known, and of materially aiding her

finances. From the profits, she made settlement of her late husband's liabilities; and now perceiving a likelihood of being able to support her family by her literary exertions, she abandoned the lease of her farm. She took up her residence near the town of Stirling, residing in the mansion of Gartur, in that neighbourhood. In 1806, she again appeared before the public as an author, by publishing a selection of her correspondence with her friends, in three duodecimo volumes, under the designation of "Letters from the Mountains." This work passed through several editions. In 1808, Mrs Grant published the life of her early friend, Madame Schuyler, under the designation of "Memoirs of an American Lady," in two volumes.

From the rural retirement of Gartur, she soon removed to the town of Stirling; but in 1810, as her circumstances became more prosperous, she took up her permanent abode in Edinburgh. Some distinguished literary characters of the Scottish capital now resorted to her society. She was visited by Sir Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, James Hogg, and others, attracted by the vivacity of her conversation. The "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland" appeared in 1811, in two volumes; in 1814, she published a metrical work, in two parts, entitled, "Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen;" and, in the year following, she produced her "Popular Models and Impressive Warnings for the Sons and Daughters of Industry."

In 1825, Mrs Grant received a civil-list pension of £50 a-year, in consideration of her literary talents, which, with the profits of her works and the legacies of several deceased friends, rendered the latter period of her life sufficiently comfortable in respect of pecuniary means. She died on the 7th of November 1838, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, and retaining her faculties to the last. A collection of her correspondence was published in 1844, in three volumes octavo, edited by her only surviving son, John P. Grant, Esq.

As a writer, Mrs Grant occupies a respectable place. She had the happy art of turning her every-day observation, as well as the fruits of her research, to the best account. Her letters, which she published at the commencement of her literary career, as well as those which appeared posthumously, are favourable specimens of that species of composition. As a poet, she attained to no eminence. "The Highlanders," her longest and most ambitious poetical effort, exhibits some glowing descriptions of mountain scenery, and of the stern though simple manners of the Gael. Of a few songs which proceed from her pen, that commencing, "Oh, where, tell me where?" written on the occasion of the Marquis of Huntly's departure for Holland with his regiment in 1799, has only become generally known. It has been parodied in a song, by an unknown author, entitled "The Blue Bells of Scotland," which has obtained a wider range of popularity.

OH, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE?

"Oh, where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh, where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?"
"He's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.
He's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home."

"Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?"
"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away.
He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away."

"Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?"
"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star;
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star."

"Suppose, ah, suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound,
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound!"
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye;
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly:
And for his king and country dear with pleasure he would die!"

"But I will hope to see him yet, in Scotland's bonny bounds;
But I will hope to see him yet, in Scotland's bonny bounds.
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While, wide through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds;
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While, wide through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds."

OH, MY LOVE, LEAVE ME NOT!*

AIR—"*Bealach na Gharraidh.*"

OH, my love, leave me not!
Oh, my love, leave me not!
Oh, my love, leave me not!
Lonely and weary.

Could you but stay a while,
And my fond fears beguile,
I yet once more could smile,
Lightsome and cheery.

Night, with her darkest shroud,
Tempests that roar aloud,
Thunders that burst the cloud,
Why should I fear ye?

Till the sad hour we part,
Fear cannot make me start;
Grief cannot break my heart
Whilst thou art near me.

Should you forsake my sight,
Day would to me be night;
Sad, I would shun its light,
Heartless and weary.

* From Albyn's "Anthology," vol. i., p. 42. Edinburgh, 1816, 4to.

JOHN MAYNE.

JOHN MAYNE, chiefly known as the author of "The Siller Gun," a poem descriptive of burgher habits in Scotland towards the close of the century, was born at Dumfries, on the 26th of March 1759. At the grammar school of his native town, under Dr Chapman, the learned rector, whose memory he has celebrated in the third canto of his principal poem, he had the benefit of a respectable elementary education; and, having chosen the profession of a printer, he entered at an early age the printing office of the *Dumfries Journal*. In 1782, when his parents removed to Glasgow, to reside on a little property to which they had succeeded, he sought employment under the celebrated Messrs Foulis, in whose printing establishment he continued during the five following years. He paid a visit to London in 1785, with the view of advancing his professional interests, and two years afterwards he settled in the metropolis.

Mayne, while a mere stripling, was no unsuccessful wooer of the Muse; and in his sixteenth year he produced the germ of that poem on which his reputation chiefly depends. This production, entitled "The Siller Gun," descriptive of a sort of *wapinschaw*, or an ancient practice which obtained in his native town, of shooting, on the king's birth-day, for a silver tube or gun, which had been presented by James VI. to the incorporated trades, as a prize to the best marksman, was printed

at Dumfries in 1777, on a small quarto page. The original edition consisted of twelve stanzas; in two years it increased to two cantos; in 1780, it was printed in three cantos; in 1808, it was published in London with a fourth; and in 1836, just before his death, the author added a fifth. The latest edition was published by subscription, in an elegant duodecimo volume.

In 1780, in the pages of Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine*, Mayne published a short poem on "Hallowe'en," which suggested Burns' celebrated poem on the same subject. In 1781, he published at Glasgow his song of "Logan Braes," of which Burns afterwards composed a new version.

In London, Mayne was first employed as printer, and subsequently became joint-editor and proprietor, along with Dr Tilloch, of the *Star* evening newspaper. With that journal, he retained a connection till his death, which took place at London on the 14th of March 1836.

Besides the humorous and descriptive poem of "The Siller Gun," which, in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, surpasses the efforts of Fergusson, and comes near to those of Burns,* Mayne published another epic production, entitled "Glasgow," which appeared in 1803, and has passed through several editions. In the same year he published "English, Scots, and Irishmen," a chivalrous address to the population of the three kingdoms. To the literary journals, his contributions, both in prose and verse, were numerous and interesting. Many of his songs and ballads enriched the columns of the journal which he so long and ably conducted. In early life, he maintained a metrical correspondence with Thomas Telford, the celebrated engineer, who was a native of the same county, and whose earliest ambition was to earn the reputation of a poet.†

Possessed of entire amiability of disposition, and the utmost amenity of manners, John Mayne was warmly beloved among the circle of his friends. Himself embued with a deep sense of religion, though fond of innocent humour, he preserved in all his writings a becoming respect for sound morals, and is entitled to the commendation which a biographer has awarded him, of having never committed to paper a single line "the tendency of which was not to afford innocent amusement, or to improve and increase the happiness of mankind." He was singularly modest and even retiring. His eulogy has been pronounced by Allan Cunningham, who knew him well, that "a better or warmer-hearted man never existed." The songs, of which we have selected the more popular, abound in vigour of expression and sentiment, and are pervaded by a genuine pathos.

* See Note to "Lady of the Lake."

† See the "Encyclopædia Britannica," vol. xxi. p. 170.

LOGAN BRAES.*

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But, waes my heart! thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or, whan it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane,
Frae kirk and fair I come alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

* This song originally consisted of two stanzas, the third stanza being subsequently added by the author. It is adapted to a beautiful old air, "Logan Water," incongruously connected with some indecorous stanzas. Burns deemed Mayne's version an elder production of the Scottish muse, and attempted to modernise the song, but his edition is decidedly inferior. Other four stanzas have been added to Mayne's verses by some anonymous versifier. These first appeared in Duncan's "Encyclopædia of Scottish, English, and Irish Songs," printed at Glasgow in 1836, 2 vols. 12mo. In these stanzas the lover is brought back to Logan Braes, and consummates his union with his weeping shepherdess. The stream of Logan takes its rise among the hills separating the parishes of Lesmahago and Muirkirk, and after a flow of eight miles, deposits its waters into the Nethan river.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I daunder dowie and forlane;
I sit alane, beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.
Oh, could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
For night and day on me she cries;
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sigh'd,
For me she wish'd to be a bride;
For me in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind
Took deadly aim at me.
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low,
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me!
For if, when all the graces shine,
Oh! if on earth there's aught divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine,
They centred all in thee!

Ah! what avails it that, amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain?
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting-place for me.
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise,
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel-Lee.

* During the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, a young lady, of great personal attractions and numerous accomplishments, named Helen Irving, daughter of Irving of Kirkconnel, in Annandale, was betrothed to Adam Fleming de Kirkpatrick, a young gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood. Walking with her lover on the banks of the Kirtle, she was slain by a shot which had been aimed at Fleming by a disappointed rival. The melancholy history has been made the theme of three different ballads, two of these being old. The present ballad, by Mr Mayne, was inserted by Sir Walter Scott in the Edinburgh *Annual Register* of 1815.

THE WINTER SAT LANG.

THE winter sat lang on the spring o' the year,
Our seedtime was late, and our mailing was dear;
My mither tint her heart when she look'd on us a',
And we thought upon those that were farest awa'.
Oh, were they but here that are farest awa'!
Oh, were they but here that are dear to us a'!
Our cares would seem light and our sorrow but sma',
If they were but here that are far frae us a'!

Last week, when our hopes were o'erclouded wi' fear,
And nae ane at hame the dull prospect to cheer;
Our Johnnie has written, frae far awa' parts,
A letter that lightens and hauds up our hearts.
He says, "My dear mither, though I be awa',
In love and affection I'm still wi' ye a';
While I hae a being ye'se aye hae a ha',
Wi' plenty to keep out the frost and the snaw."

My mither, o'erjoy'd at this change in her state,
By the bairn she doated on early and late,
Gi'es thanks night and day to the Giver of a',
There's been naething unworthy o' him that's awa'!
Then here is to them that are far frae us a',
The friend that ne'er fail'd us, though farest awa'!
Health, peace, and prosperity wait on us a';
And a blithe comin' hame to the friend that's awa'!

MY JOHNNIE.

AIR—"*Johnnie's Gray Breeks.*"

JENNY'S heart was frank and free,
And wooers she had mony, yet
The sang was aye, "Of a' I see,
Commend me to my Johnnie yet.
For ear' and late, he has sic gate
To mak' a body cheerie, that
I wish to be, before I dee,
His ain kind dearie yet."

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
Her shape was sma' and genty-like,
And few or nane in a' the place,
Had gowd or gear mair plenty, yet
Though war's alarms, and Johnnie's charms,
Had gart her oft look eerie, yet
She sung wi' glee, "I hope to be
My Johnnie's ain dearie yet.

"What though he's now gane far awa',
Whare guns and cannons rattle, yet
Unless my Johnnie chance to fa'
In some uncanny battle, yet
Till he return my breast will burn
Wi' love that weel may cheer me yet,
For I hope to see, before I dee,
His bairns to him endear me yet."

THE TROOPS WERE EMBARKED.

The troops were all embark'd on board,
The ships were under way,
And loving wives, and maids adored,
Were weeping round the bay.

They parted from their dearest friends,
From all their heart desires;
And Rosabel to Heaven commends
The man her soul admires!

For him she fled from soft repose,
Renounced a parent's care;
He sails to crush his country's foes,
She wanders in despair!

A seraph in an infant's frame
Reclined upon her arm;
And sorrow in the lovely dame
Now heighten'd every charm:

She thought, if fortune had but smiled—
She thought upon her dear;
But when she look'd upon his child,
Oh, then ran many a tear!

"Ah! who will watch thee as thou sleep'st?
Who'll sing a lullaby,
Or rock thy cradle when thou weep'st,
If I should chance to die?"

On board the ship, resign'd to fate,
Yet planning joys to come,
Her love in silent sorrow sate
Upon a broken drum.

He saw her lonely on the beach;
He saw her on the strand;
And far as human eye can reach
He saw her wave her hand!

"O Rosabel! though forced to go,
With thee my soul shall dwell,
And Heaven, who pities human woe,
Will comfort Rosabel!"

JOHN HAMILTON.

Of the personal history of John Hamilton, only a few particulars can be ascertained. He carried on business for many years as a music-seller in North Bridge Street, Edinburgh, and likewise gave instructions in the art of instrumental music to private families. He had the good fortune to attract the favour of one of his fair pupils—a young lady of birth and fortune—whom he married, much to the displeasure of her relations. He fell into impaired health, and died on the 23d of September 1814, in the fifty-third year of his age. To the lovers of Scottish melody, the name of Mr Hamilton is familiar as a composer of several esteemed and beautiful airs. His contributions to the department of Scottish song entitle his name to an honourable place.

THE RANTIN' HIGHLANDMAN.

Ae morn, last ouk, as I gaed out
To flit a tether'd ewe and lamb,
I met, as skiffin' o'er the green,
A jolly, rantin' Highlandman.
His shape was neat, wi' feature sweet,
And ilka smile my favour wan;
I ne'er had seen sae braw a lad
As this young rantin' Highlandman.

He said, "My dear, ye're sune asteer;
Cam' ye to hear the lav'rock's sang?
Oh, wad ye gang and wed wi' me,
And wed a rantin' Highlandman?
In summer days, on flow'ry braes,
When frisky are the ewe and lamb,
I'se row ye in my tartan plaid,
And be your rantin' Highlandman.

"Wi' heather bells, that sweetly smell,
I'll deck your hair, sae fair and lang,
If ye'll consent to scour the bent
Wi' me, a rantin' Highlandman.
We'll big a cot, and buy a stock,
Syne do the best that e'er we can;
Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
To trust a rantin' Highlandman."

His words, sae sweet, gaed to my heart,
And fain I wad hae gi'en my han',
Yet durstna, lest my mither should
Dislike a rantin' Highlandman.
But I expect he will come back;
Then, tho' my kin should scauld and ban,
I'll o'er the hill, or whare he will,
Wi' my young rantin' Highlandman.

UP IN THE MORNIN' EARLY.*

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south;
The drift is drifting sairly;
The sheep are cow'rin' in the heuch;
Oh, sirs, it's winter fairly!
Now, up in the mornin's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;
I'd rather gae supperless to my bed
Than rise in the mornin' early.

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,
And tirls the branches barely;
On hill and house hear how it thuds!
The frost is nippin' sairly.
Now, up in the mornin's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;
To sit a' nicht wad better agree
Than rise in the mornin' early.

The sun peeps ower yon southland hills,
Like ony timorous carlie;
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again;
And that we find severely.
Now, up in the mornin's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;
When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,
Wha'd rise in the mornin' early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush:
Poor things! they suffer sairly;
In cauldrife quarters a' the nicht,
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now, up in the mornin's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;
A pennyless purse I wad rather dree,
Than rise in the mornin' early.

A cosie house and canty wife
Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,
They answer unco rarely.
But up in the mornin'—na, na, na!
Up in the mornin' early!
The gowans maun glint on bank and brae
When I rise in the mornin' early.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE.†

Go to Berwick, Johnnie;
Bring her frae the Border;
Yon sweet bonny lassie,
Let her gae nae farther.
English loons will twine ye
O' the lovely treasure;
But we'll let them ken
A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,
And regain your honour;
Drive them o'er the Tweed,
And show our Scottish banner.
I am Rob, the King,
And ye are Jock, my brither;
But, before we lose her,
We'll a' there thegither.

MISS FORBES' FAREWELL TO BANFF.

FAREWELL, ye fields an' meadows green!
The blest retreats of peace an' love;
Aft have I, silent, stolen from hence,
With my young swain a while to rove.
Sweet was our walk, more sweet our talk,
Among the beauties of the spring;
An' aft we'd lean us on a bank,
To hear the feather'd warblers sing.

The azure sky, the hills around,
Gave double beauty to the scene;
The lofty spires of Banff in view—
On every side the waving grain.
The tales of love my Jamie told,
In such a saft an' moving strain,
Have so engaged my tender heart,
I'm loath to leave the place again.

But if the Fates will be sae kind
As favour my return once more,
For to enjoy the peace of mind
In those retreats I had before:
Now, farewell, Banff! the nimble steeds
Do bear me hence—I must away;
Yet time, perhaps, may bring me back,
To part nae mair from scenes so gay.

TELL ME, JESSIE, TELL ME WHY?

TELL me, Jessie, tell me why
My fond suit you still deny?
Is your bosom cold as snow?
Did you never feel for woe?
Can you hear, without a sigh,
Him complain who for you could die?
If you ever shed a tear,
Hear me, Jessie, hear, O hear!

Life to me is not more dear
Than the hour brings Jessie here;
Death so much I do not fear
As the parting moment near.
Summer smiles are not so sweet
As the bloom upon your cheek;
Nor the crystal dew so clear
As your eyes to me appear.

These are part of Jessie's charms,
Which the bosom ever warms;
But the charms by which I'm stung,
Come, O Jessie, from thy tongue!
Jessie, be no longer coy;
Let me taste a lover's joy;
With your hand remove the dart,
And heal the wound that's in my heart.

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* Burns composed two verses to the same tune, which is very old. It was a favourite of Queen Mary, the consort of William III. In his "Beggar's Opera," Gay has adopted the tune for one of his songs. It was published, in 1652, by John Hilton, as the third voice to what is called a "Northern Catch" for three voices, beginning—"I'se gae wi' thee, my sweet Peggy."

† These stanzas are founded on some lines of old doggerel, beginning—

"Go, go, go,
Go to Berwick, Johnnie;
Thou shalt have the horse,
And I shall have the pony."

THE HAWTHORN.

Last midsummer's morning, as going to the fair,
I met with young Jamie, wh'as taking the air;
He ask'd me to stay with him, and indeed he did prevail,
Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in the vale—
That blooms in the valley, that blooms in the vale,
Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

He said he had loved me both long and sincere,
That none on the green was so gentle and fair;
I listen'd with pleasure to Jamie's tender tale,
Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in the vale—
That blooms in the valley, etc.

"Oh, haste," says he, "to hear the birds in the grove,
How charming their song, and enticing to love!
The briers that with roses perfume the passing gale,
And meet the pretty hawthorn that blooms in the vale"—
That blooms in the valley, etc.

His words were so moving, and looks soft and kind,
Convinced me the youth had nae guile in his mind;
My heart, too, confess'd him the flower of the dale,
Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in the vale—
That blooms in the valley, etc.

Yet I oft bade him go, for I could no longer stay,
But leave me he would not, nor let me away;
Still pressing his suit, and at last did prevail,
Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in the vale—
That blooms in the valley, etc.

Now tell me, ye maidens, how could I refuse?
His words were so sweet, and so binding his vows!
We went and were married, and Jamie loves me still,
And we live beside the hawthorn that blooms in the vale—
That blooms in the valley, that blooms in the vale,
We live beside the hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

OH, BLAW, YE WESTLIN WINDS!*

Oh, blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees!
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink of her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae pass'd atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa'!
The Powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet, lovely Jean.

* These verses were written as a continuation to Burns' "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." Other two stanzas were added to the same song by W. Reid.—See *postea*.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Joanna Baillie was born on the 11th of September 1762, in the manse of Bothwell, Lanarkshire. Her father, Dr James Baillie, was descended from the old family of Baillie of Lamington, and was consequently entitled to claim propinquity with the distinguished Principal Robert Baillie, and the family of Baillie of Jerviswoode,* so celebrated for its Christian patriotism. The mother of Joanna likewise belonged to an honourable house: she was a descendant of the Hunters of Hunterston; and her two brothers attained a wide reputation in the world of science—Dr William Hunter being an eminent physician, and Mr John Hunter, the greatest anatomist of his age. Joanna—a twin, the other child being still-born—was the youngest of a family of

* The following entry respecting the birth of the future poetess is extracted from the baptismal register of her native parish: "Anno 1762, Joanna, daughter lawfull to the Rev. Mr James Baillie, minister of the Gospell in Bothwell, and his spouse, Donete Hunter, was born the eleventh day of September, and baptized in the church of Bothwell upon the twelfth day of the said month by the Reverend Mr James Miller, minister of the Gospell in Hamiltoun."

three children. Her only brother was Dr Matthew Baillie, highly distinguished in the medical world. Agnes, her sister, who was the eldest of the family, remained unmarried, and continued to live with her under the same roof.

In the year 1768, Dr Baillie was transferred from the parochial charge of Bothwell to the office of collegiate minister of Hamilton—a town situate, like his former parish, on the banks of the Clyde. He was subsequently elected Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. After his death, which took place in 1778, his daughters both continued, along with their widowed mother, to live at Long Calderwood, in the vicinity of Hamilton, until 1784, when they all accepted an invitation to reside with Dr Matthew Baillie, who had entered on his medical career in London, and had become possessor of a house in Great Windmill Street, built by his now deceased uncle, Dr Hunter.

Though evincing no peculiar promptitude in the acquisition of learning, Joanna had, at the very outset of life, exhibited remarkable talent in rhyme-making. She composed verses before she could read, and, before she could have fancied a theatre, formed dialogues for dramatic representations, which she carried on with her companions. But she did not early seek distinction as an author. At the somewhat mature age of twenty-eight, after she had gone to London, she first published, and that anonymously, a volume of miscellaneous poems, which did not excite any particular attention. In 1798, she published, though anonymously at first, "A Series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy." In a lengthened preliminary dissertation, she discoursed regarding the drama in all its relations, maintaining the ascendency of simple nature over every species of adornment and decoration. "Let one simple trait of the human heart, one expression of passion, genuine and true to nature," she wrote, "be introduced, and it will stand forth alone in the boldness of reality, whilst the false and unnatural around it fades away upon every side, like the rising exhalations of the morning." The reception of these plays was sufficient to satisfy the utmost ambition of the author, and established the foundation of her fame. "Nothing to compare with them had been produced since the great days of the English drama; and the truth, vigour, variety, and dignity of the dramatic portraits, in which they abound, might well justify an enthusiasm which a reader of the present day can scarcely be expected to feel. This enthusiasm was all the greater, when it became known that these remarkable works, which had been originally published anonymously, were from the pen of a woman still young, who had passed her life in domestic seclusion."* Encouraged by the success of the first volume of her dramas on the "Passions," the authoress added a second in 1802, and a third in 1812. During the interval, she published a volume of miscellaneous dramas in 1804, and produced the "Family Legend" in 1810—a tragedy, founded upon a Highland tradition. With a prologue by Sir Walter Scott, and an epilogue by Henry Mackenzie, the "Family Legend" was produced at the Edinburgh theatre, under the auspices of the former illustrious character; and was ably supported by Mrs Siddons, and by Terry, then at the commencement of his career. It was favourably received during ten successive performances. "You have only to imagine all that you could wish to give success to a play," wrote Sir Walter Scott to the authoress, "and your conceptions will still fall short of the complete and decided triumph of the 'Family Legend.' The house was crowded to a most extraordinary degree; many people had come from your native capital of the west; everything that pretended to distinction, whether from rank or literature, was in the boxes; and in the pit, such an aggregate mass of humanity as I have seldom, if ever, witnessed in

* *Literary Gazette*, March 1851.

the same space." Other two of her plays, "Count Basil" and "De Montfort," brought out in London, the latter being sustained by Kemble and Siddons, likewise received a large measure of general approbation; but a want of variety of incident prevented their retaining a position on the stage. In 1836, she produced three additional volumes of dramas; her career as a dramatic writer thus extending over the period of nearly forty years.

Subsequent to her leaving Scotland, in 1784, Joanna Baillie did not return to her native kingdom, unless on occasional visits. On the marriage of her brother to a sister of the Lord Chief-Justice Denman, in 1791, she passed some years at Colchester; but she subsequently fixed her permanent habitation at Hampstead. Her mother died in 1806. At Hampstead, in the companionship of her only sister, whose virtues she has celebrated in one of her poems, and amidst the society of many of the more distinguished literary characters of the metropolis, she continued to enjoy a large amount of comfort and happiness. Her pecuniary means were sufficiently abundant, and rendered her entirely independent of the profits of her writings. Among her literary friends, one of the most valued was Sir Walter Scott, who, being introduced to her personal acquaintance on his visit to London in 1806, maintained with her an affectionate and lasting intimacy. The letters addressed to her are amongst the most interesting of his correspondence in his Memoir by his son-in-law. He evinced his estimation of her genius by frequently complimenting her in his works. In his "Epistle to William Erskine," which forms the introduction to the third canto of "Marmion," he thus generously eulogises his gifted friend:

> "Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
> Restore the ancient tragic line,
> And emulate the notes that wrung
> From the wild harp, which silent hung
> By silver Avon's holy shore,
> Till twice a hundred years roll'd o'er;
> When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
> With fearless hand and heart on flame!
> From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
> And swept it with a kindred measure,
> Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
> With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
> Awakening at the inspirèd strain,
> Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

To Joanna, Scott inscribed his fragmental drama of "Macduff's Cross," which was included in a Miscellany published by her in 1823.

Though a penury of incident, and a defectiveness of skill in sustaining an increasing interest to the close, will probably prevent any of her numerous plays from being renewed on the stage, Joanna Baillie is well entitled to the place assigned her as one of the first of modern dramatists. In all her plays there are passages and scenes surpassed by no contemporaneous dramatic writer. Her works are a magazine of eloquent thoughts and glowing descriptions. She is a mistress of the emotions, and

> "Within *her* mighty page,
> Each tyrant passion shows his woe and rage."

The tragedies of "Count Basil" and "De Montfort" are her best plays, and are well termed by Sir Walter Scott a revival of the great Bard of Avon. Forcible and energetic in style, her strain never becomes turgid or diverges into commonplace. She is masculine, but graceful; and powerful without any ostentation of strength. Her personal history was the counterpart of her writings. Gentle in manners and affable in conversation, she was a model of the household virtues, and would have

attracted consideration as a woman by her amenities, though she had possessed no reputation in the world of letters. She was eminently religious and benevolent. Her countenance bore indication of a superior intellect and deep penetration. Though her society was much cherished by her contemporaries, including distinguished foreigners who visited the metropolis, her life was spent in general retirement. She was averse to public demonstration, and seemed scarcely conscious of her power. She died at Hampstead, on the 23d of February 1851, at the very advanced age of eighty-nine, and a few weeks after the publication of her whole Works in a collected form.

The songs of Joanna Baillie immediately obtained an honourable place in the minstrelsy of her native kingdom. They are the simple and graceful effusions of a heart passionately influenced by the melodies of the "land of the heath and the thistle," and animated by those warm affections so peculiarly nurtured in the region of "the mountain and the flood." "Fy, let us a' to the wedding," "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" "It fell on a morning when we were thrang," and "Woo'd, and married, and a'," maintain popularity among all classes of Scotsmen throughout the world. Several of the songs were written for Thomson's "Melodies," and "The Harp of Caledonia," a collection of songs published at Glasgow in 1821, in three vols. 12mo, under the editorial care of John Struthers, author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath." The greater number are included in the present work.

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree—
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Soft tapping, at eve, to her window I came,
And loud bay'd the watch-dog, loud scolded the dame;
For shame, silly Lightfoot; what is it to thee,
Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn:
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market or fair,
The clerk, at the alehouse, still claims the great chair;
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blythe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as the matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of gentle degree,
Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT!

The sun is sunk, the day is done,
E'en stars are setting one by one;
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out the pleasures of the day;
And since, in social glee's despite,
It needs must be, Good night, good night!

The bride into her bower is sent,
And ribbald rhyme and jesting spent;
The lover's whisper'd words and few
Have bade the bashful maid adieu;
The dancing-floor is silent quite—
No foot bounds there, Good night, good night!

The lady in her curtain'd bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansman in the heather'd hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!
We part in hope of days as bright
As this now gone—Good night, good night!

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all!
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasure o'er again;
To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night!

THOUGH RICHER SWAINS THY LOVE PURSUE.

THOUGH richer swains thy love pursue,
In Sunday gear and bonnets new;
And every fair before thee lay
Their silken gifts, with colours gay—
They love thee not, alas! so well
As one who sighs, and dare not tell;
Who haunts thy dwelling, night and noon,
In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon.

I grieve not for my wayward lot,
My empty folds, my roofless cot;
Nor hateful pity, proudly shown,
Nor alter'd looks, nor friendship flown;
Nor yet my dog, with lanken sides,
Who by his master still abides;
But how wilt thou prefer my boon,
In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon?

POVERTY PARTS GUDE COMPANIE.*

AIR—"*Toddlin' Hame.*"

WHEN white was my owrelay as foam of the linn,
And siller was chinking my pouches within;
When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae,
As I gaed to my love in new cleeding say gay—
Kind was she, and my friends were free;
But poverty parts gude companie.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight!
The piper play'd cheerly, the crusie burn'd bright;
And link'd in my hand was the maiden sae dear,
As she footed the floor in her holiday gear.
Woe is me! and can it then be,
That poverty parts sic companie?

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk;
We met in the sunshine, we met in the mirk;
And the sound of her voice, and the blinks of her een,
The cheering and life of my bosom have been.
Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,
And poverty parts sweet companie.

At bridal and in fair I've braced me wi' pride,
The *bruse* I hae won, and a kiss of the bride;
And loud was the laughter, gay fellows among,
When I utter'd my banter, or chorus'd my song.
Dowie to dree are jesting and glee,
When poverty parts gude companie.

Wherever I gaed the blythe lasses smiled sweet,
And mithers and aunties were mair than discreet,
While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board;
But now they pass by me, and never a word.
So let it be; for the worldly and slie
Wi' poverty keep nae companie.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart;
The spaewife has tauld me to keep up my heart;
For wi' my last sixpence her loof I hae cross'd,
And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.
Cruelly though we ilka day see
How poverty parts dear companie.

* This song was written for Thomson's "Melodies." "Todlin' Hame," the air to which it is adapted, appears in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany" as an old song. The words begin—"When I hae a saxpence under my thum." Burns remarks that "it is perhaps one of the first bottle-songs that ever was composed."

FY, LET US A' TO THE WEDDING.*

FY, let us a' to the wedding,
For they will be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be jilting and jeering,
And glancing of bonnie dark een;
Loud laughing and smooth-gabbit speering
O' questions, baith pawky and keen.

And there will be Bessie, the beauty,
Wha raises her cock-up sae hie,
And giggles at preachings and duty;
Gude grant that she gang nae ajee!
And there will be auld Geordie Tanner,
Wha coft a young wife wi' his gowd;
She'll flaunt wi' a silk gown upon her,
But, wow! he looks dowie and cow'd.

And braw Tibby Fowler, the heiress,
Will perk at the top o' the ha',
Encircled wi' suitors, whase care is
To catch up the gloves when they fa',
Repeat a' her jokes as they're cleckit,
And haver and glower in her face,
When tocherless Mays are negleckit—
A crying and scandalous case.

And Mysie, whase clavering aunty
Wad match her wi' Jamie, the laird;
And learn the young fouk to be vaunty,
But neither to spin nor to caird,
And Andrew, whase granny is yearning
To see him a clerical blade,
Was sent to the college for learning,
And cam' back a coof, as he gaed.

And there will be auld Widow Martin,
That ca's hersel' thretty and twa!
And thrawn-gabbit Madge, wha for certain
Was jilted by Hab o' the Shaw.
And Elspy, the sewster, sae genty—
A pattern of havens and sense—
Will straik on her mittens sae dainty,
And crack wi' Mess John in the spence.

* This song is a new version of "The Blythesome Bridal," beginning, "Fy, let us a' to the bridal," which first appeared in Watson's Collection, in 1706, and of which the authorship was formerly assigned to Francis Semple of Beltrees, in Renfrewshire, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century. More recently "The Blythesome Bridal" has been attributed to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane, in Selkirkshire, who flourished in the beginning of last century. The words are coarse, but humorous.

And Angus, the seer o' ferlies,
That sits on the stane at his door,
And tells about bogles, and mair lies
Than tongue ever utter'd before.
And there will be Bauldy, the boaster,
Sae ready wi' hands and wi' tongue;
Proud Pattie and silly Sam Foster,
Wha quarrel wi' auld and wi' young.

And Hugh, the town-writer, I'm thinking,
That trades in his lawyerly skill,
Will egg on the fighting and drinking,
To bring after grist to his mill.
And Maggie—na, na! we'll be civil,
And let the wee bridie abee;
A vilipend tongue it is evil,
And ne'er was encouraged by me.

Then fy, let us a' to the wedding,
For they will be lilting there,
Frae mony a far-distant ha'ding,
The fun and the feasting to share;
For they will get sheep's-head and haggis,
And browst o' the barley-mow;
E'en he that comes latest and lag is
May feast upon dainties enow.

Veal florentines, in the o'en baken,
Weel plenish'd wi' raisins and fat;
Beef, mutton, and chuckies, a' taken
Het reekin' frae spit and frae pat.
And glasses (I trow 'tis nae said ill)
To drink the young couple gude luck,
Weel filled wi' a braw beechen ladle,
Frae punch-bowl as big as Dumbuck.

And then will come dancing and daffing,
And reelin' and crossin' o' han's,
Till even auld Lucky is laughing,
As back by the aumry she stan's.
Sic bobbing, and flinging, and whirling,
While fiddlers are making their din;
And pipers are droning and skirling,
As loud as the roar o' the linn.

Then fy, let us a' to the wedding,
For they will be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.*

Oh, neighbours! what had I to do for to marry?
My wife she drinks posset and wine o' Canary;
And ca's me a niggardly, thrawn-gabbit cairly.
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She sups, wi' her kimmers, on dainties enow,
Aye bowing, and smirking, and wiping her mou';
While I sit aside, and am helpit but sparely.
O gin my wife would feast hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!

To fairs, and to bridals, and preachings an' a',
She gangs sae light-headed, and buskit sae braw,
In ribbons and mantuas, that gar me gae barely.
O gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!

I' the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi' babs o' red roses, and breast-knots o'erlaid;
The dominie stickit the psalm very nearly.
O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!

She's warring and flyting frae mornin' till e'en,
And if ye gainsay her, her een glower sae keen;
Then tongue, neive, and cudgel, she'll lay on me sairly.
O gin my wife would strike hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!

When tired wi' her cantrips, she lies in her bed—
The wark a' negleckit, the chalmer unred—
While a' our gude neighbours are stirring sae early.
O gin my wife wad wark timely and fairly;
Timely and fairly, timely and fairly;
O gin my wife wad wark timely and fairly!

A word o' gude counsel or grace she'll hear none;
She bandies the elders, and mocks at Mess John;
While back in his teeth his own text she flings sairly.
O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed;
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;
Or she in the mouls, to dement me nae mairly.
What does it 'vail to cry, Hooly and fairly;
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
Wasting my health to cry, Hooly and fairly!

* The style of this song and the chorus are borrowed from "The Drucken Wife o' Gallowa'," a song which first appeared in the "Charmer," a collection of songs, published at Edinburgh in 1751, but the authorship of which is unknown.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

A young gudewife is in my house,
And thrifty means to be,
But aye she's runnin' to the town
Some ferlie there to see.
The weary pund, the weary pund, the weary pund o' tow,
I soothly think, ere it be spun, I'll wear a lyart pow.

And when she sets her to her wheel,
To draw her threads wi' care,
In comes the chapman wi' his gear,
And she can spin nae mair.
The weary pund, etc.

And then like ony merry May,
At fairs maun still be seen,
At kirkyard preachings near the tent,
At dances on the green.
The weary pund, etc.

Her dainty ear a fiddle charms,
A bagpipe's her delight,
But for the crooning o' her wheel
She disna care a mite.
The weary pund, etc.

"You spake, my Kate, of snaw-white webs
Made o' your hinkum twine,
But, ah! I fear our bonnie burn
Will ne'er lave web o' thine.
The weary pund, etc.

"Nay, smile again, my winsome mate,
Sic jeering means nae ill;
Should I gae sarkless to my grave,
I'll lo'e and bless thee still."
The weary pund, etc.

THE WEE PICKLE TOW.*

A LIVELY young lass had a wee pickle tow,
And she thought to try the spinnin' o't;
She sat by the fire, and her rock took alow,
And that was an ill beginnin' o't.
Loud and shrill was the cry that she utter'd,
I ween;
The sudden mishanter brought tears to her
een;
Her face it was fair, but her temper was keen;
O dole for the ill beginnin' o't!

She stamp'd on the floor, and her twa hands
she wrung,
Her bonny sweet mou' she crookit, O!
And fell was the outbreak o' words frae her
tongue;
Like ane sair demented she lookit, O!
"Foul fa' the inventor o' rock and o' reel!
I hope, Gude forgi'e me, he's now wi' the d—l,
He brought us mair trouble than help, wot I
weel;
O dole for the ill beginnin' o't!

"And now, when they're spinnin' and kempin'
awa',
They'll talk o' my rock and the burnin' o't,
While Tibbie, and Mysie, and Maggie, and a',
Into some silly joke will be turnin' it:
They'll say I was doited, they'll say I was fu'
They'll say I was dowie, and Robin untrue;
They'll say in the fire some luve-powther I
threw,
And that made the ill beginnin' o't.

O curst be the day, and unchancy the hour,
When I sat me adown to the spinnin' o't!
Then some evil spirit or warlock had power,
And made sic an ill beginnin' o't.
May Spunkie my feet to the boggie betray,
The lunzie folk steal my new kirtle away,
And Robin forsake me for douce Effie Gray,
The next time I try the spinnin' o't!"

* "The Wee Pickle Tow" is an old air, to which the words of this song were written.

THE GOWAN GLITTERS ON THE SWARD.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock's in the sky,
And collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh, no! sad and slow,
And lengthen'd on the ground;
The shadow of our trysting bush
It wears so slowly round.

My sheep-bells tinkle frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near;
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh, no! sad and slow,
The shadow lingers still;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din,
And lucky scolding frae the door.
To ca' the bairnies in.
Oh, no! sad and slow,
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of our trysting bush
It creeps sae drearily!

I coft yestreen, frae chapman Tam,
A snood o' bonnie blue,
And promised, when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh, no! sad and slow,
The mark it winna pass;
The shadow o' that dreary bush
Is tether'd on the grass.

O now I see her on the way!
She's past the witch's knowe;
She's climbing up the brownie's brae—
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh, no! 'tis not so,
'Tis glamrie I hae seen;
The shadow o' that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Though conn'd wi' little skill;
When collie barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.

Oh, no! sad and slow,
The time will ne'er be gane;
The shadow o' our trysting bush
Is fix'd like ony stane.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she;
"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie rinnin'.
Yestreen, about the gloamin' time,
I chanced to see him comin',
Whistling merrily the tune,
That I am a' day hummin'," quo' she;
"I am a' day hummin.'

"Fee him, faither, fee him," quo' she;
"Fee him, faither, fee him;
A' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him:
A' the wark about the house
I gang sae lightly through it;
And though you pay some merks o' gear,
Hoot! ye winna rue it," quo' she;
"No; ye winna rue it."

"What wad I do wi' him, hizzy?
What wad I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him."
"I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk o' mair fee,
Oh, dinna stand wi' him," quo' she;
"Dinna stand wi' him.

"Weel do I lo'e him," quo' she;
"Weel do I lo'e him;
The brawest lads about the place
Are a' but hav'rels to him.
Oh, fee him, faither; lang, I trow,
We've dull and dowie been:
He'll haud the plough, thrash i' the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en," quo' she;
"Crack wi' me at e'en."

IT FELL ON A MORNING.*

It fell on a morning when we were thrang—
Our kirn was gaun, our cheese was making,
And bannocks on the girdle baking—
That ane at the door chapp'd loud and lang;
But the auld gudewife, and her Mays sae tight,
Of this stirrin' an' din took sma' notice, I ween;
For a chap at the door in braid daylight
Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksie auld laird of the warlock glen,
Wha stood without, half cow'd, half cheerie,
And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,
Raised up the latch and came crousely ben.

His coat was new, and his owrelay was white,
And his hose and his mittens were cozy and bein;
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin' and lasses sae braw,
And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straikit,
And looked about, like a body half glaikit,
On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a':
"Ha, ha!" quo' the carlin', "and look ye that way?
Hoot! let na sic fancies bewilder ye clean—
An elderlin' man, i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife; "I trow
You'll fash na your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."
He hem'd and he haw'd, and he screw'd in his mouth,
And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa hands between;
For wooers that come when the sun's in the south
Are mair awkward than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent." "What's that to me?"
"She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle—
Is douce and respeckit." "I carena a boddle;
I'll baulk na my luve, and my fancy's free."
Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;
For wooers that come when the sun shines bright
Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flung the laird, and loud mutter'd he,
"All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O:
Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel, and widow,
May gang, wi' their pride, to the wuddy for me."
But the auld gudewife, and her Mays sae tight,
For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.*

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek;
And faithful and kind is her Johnnie,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.

* This song was contributed by Miss Baillie to "The Harp of Caledonia."

* Of the song, "Woo'd, and married, and a'," there is another version, published in Johnson's "Musical Museum," vol. i. p. 10, which was long popular among the ballad-singers. It was composed by Alexander Ross, schoolmaster of Lochlee, author of "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess." A song having a similar commencement, had previously been current on the Border.

New pearlings are cause o' her sorrow—
  New pearlings and plenishing too;
The bride that has a' to borrow
  Has e'en right muckle ado.
    Woo'd, and married, and a';
    Woo'd, and married, and a';
    And is na she very weel aff,
    To be woo'd, and married, and a'?

Her mither then hastily spak'—
  "The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
In my pouches I hadna a plack
  The day that I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
  And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
  Will last like the gear that is won.
    Woo'd, and married, an' a',
    Tocher and havings sae sma';
    I think ye are very weel aff
    To be woo'd, and married, and a'."

"Toot, toot!" quo' the grey headed faither;
  "She's less of a bride than a bairn;
She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
  Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
  As humour inconstantly leans;
A chiel' maun be constant and steady,
  That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
    Kerchief to cover so neat,
    Locks the winds used to blaw;
    I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
    When I think o' her married at a'."

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
  Weel waled were his wordies, I ween,—
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
  Wi' the blinks o' your bonnie blue een;
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
  Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Craft were my bride,
  Wi' purples and pearlings enew.
    Dear and dearest of ony,
    I've woo'd, and bookit, and a';
    And do you think scorn o' your Johnnie,
    And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
  And she lookit sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
  And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown;
She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,
  And she nippit her boddice sae blue;
Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,
  And aff like a maukin she flew.
    Woo'd, and married, and a',
    Married and carried awa';
    She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
    To be woo'd, and married, and a'.

WILLIAM DUDGEON.

THOUGH author of a single composition, William Dudgeon is entitled to a place among the modern contributors to Caledonian minstrelsy. Of his personal history, a few facts only have been recovered. He was the son of a farmer in East-Lothian, and himself rented an extensive farm at Preston, in Berwickshire. During his border tour in May 1787, Robert Burns met him at Berrywell, the residence of the father of his friend, Mr Robert Ainslie, who acted as land-steward on the estate of Lord Douglas in the Merse. In his journal, Burns has thus recorded his impression of the meeting: "A Mr Dudgeon, a poet at times, a worthy, remarkable character, natural penetration, a great deal of information, some genius, and extreme modesty." Dudgeon died in October 1813, about his sixtieth year. "He was," writes a relative, "a man of a weakly frame of body, but of a liberal and enlarged capacity—a poet, a writer of sermons, a first-rate performer on the violin, and could use tolerably well the graving tool; and last, and greatest of all, a temperate and well-conducted person."

UP AMONG YON CLIFFY ROCKS.

UP among yon cliffy rocks
  Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats
Lilting o'er her native notes.
  Hark, she sings, "Young Sandy's kind,
    An' he's promised aye to lo'e me;
  Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine,
    Till he's fairly married to me.
Drive away, ye drone, Time,
And bring about our bridal day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;
Aften does he blaw the whistle
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping aye his flock together;
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest norlan' blast.

"Brawly can he dance and sing,
Canty glee or Highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling,
At a reel or round a ring.
Wightly can he wield a rung;
In a brawl he's aye the bangster:
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest-winded sangster;
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Seem short, though they were e'er sae lang."

WILLIAM REID.

WILLIAM REID was born at Glasgow on the 10th of April 1764. His father, a baker by trade, was enabled to give him a good education at the school of his native city. At an early age, he was apprenticed to Messrs Dunlop & Wilson, booksellers; and in the year 1790, along with another enterprising individual, he commenced a bookselling establishment, under the firm of "Brash & Reid." In this business, both partners became eminently successful, their shop being frequented by the *literati* of the West. The poet Burns cultivated the society of Mr Reid, who proved a warm friend, as he was an ardent admirer, of the Ayrshire bard. He was an enthusiastic patron of literature, was fond of social humour, and was a zealous promoter of Scottish song. Between 1795 and 1798, the firm published in numbers, at one penny each, "Poetry, Original and Selected," which extended to four volumes. To this publication, both Mr Reid and his partner, Mr Brash, made some original contributions. The work is now very scarce, and is accounted valuable by collectors. Mr Reid died at Glasgow, on the 29th of November 1831, leaving a widow and a family.

"To a peculiarly placid temper," writes Dr Strang, "he united a strong smack of broad humour, and an endless string of personal anecdotes, which he detailed with a gusto altogether his own. Of all things, he loved a joke, and indulged in this vein even at the risk of causing the momentary displeasure either of an acquaintance or a customer. We say *momentary*, for, with all his jesting and jocularity, he never really said, we believe, one word which was meant to offend. To "laugh and grow fat" was his constant motto, and, consequently, he never troubled himself either about his own obesity, or about that of any one else, who might follow his laughing example.*

* "Glasgow and its Clubs," by John Strang, LL.D. London, 1856, p. 486.

THE LEA RIG.*

WILL ye gang o'er the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!
And cuddle there fu' kindly
Wi' me, my kind dearie, O!
At thorny bush, or birken tree,
We'll daff and never weary, O!
They'll scug ill e'en frae you and me,
My ain kind dearie, O!

Nae herds wi' kent or collie there,
Shall ever come to fear ye, O!
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O!
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lea my pleasure grows,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O!

* The two first stanzas are the composition of Robert Fergusson. The song is founded on an older ditty, beginning, "I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig." *See* Johnson's "Musical Museum," vol. iv. p. 53.

At gloamin', if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie, O!
And mony a heavy sigh I gi'e,
When absent frae my dearie, O!
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In ev'ning fair and clearie, O!
Enraptured, a' my cares I scorn,
When wi' my kind dearie, O!

Whare through the birks the burnie rows,
Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie, O!
Upon the bonny greensward howes,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O!
I've courted till I've heard the craw
Of honest chanticleerie, O!
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
When wi' my kind dearie, O!

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O!
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!
While in this weary world of wae,
This wilderness sae dreary, O!
What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae?
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.*

John Anderson, my jo, John,
I wonder what ye mean,
To rise sae early in the morn,
And sit sae late at e'en;
Ye'll blear out a' your een, John,
And why should you do so?
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her masterpiece was man;
And you amang them a', John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe—
She proved to be nae journeyman,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit;
And ye needna think it strange, John,
That I ca' ye trim and neat;
Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so;
But I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns;
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And sae are ye in mine, John,
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say No;
Though the days are gane that we have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

* These stanzas are in continuation of Burns's song, "John Anderson, my Jo." Five other stanzas have been added to the continuation by some unknown hand, which will be found in the "Book of Scottish Song," p. 54. Glasgow, 1853.

FAIR, MODEST FLOWER.

Tune—"*Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.*"

Fair, modest flower, of matchless worth!
Thou sweet, enticing, bonny gem;
Blest is the soil that gave thee birth,
And bless'd thine honour'd parent stem.
But doubly bless'd shall be the youth
To whom thy heaving bosom warms;
Possess'd of beauty, love, and truth,
He'll clasp an angel in his arms.

Though storms of life were blowing snell,
And on his brow sat brooding care,
Thy seraph smile would quick dispel
The darkest gloom of black despair.
Sure Heaven hath granted thee to us,
And chose thee from the dwellers there;
And sent thee from celestial bliss,
To show what all the virtues are.

KATE O' GOWRIE.*

Tune—"*Locherroch side.*"

When Katie was scarce out nineteen,
Oh, but she had twa coal-black een!
A bonnier lass ye wadna seen
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.
Quite tired o' livin' a' his lane,
Pate did to her his love explain,
And swore he'd be, were she his ain,
The happiest lad in Gowrie.

Quo' she, "I winna marry thee,
For a' the gear that ye can gi'e;
Nor will I gang a step ajee,
For a' the gowd in Gowrie.
My father will gi'e me twa kye;
My mother's gaun some yarn to dye;
I'll get a gown just like the sky,
Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie."

"Oh, my dear Katie, say nae sae!
Ye little ken a heart that's wae;
Hae! there's my hand; hear me, I pray,
Sin' thou'lt no gang to Gowrie:
Since first I met thee at the shiel,
My saul to thee's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae deil,
Warlock, or witch in Gowrie.

"I fear nae want o' claes nor nocht,
Sic silly things my mind ne'er taught;
I dream a' nicht, and start about,
And wish for thee in Gowrie.
I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,
Than a' my rigs and out-gaun gear;
Sit down by me till ance I swear,
Thou'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie."

Syne on her mou' sweet kisses laid,
Till blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread;
She sigh'd, and in soft whispers said,
"Oh, Pate, tak' me to Gowrie!"
Quo' he, "Let's to the auld folk gang;

* See *postea*, in this volume, under memoir of the Baroness Nairne, p. 62.

Say what they like, I'll bide their bang,
And bide a' nicht, though beds be thrang;
But I'll hae thee to Gowrie."

The auld folk syne baith gi'ed consent;
The priest was ca'd: a' were content;
And Katie never did repent
That she gaed hame to Gowrie.
For routh o' bonnie bairns had she;
Mair strappin' lads ye wadna see;
And her braw lasses bore the gree
Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.

UPON THE BANKS O' FLOWING CLYDE.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them braw;
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeanie dings them a',
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the toun;
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
Though drest in russit goun.

The gamesome lamb that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut, if sic ye ca't,
Except her love for me;
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining een;
In shape and air wha can compare,
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.*

* These two stanzas were written as a continuation of Burns's popular song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." Two other stanzas were added by John Hamilton. *See ante*, p. 38.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

A MISCELLANEOUS writer, a poet, and a musical composer, Alexander Campbell was born at Tombea, on the banks of Loch Lubnaig, Perthshire. He was born on the 22d of February 1764,* and received such education as his parents could afford him, which was not very ample, at the parish school of Callander. An early taste for music induced him to proceed to Edinburgh, there to cultivate a systematic acquaintance with the art. Acquiring a knowledge of the science under the celebrated Tenducci and others, he became a teacher of the harpsichord and of vocal music in the metropolis. An upholder of Jacobitism, when it was scarcely to be dreaded as a political offence, he officiated as organist in a non-juring chapel in the vicinity of Nicolson Street; and while so employed, he had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of the poet Burns.

Mr Campbell was twice married; his second wife was the widow of a Highland gentleman, and he was induced to hope that his condition might thus be permanently improved. He therefore relinquished his original vocation, and commenced the study of physic, with the view of obtaining an appointment as surgeon in the public service; but his hopes proved abortive, and, to complete his mortification, his wife left him in Edinburgh, and sought a retreat in the Highlands. He again procured some employment as a teacher of music; and about the year 1810, one of his expedients was to give lessons in drawing. He was a man of a fervent spirit, and possessed of talents, which, if they had been adequately cultivated, and more concentrated, might have enabled him to attain considerable distinction; but, apparently aiming at the reputation of universal genius, he alternately cultivated the study of music, poetry, painting, and physic. At a more recent period, Sir Walter Scott found him occasional employment in transcribing manuscripts; and during the unhappy remainder of his life he had to struggle with many difficulties.

One of his publications bears the title of "Odes and Miscellaneous Poems, by a Student of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh," Edinburgh, 1790, 4to. These lucubrations, which attracted no share of public attention, were followed by "The Guinea Note, a Poem, by Timothy Twig, Esquire," Edinburgh, 1797, 4to. His next

* "1764. Duncan Campbell and Janet Lamond, in Tombea, had a son, born 22, baptized 25 February, called Alex"—*Callander Register of Births and Baptisms*

work is entitled, "An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, with Illustrations by David Allan," Edinburgh, 1798, 4to. This work, though written in a rambling style, contains a small proportion of useful materials very unskilfully digested. "A Dialogue on Scottish Music," prefixed, had the merit of conveying to continental musicians for the first time a correct acquaintance with the Scottish scale, the author receiving the commendations of the greatest Italian and German composers. The work likewise contains "Songs of the Lowlands," a selection of some of the more interesting specimens of the older minstrelsy. In 1802 he published "A Tour from Edinburgh through various parts of North Britain," in two volumes quarto, illustrated with engravings from sketches executed by himself. This work met with a favourable reception, and has been regarded as the most successful of his literary efforts. In 1804 he sought distinction as a poet by giving to the world "The Grampians Desolate," a long poem, in one volume octavo. In this production he essays "to call the attention of good men, wherever dispersed throughout our island, to the manifold and great evils arising from the introduction of that system which has within these last forty years spread among the Grampians and Western Isles, and is the leading cause of a depopulation that threatens to extirpate the ancient race of the inhabitants of those districts." That system to which Mr Campbell refers, he afterwards explains to be the monopoly of sheep-stores, a subject scarcely poetical, but which he has contrived to clothe with considerable smoothness of versification. The last work which issued from his pen was "Albyn's Anthology, a Select Collection of the Melodies and Vocal Poetry Peculiar to Scotland and the Isles, hitherto Unpublished." The publication appeared in 1816, in two parts, of elegant folio. It was adorned by the contributions of Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, and other poets of reputation. The preface contains "An Epitome of the History of Scottish Poetry and Music from the Earliest Times." His musical talents have a stronger claim to remembrance than his powers as a poet or his skill as an author. Yet his industry was unremitted, and his researches have proved serviceable to other writers who have followed him on the same themes. Only a few lyrical pieces proceeded from his pen; these were first published in "Albyn's Anthology." From this work we have extracted two specimens.

Mr Campbell died of apoplexy on the 15th of May 1824, after a life much chequered by misfortune. He left various MSS. on subjects connected with his favourite studies, which have found their way into the possession of Mr David Laing, to whom the history of Scottish poetry is more indebted than to any other living writer. The poems in this collection, though bearing marks of sufficient elaboration, could not be recommended for publication. Mr Campbell was understood to be a contributor to "The Ghost," a forgotten periodical, which ran a short career in the year 1790. It was published in Edinburgh twice a-week, and reached the forty-sixth number; the first having appeared on the 25th of April, the last on the 16th of November. He published an edition of a book, curious in its way—Donald Mackintosh's "Collections of Gaelic Proverbs, and Familiar Phrases; Englished anew!" Edinburgh, 1819, 12mo. The preface contains a characteristic account of the compiler, who described himself as "a priest of the old Scots Episcopal Church, and last of the non-jurant clergy in Scotland."

THE HAWK WHOOPS ON HIGH.

THE hawk whoops on high, and keen, keen
from yon cliff,
Lo! the eagle on watch eyes the stag cold and
stiff;
The deer-hound, majestic, looks lofty around,
While he lists with delight to the harp's dis-
tant sound;
Is it swept by the gale, as it slow wafts along,
The heart-soothing tones of an olden times'
song?
Or is it some Druid who touches, unseen,
"The Harp of the North," newly strung now
I ween?

'Tis Albyn's own minstrel! and, proud of his
name,
He proclaims him chief bard, and immortal
his fame!—
He gives tongue to those wild lilts that ravish'd
of old,
And soul to the tales that so oft have been
told;
Hence WALTER THE MINSTREL shall flourish
for aye,
Will breathe in sweet airs, and live long as
his "Lay;"
To ages unnumber'd thus yielding delight,
Which will last till the gloaming of Time's
endless night.

NOW WINTER'S WIND SWEEPS.

Now Winter's wind sweeps o'er the moun-
tains,
Deeply clad in drifting snow;
Soundly sleep the frozen fountains;
Ice-bound streams forget to flow:
The piercing blast howls loud and long,
The leafless forest oaks among.

Down the glen, lo! comes a stranger,
Wayworn, drooping, all alone;—
Haply, 'tis the deer-haunt Ranger!
But alas! his strength is gone!
He stoops, he totters on with pain,
The hill he'll never climb again.

Age is being's winter season,
Fitful, gloomy, piercing cold;
Passion, weaken'd, yields to reason,
Man feels *then* himself grown old;
His senses one by one have fled,
His very soul seems almost dead.

MRS DUGALD STEWART.

HELEN D'ARCY CRANSTOUN, the second wife of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart, is entitled to a more ample notice in a work on Scottish Song than the limited materials at our command enable us to supply. She was the third daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun, youngest son of William, fifth Lord Cranstoun, by his wife Maria, daughter of Mr Thomas Brisbane. She was born in 1765, and married Professor Dugald Stewart on the 26th July 1790. Having survived her husband ten years, she died at Warriston House, near Edinburgh, on the 28th of July 1838. She was the sister of the Countess Purgstall (the subject of Captain Basil Hall's "Schloss Hainfeld"), and of George Cranstoun, a senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Corehouse.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

TUNE—"*Ianthe the Lovely.*"

THE tears I shed must ever fall:
I mourn not for an absent swain;
For thoughts may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead:
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er;
And those they loved their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand removed,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy;
The flattering veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.
E'en time itself despairs to cure
Those pangs to every feeling due:
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
To win a heart, and break it too!

No cold approach, no alter'd mien;
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between—
He made me blest, and broke my heart:*
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected and neglecting all;
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

RETURNING SPRING, WITH GLADSOME RAY.†

Returning spring, with gladsome ray,
Adorns the earth and smoothes the deep:
All nature smiles, serene and gay,
It smiles, and yet, alas! I weep.

But why, why flows the sudden tear,
Since Heaven such precious boons has lent,
The lives of those who life endear,
And, though scarce competence, content?

Sure, when no other bliss was mine
Than that which still kind Heaven bestows,
Yet then could peace and hope combine
To promise joy and give repose.

Then have I wander'd o'er the plain,
And bless'd each flower that met my view;
Thought Fancy's power would ever reign,
And Nature's charms be ever new.

I fondly thought where Virtue dwelt,
That happy bosom knew no ill—
That those who scorn'd me, time would melt,
And those I loved be faultless still.

Enchanting dreams! kind was your art
That bliss bestow'd without alloy;
Or if soft sadness claim'd a part,
'Twas sadness sweeter still than joy.

Oh! whence the change that now alarms,
Fills this sad heart and tearful eye,
And conquers the once powerful charms
Of youth, of hope, of novelty?

'Tis sad Experience, fatal power!
That clouds the once illumined sky,
That darkens life's meridian hour,
And bids each fairy vision fly.

She paints the scene—how different far
From that which youthful fancy drew?
Shows joy and freedom oft at war,
Our woes increased, our comforts few.

And when, perhaps, on some loved friend
Our treasured fondness we bestow,
Oh! can she not, with ruthless hand,
Change e'en that friend into a foe?

See in her train cold Foresight move,
Shunning the rose to 'scape the thorn;
And Prudence every fear approve,
And Pity harden into scorn!

The glowing tints of Fancy fade,
Life's distant prospects charm no more;
Alas! are all my hopes betray'd?
Can nought my happiness restore?

Relentless power! at length be just,
Thy better skill alone impart;
Give Caution, but withhold Distrust,
And guard, but harden not, my heart!

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* The four first lines of the last stanza are by Burns.

† These tender and beautiful verses are transcribed from Johnson's "Musical Museum," in a note to which they were first published by the editor, Mr David Laing. He remarks that he "has reason to believe" that they are from the pen of Mrs Stewart. (*See* Johnson's "Musical Museum," vol. iv. p. 366, *new edition*. Edinburgh, 1853.)

ALEXANDER WILSON.

The author of the celebrated "American Ornithology" is entitled to an honourable commemoration as one of the minstrels of his native land. Alexander Wilson was born at Paisley on the 6th of July 1766.* His father had for some time carried on a small trade as a distiller; but the son was destined by his parents for the clerical profession, in the National Church—a scheme which was frustrated by the death of

* "July 1766. Alexander, son lawful to Alexander Wilson and Mary M'Nab, born 6th, baptized 10th inst. —*Baptismal Registry of Paisley.*

his mother in his tenth year, leaving a large family of children to the sole care of his father. He had, however, considerably profited by the instruction already received at school; and having derived from his mother a taste for music and a relish for books, he invoked the muse in solitude, and improved his mind by miscellaneous reading. His father contracted a second marriage when Alexander had reached his thirteenth year; and it became necessary that he should prepare himself for entering upon some handicraft employment. He became an apprentice to his brother-in-law, William Duncan, a weaver in his native town; and on completing his indenture, he wrought as a journeyman, during the three following years, in the towns of Paisley, Lochwinnoch, and Queensferry. But the occupation of weaving, which had from the first been unsuitable to his tastes, growing altogether irksome, he determined to relinquish it for a vocation which, if in some respects scarcely more desirable, afforded him ample means of gratifying his natural desire of becoming familiar with the topography of his native country. He provided himself with a pack, as a pedlar, and in this capacity, in company with his brother-in-law, continued for three years to lead a wandering life. His devotedness to verse-making had continued unabated from boyhood: he had written verses at the loom, and had become an enthusiastic votary of the muse during his peregrinations with his pack. He was now in his twenty-third year; and, with the buoyancy of ardent youth, he thought of offering to the public a volume of his poems by subscription. In this attempt he was not successful; nor would any bookseller listen to proposals of publishing the lucubrations of an obscure pedlar. In 1790, he at length contrived to print his poems at Paisley, on his own account, in the hope of being able to dispose of them along with his other wares. But this attempt was not more successful than his original scheme, so that he was compelled to return to his father's house at Lochwinnoch, and resume the obnoxious shuttle. His aspirations for poetical distinction were not, however, subdued: he heard of the institution of the *Forum*, a debating society established in Edinburgh by some literary aspirants, and learning, in 1791, that an early subject of discussion was the comparative merits of Ramsay and Fergusson as Scottish poets, he prepared to take a share in the competition. By doubling his hours of labour at the loom, he procured the means of defraying his travelling expenses; and, arriving in time for the debate in the *Forum*, he repeated a poem which he had prepared, entitled the "Laurel Disputed," in which he gave the preference to Fergusson. He remained several weeks in Edinburgh, and printed his poem. To Dr Anderson's "Bee" he contributed several poems, and a prose essay, entitled "The Solitary Philosopher." Finding no encouragement to settle in the capital, he once more returned to his father's house in the West. He now formed the acquaintance of Robert Burns, who testified his esteem both for him as a man and a poet. In 1792, he published anonymously his popular ballad of "Watty and Meg," which he had the satisfaction to find regarded as worthy of the Ayrshire Bard.

The star of the poet was now promising to be in the ascendant, but an untoward event ensued. In the ardent enthusiasm of his temperament, he was induced to support in verse the cause of the Paisley hand-loom operatives in a dispute with their employers, and to satirise in strong invective a person of irreproachable reputation. For this offence he was prosecuted before the sheriff, who sentenced him to be imprisoned for a few days, and publicly to burn his own poem in the front of the jail. This satire is entitled "The Shark; or, Long Mills detected." Like many other independents, he mistook anarchy in France for the dawn of liberty in Europe; and his sentiments becoming known, he was so vigilantly watched by the authorities, that he found it was no longer expedient for him to reside in Scotland. He resolved to emigrate to America; and, contriving by four months' extra labour, and living on

a shilling weekly, to earn his passage-money, he sailed from Portpatrick to Belfast, and from thence to Newcastle, in the State of Delaware, where he arrived on the 14th July 1794. During the voyage he had slept on deck, and when he landed, his finances consisted only of a few shillings; yet, with a cheerful heart, he walked to Philadelphia, a distance of thirty-three miles, with only his fowling-piece on his shoulder. He shot a red-headed woodpecker by the way—an omen of his future pursuits, for hitherto he had devoted no attention to the study of ornithology.

He was first employed by a copperplate printer in Philadelphia, but quitted this occupation for the loom, at which he worked about a year in Philadelphia, and at Shepherdstown, in Virginia. In 1795, he traversed a large portion of the State of New Jersey as a pedlar, keeping a journal—a practice which he had followed during his wandering life in Scotland. He now adopted the profession of a schoolmaster, and was successively employed in this vocation at Frankford, in Pennsylvania, at Milestown, and at Bloomfield, in New Jersey. In preparing himself for the instruction of others, he essentially extended his own acquaintance with classical learning and mathematical science; and by occasional employment as a land-surveyor, he somewhat improved his finances. In 1801, he accepted the appointment of teacher in a seminary in Kingsessing, on the river Schuylkill, about four miles from Philadelphia —a situation which, though attended with limited emolument, proved the first step in his path to eminence. He was within a short distance of the residence of William Bartram, the great American naturalist, with whom he became intimately acquainted: he also formed the friendship of Alexander Lawson, an eminent engraver, who initiated him in the art of etching, colouring, and engraving. Discovering an aptitude in the accurate delineation of birds, he was led to the study of ornithology; with which he became so much interested, that he projected a work descriptive, with drawings, of all the birds of the Middle States, and even of the Union. About this period he became a contributor to the "Literary Magazine," conducted by Mr Brockden Brown, and to Denny's "Portfolio."

Along with a nephew and another friend, Wilson made a pedestrian tour to the Falls of Niagara, in October 1804, and on his return published in the "Portfolio" a poetical narrative of his journey, entitled "The Foresters"—a production surpassing his previous efforts, and containing some sublime apostrophes. But his energies were now chiefly devoted to the accomplishment of the grand design he had contemplated. Disappointed in obtaining the co-operation of his friend Mr Lawson, who was alarmed at the extent of his projected adventure, and likewise frustrated in obtaining pecuniary assistance from the President Jefferson, on which he had some reason to calculate, he persevered in his attempts, himself drawing, etching, and colouring the requisite illustrations. In 1806, he was employed as assistant-editor of a new edition of Rees' "Cyclopædia," by Mr Samuel Bradford, bookseller in Philadelphia, who rewarded his services with a liberal salary, and undertook, at his own risk, the publication of his "Ornithology." The first volume of the work appeared in September 1808, and immediately after its publication the author personally visited, in the course of two different expeditions, the Eastern and Southern States, in quest of subscribers. These journeys were attended with a success scarcely adequate to the privations which were experienced in their prosecution; but the "Ornithology" otherwise obtained a wide circulation, and, excelling in point of illustration, every production that had yet appeared in America, gained for the author universal commendation. In January 1810, his second volume appeared, and in a month after he proceeded to Pittsburg, and from thence, in a small skiff, made a solitary voyage down the Ohio, a distance of nearly six hunded miles. During this lonely and venturous journey he experienced relaxation in the composi-

tion of a poem, which afterwards appeared under the title of "The Pilgrim." In 1813, after encountering numerous hardships and perils, which an enthusiast only could have endured, he completed the publication of the seventh volume of his great work. But the sedulous attention requisite in the preparation of the plates of the eighth volume, and the effect of a severe cold, caught in rashly throwing himself into a river to swim in pursuit of a rare bird, brought on him a fatal dysentery, which carried him off, on the 23d of August 1813, in his forty-eighth year. He was interred in the cemetery of the Swedish church, Southwark, Philadelphia, where a plain marble monument has been erected to his memory. A ninth volume was added to the "Ornithology," by Mr George Ord, an intimate friend of the deceased naturalist; and three supplementary volumes have been published, in folio, by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, uncle of the present Emperor of the French.

Amidst his extraordinary deserts as a naturalist, the merits of Alexander Wilson as a poet have been somewhat overlooked. His poetry, it may be remarked, though unambitious of ornament, is bold and vigorous in style, and, when devoted to satire, is keen and vehement. The ballad of "Watty and Meg," though exception may be taken to the moral, is an admirable picture of human nature, and one of the most graphic narratives of the "taming of a shrew" in the language. Allan Cunningham writes: "It has been excelled by none in lively, graphic fidelity of touch: whatever was present to his eye and manifest to his ear, he could paint with a life and a humour which Burns seems alone to excel."* In private life, Wilson was a model of benevolence and of the social virtues: he was devoid of selfishness, active in beneficence, and incapable of resentment. Before his departure for America, he waited on every one whom he conceived he had offended by his juvenile escapades, and begged their forgiveness; and he did not hesitate to reprove Burns for the levity too apparent in some of his poems. To his aged father, who survived till the year 1816, he sent remittances of money as often as he could afford; and at much inconvenience and pecuniary sacrifice, he established the family of his brother-in-law on a farm in the States. He was sober even to abstinence; and was guided in all his transactions by correct Christian principles. In person, he was remarkably handsome; his countenance was intelligent, and his eye sparkling. He never attained riches, but few Scotsmen have left more splendid memorials of their indomitable perseverance.†

* The "Songs of Scotland," by Allan Cunningham, vol. i. p. 247.

† The most complete collection of his poems appeared in a volume published under the following title: "The Poetical Works of Alexander Wilson; also, his Miscellaneous Prose Writings, Journals, Essays, etc., now first collected: Illustrated by Critical and Explanatory Notes, with an extended Memoir of his Life and Writings, and a Glossary." Belfast, 1844, 18mo. A portrait of the author is prefixed.

CONNEL AND FLORA.

Dark lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,
Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;
Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore,
But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;
While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,
He lies to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits, that glide o'er the steep,
Oh, would ye but waft me across the wild deep!
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar,
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

MATILDA.

Ye dark rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep
Ye breezes, that sigh o'er the main,
Here shelter me under your cliffs while I weep,
And cease while ye hear me complain.

For distant, alas! from my dear native shore,
And far from each friend now I be;
And wide is the merciless ocean that roars
Between my Matilda and me.

How blest were the times when together we stray'd,
While Phœbe shone silent above,
Or lean'd by the border of Cartha's green side,
And talk'd the whole evening of love!

Around us all nature lay wrapt up in peace,
Nor noise could our pleasures annoy,
Save Cartha's hoarse brawling, convey'd by the breeze,
That soothed us to love and to joy.

If haply some youth had his passion express'd,
And praised the bright charms of her face,
What horrors unceasing revolved through my breast,
While, sighing, I stole from the place!

For where is the eye that could view her alone,
The ear that could list to her strain,
Nor wish the adorable nymph for his own,
Nor double the pangs I sustain!

Thou moon, that now brighten'st those regions above,
How oft hast thou witness'd my bliss,
While breathing my tender expressions of love,
I seal'd each kind vow with a kiss!

Ah, then, how I joy'd while I gazed on her charms!
What transports flew swift through my heart!
I press'd the dear, beautiful maid in my arms,
Nor dream'd that we ever should part.

But now from the dear, from the tenderest maid,
By fortune unfeelingly torn:
'Midst strangers, who wonder to see me so sad,
In secret I wander forlorn.

And oft, while drear Midnight assembles her shades,
And Silence pours sleep from her throne,
Pale, lonely, and pensive, I steal through the glades,
And sigh, 'midst the darkness, my moan.

In vain to the town I retreat for relief,
In vain to the groves I complain;
Belles, coxcombs, and uproar, can ne'er soothe my grief,
And solitude nurses my pain.

Still absent from her whom my bosom loves best,
I languish in mis'ry and care;
Her presence could banish each woe from my heart,
But her absence, alas! is despair.

Ye dark rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep;
Ye breezes, that sigh o'er the main—
Oh, shelter me under your cliffs while I weep,
And cease while ye hear me complain!

Far distant, alas! from my dear native shore,
And far from each friend now I be;
And wide is the merciless ocean that roars.
Between my Matilda and me.

AUCHTERTOOL.*

From the village of Leslie, with a heart full of glee,
And my pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free,
Resolved that same evening, as Luna was full,
To lodge, ten miles distant, in old Auchtertool.

Through many a lone cottage and farm-house I steer'd,
Took their money, and off with my budget I sheer'd;
The road I explored out, without form or rule,
Still asking the nearest to old Auchtertool.

At length I arrived at the edge of the town,
As Phœbus, behind a high mountain, went down;
The clouds gather'd dreary, and weather blew foul,
And I hugg'd myself safe now in old Auchtertool.

An inn I inquired out, a lodging desired,
But the landlady's pertness seem'd instantly fired;
For she saucy replied, as she sat carding wool,
"I ne'er kept sic lodgers in auld Auchtertool."

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride;
But, asking, was told there was none else beside,
Except an old weaver, who now kept a school,
And these were the whole that were in Auchtertool.

To his mansion I scamper'd, and rapp'd at the door;
He oped, but as soon as I dared to implore,
He shut it like thunder, and utter'd a howl
That rung through each corner of old Auchtertool.

Deprived of all shelter, through darkness I trode,
Till I came to a ruin'd old house by the road,
Here the night I will spend, and, inspired by the owl,
My wrath I'll vent forth upon old Auchtertool.

* We have ventured to omit three verses, and to alter slightly the last line of this song. It was originally published at Paisley, in 1790, to the tune of "One bottle more." Auchtertool is a small hamlet in Fifeshire, about five miles west of the town of Kirkcaldy. The inhabitants, whatever may have been their failings at the period when Wilson in vain solicited shelter in the hamlet, are certainly no longer entitled to bear the reproach of lacking in hospitality. The editor rejoices in the opportunity thus afforded of testifying as to the disinterested hospitality and kindness which he has experienced in that neighbourhood.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRNE.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT was born in the old mansion of Gask, in the county of Perth, on the 16th of July 1766.* She was the third daughter of Laurence Oliphant of Gask, who had espoused his cousin, Margaret Robertson, a daughter of Duncan Robertson of Strowan and his wife, a daughter of the second Lord Nairne. The Oliphants of Gask were cadets of the formerly noble house of Oliphant; whose ancestor, Sir William Oliphant of Aberdalgie, a puissant knight, acquired distinction in the beginning of the fourteenth century by defending the Castle of Stirling against a formidable siege by the first Edward. The family of Gask were devoted Jacobites: the father and grandfather of Carolina Oliphant had attended Prince Charles Edward during his disastrous campaign of 1745–6, and, on his account, underwent an exile of seventeen years. The estate of Gask was bought back from Government in 1753, and in ten years the Oliphants found it safe to return home; but the father of Carolina did not renounce the Jacobite sentiments of his ancestors. He named the subject of this sketch Carolina, in honour of Prince Charles Edward; and his prevailing topic of conversation was the reiterated expression of his hope that "the king would get his ain." He would not permit the names of the reigning monarch and his queen to be mentioned in his presence; and when impaired eyesight compelled him to seek the assistance of his family in reading the newspapers, he angrily reproved the reader if the "German lairdie and his leddy" were designated otherwise than by the initial letters "K. and Q." This extreme Jacobitism at a period when the crime was scarcely to be dreaded, was reported to George III., who sent the Laird his compliments as *Elector of Hanover*, with a message testifying respect for the steadiness of his principles.

In her youth, Carolina Oliphant was singularly beautiful, and was known in her native district by the poetical designation of "The Flower of Strathearn." She was as remarkable for the precocity of her intellect, as she was celebrated for the elegance of her person. Descended by her mother from a family which, in one instance,† at least, had afforded some evidence of poetical talent, and possessed of a correct musical ear, she early composed verses for her favourite melodies. To the development of her native genius, her juvenile condition abundantly contributed: the locality of her birthplace, rich in landscape scenery, and associated with family traditions and legends of chivalric adventure, might have been sufficient to promote, in a mind less fertile than her own, sentiments of poesy. In the application of her talents she was influenced by another incentive. A loose ribaldry tainted the songs and ballads which circulated among the peasantry, and she was convinced that the diffusion of a more wholesome minstrelsy would elevate the moral tone of the community. Thus, while still young, she began to purify the older melodies, and to compose new songs, which were ultimately destined to occupy an ample share of the national heart. Her brother Laurence entertaining the Gask tenantry at dinner, when called on for a song, gave with much spirit a new version of "The Ploughman," which he said he had received from the writer. It was received with warm approbation, and was speedily set to music. Thus encouraged, the "Flower of Strathearn" proceeded

* "Baptized the 28th July 1766, Carolina, daughter of Laurence Oliphant of Gask and Margaret Robertson. Was born at Gask the 16th July 1766."—*Baptismal Register of Gask Parish.*

† Robertson of Strowan, cousin-german of Lady Nairne's mother, and a conspicuous Jacobite chief, composed many fugitive verses for the amusement of his friends; and a collection of them, said to have been surreptitiously obtained from a servant, was published without a date, under the following title:—"Poems on various Subjects and Occasions, by the Honourable Alexander Robertson of Struan, Esq.—mostly taken from his own original Manuscripts." Edinburgh, 8vo.

in her self-imposed task; and to this early period of her life may be ascribed some of her best lyrics.

Carolina Oliphant had many suitors for her hand. She gave a preference to Captain William Murray Nairne, her second cousin, who but for an attainder had been fifth Lord Nairne. The marriage was celebrated on the 2d June 1806. Captain Nairne had obtained the office of Assistant Inspector-General of Barracks in Scotland, with the brevet rank of major. His official duties implied a residence in Edinburgh, and he and his accomplished helpmate began their married life in a villa situated at Wester Duddingston, under the shadow of Arthur's Seat, near the city. The house was named Caroline Cottage. There, in 1808, Mrs Nairne gave birth to her only child, a son, who received his father's Christian name of William Murray. At Edinburgh, Major and Mrs Nairne were known only to a select circle of friends, but even these were kept in entire ignorance of Mrs Nairne's poetical inclinations. Even Major Nairne himself was uninformed of his wife's habits of song-writing, and that she had composed the "Land o' the Leal."

By an Act of Parliament, which received the royal sanction on the 17th June 1824, Major Nairne was restored to his rank in the peerage, and the subject of this notice became the Baroness Nairne. Lord Nairne did not long survive the acquisition of the family honours: he died on the 9th of July 1830. Subsequent to the death of her husband, Lady Nairne accompanied her son, the sixth Lord Nairne, to a place of residence first at Clifton in Gloucestershire, and afterwards to Ireland. In the autumn of 1834 they proceeded to the Continent with several relatives, and resided in succession at Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Geneva, and Baden. During the spring of 1837 Lord Nairne was at Baden seized with influenza, then an epidemic. He gradually became weaker, till the 7th of December, when he died at Brussels. To our authoress, this second bereavement was a heavy affliction. She was deeply attached to her son, and some of her relatives feared that the event of his death would entirely overwhelm her. But after the first burst of grief, she yielded to her loss with a calm resignation, and began to engage even more assiduously than heretofore in works of Christian philanthropy. From this period to the close of her life, her charities were munificent.

The literary history of our authoress commenced about 1792, when she seems to have composed her song of "The Ploughman." "The Laird o' Cockpen" was written about the same period. In 1798 she produced "The Land o' the Leal," in testimony of her affectionate sympathy with an early friend on the death of her first-born. Other compositions from her pen appeared at intervals, and as occasion offered to present them, without a revelation of the writer's name. Some time previous to 1821, she entrusted to a gentlewoman in Edinburgh the secret of her authorship. In that year, Mr Robert Purdie, a musicseller in the capital, resolved to publish a series of the more approved national songs, accompanied by suitable melodies. Several ladies of musical tastes were solicited to render their assistance in the undertaking; and among others, the gentlewoman who had become the depositary of Lady Nairne's secret. Informed by this friend of Mr Purdie's project, our authoress consented to render every assistance, on her *incognita* being preserved. The condition was readily acceded to; and though the publication of "The Scottish Minstrel" extended over three years, and our authoress had several personal interviews and much correspondence with the publisher and his editor, Mr Robert Archibald Smith, both these individuals remained ignorant of her real name. She had assumed the signature "B. B." in the "Minstrel," and in her correspondence with Mr Purdie, who appears to have been entertained by *the discovery*, communicated in confidence, that the name of his contributor was "Mrs Bogan of Bogan;" and by this designation he subsequently addressed her.

The new collection of minstrelsy, unexceptionable as it was in the words attached to all the airs, commanded a wide circulation, and excited general attention. The original contributions were especially commended, and some of them were forthwith sung by professed vocalists in the principal towns. Much speculation arose respecting the authorship, and various conjectures were supported, each with plausible arguments, by the public journalists. In these circumstances, Lady Nairne experienced painful alarm, lest the origin of her songs should be traced. While the publication of the "Minstrel" was proceeding, her confidential correspondent received repeated injunctions to adopt every caution in preserving her *incognita;* she was even desirous that her sex might not be made known. "I beg the publisher will make no mention of a *lady*," she wrote; "as you observe, the more mystery the better, and *still* the balance is in favour of the lords of creation. I cannot help, in some degree, undervaluing beforehand what is said to be a feminine production." "The Scottish Minstrel" was completed in 1824, in six royal octavo volumes. In the advertisement to the last volume, Messrs Purdie and Smith wrote as follows: "In particular, the editors would have felt happy in being permitted to enumerate the many original and beautiful verses that adorn their pages, for which they are indebted to the author of the much-admired song, 'The Land o' the Leal;' but they fear to wound a delicacy which shrinks from all observation."

Subsequent to the appearance of "The Scottish Minstrel," Lady Nairne did not publish any lyrics; and she was eminently successful in preserving her *incognita.* No critic ventured to identify her as the celebrated "B. B.," and it was only whispered among a few that she had composed "The Land o' the Leal." The mention of her name publicly as the authoress of this beautiful ode, on one occasion, much disconcerted her. While she was resident in Paris, in 1842, she wrote to her Edinburgh correspondent: "A Scottish lady here, with whom I never met in Scotland, is so good as, among perfect strangers, to *denounce* me as the origin of 'The Land o' the Leal!' I cannot trace it, but very much dislike as ever any kind of publicity." The extreme diffidence and shrinking modesty of the amiable authoress continued to the close of her life: she never divulged, beyond a small circle of confidential friends, the authorship of a single verse. The songs published in her youth had been given to others; but, as in the case of Lady Anne Barnard, these assignments caused her no uneasiness. She experienced much gratification in finding her simple minstrelsy supplanting the coarse and demoralising rhymes of a former period: this knowledge she preferred to fame.

The philanthropic dispositions of Lady Nairne have already been named: her benevolence extended towards the support of every institution likely to promote the temporal comforts, or advance the spiritual interests of her countrymen. In an address delivered at Edinburgh, on the 29th of December 1845, Dr Chalmers, referring to the exertions which had been made for the supply of religious instruction in the district of the West Port of Edinburgh, made the following remarks regarding Lady Nairne, who was then recently deceased: "Let me speak now as to the countenance we have received. I am now at liberty to mention a very noble benefaction which I received about a year ago. Inquiry was made at me by a lady, mentioning that she had a sum at her disposal, and that she wished to apply it to charitable purposes; and she wanted me to enumerate a list of charitable objects, in proportion to the estimate I had of their value. Accordingly, I furnished her with a scale of about five or six charitable objects. The highest in the scale were those institutions which had for their design the Christianising of the people at home; and I also mentioned to her, in connection with the Christianising at home, what we were doing at the West Port; and there came to me from her, in the course of a day or two, no

less a sum than £300. She is now dead; she is now in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions of secrecy, and, accordingly, I did not mention her name to any person; but after she was dead, I begged of her nearest heir that I might be allowed to proclaim it, because I thought that her example, so worthy to be followed, might influence others in imitating her; and I am happy to say that I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairne of Perthshire. It enabled us, at the expense of £330, to purchase sites for schools, and a church; and we have got a site in the very heart of the locality, with a very considerable extent of ground for a washing-green, a washing-house, and a play-ground for the children, so that we are a good step in advance towards the completion of our parochial economy."

After the death of her son, and till within two years of her own death, Lady Nairne resided chiefly on the Continent. Her health had for several years been considerably impaired, and latterly she had recourse to a wheeled chair. In the mansion of Gask, on Sunday, the 26th of October 1845, she gently sunk into her rest, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years.

After her ladyship's death, it occurred to her relatives that, as there could no longer be any reason for retaining her *incognita*, full justice should be done to her memory by the publication of a collected edition of her songs. This scheme was partially executed in an elegant folio, entitled "Lays from Strathearn: by Carolina, Baroness Nairne. Arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte, by Finlay Dun." In 1868, the editor of the present work undertook, chiefly at the solicitation of the excellent gentlewoman to whom Lady Nairne had entrusted the secret of her authorship, to edit the whole of her lyrical compositions, along with a memoir of her life. In the execution of his task, he was privileged to receive the cordial assistance of Lady Nairne's relatives, who, by an examination of the family correspondence and otherwise, afforded him material assistance in the accomplishment of his object. "The Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne," published by Messrs Charles Griffin & Co., at once passed into a second edition, and has excited much interest among the lovers of Scottish minstrelsy both at home and abroad.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.*

AIR—"*Hey tutti taiti.*"

I'M wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudg'd her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, John,
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

* Written in 1798, on occasion of the death of the eldest child of Mr and Mrs Archibald Campbell Colquhoun of Killermont. Mrs Colquhoun *nee* Mary Ann Erskine, daughter of the Rev. William Erskine, Episcopal clergyman at Muthill, was an early friend and distant relative of the authoress.

CALLER HERRIN'.*

AIR BY NEIL GOW.

WHA'LL buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they fac'd the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave daring;
Buy my caller herrin',
Haul'd thro' wind and rain.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairing,
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin':
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in ye're dealin'—
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.†

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha' could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily—
And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na;"
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

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* This song was written, by Lady Nairne, for the benefit of Nathaniel Gow, music composer, son of the more celebrated Neil Gow. It was conveyed to the musician by the Edinburgh gentlewoman, to whom the authoress confided her secret.

† This humorous and highly popular song was composed by Lady Nairne, in place of the older words connected with the air, "When she came ben, she bobbit." The older version, which is entitled "Cockpen," is exceptional on the score of refinement, but was formerly sung on account of the air. It is believed to be a composition of the reign of Charles II.; and the hero of the piece, "the Laird of Cockpen," is said to have been the companion in arms and attached friend of his sovereign. Of this personage an anecdote is preserved. Having been engaged with his countrymen at the battle of Worcester, in the cause of Charles, he accompanied the monarch to Holland, and, forming one of the little court at the Hague, amused his royal master by his skill in music. In playing the tune, "Brose and Butter," he particularly excelled. It became the favourite of the exiled monarch, Cockpen lulling the king to sleep at night, and awakening him in the morning by this enchanting air. At the Restoration he found that his estate had been confiscated for his attachment to the royal cause, and had the mortification to discover that he had suffered on behalf of an ungrateful prince, who gave no response to his many entreaties for the restoration of his possessions. Visiting London, he was denied an audience; but he entertained a hope that, by a personal conference with the king, he might yet attain his object. To accomplish this design, he had recourse to the following artifice: He formed acquaintance with the organist of the chapel-royal, and obtained permission to officiate as his substitute when the king came to service. He did so with becoming propriety till the close of the service, when, instead of the solemn departing air, he struck up "Brose and Butter." The scheme succeeded in the manner intended. The king proceeding hastily to the organ gallery, discovered Cockpen, whom he saluted familiarly, declaring that he had "almost made him dance." "I could dance too," said Cockpen, "if I had my lands again." The request, to which every entreaty could not gain a response, was yielded to the power of music. Cockpen was restored to his inheritance. The modern ballad has been often attributed to Miss Ferrier the accomplished author of "Marriage," and other popular novels. She only contributed the last two stanzas.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.*

AIR—"*Loch Erroch Side.*"

'T WAS on a summer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed down,
A lassie, wi' a braw new gown,
Cam' ower the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, wash'd in summer's shower,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
An', oh, the scene was passing fair!
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
The sun was setting on the Tay,
The blue hills melting into grey;
The mavis' and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

Oh, lang the lassie I had woo'd!
An' truth and constancy had vow'd,
But cam' nae speed wi' her I lo'ed,
Until she saw fair Gowrie.
I pointed to my faither's ha',
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw;
Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her faither was baith glad and wae;
Her mither she wad naething say;
The bairnies thocht they wad get play
If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
The blush and tear were on her cheek;
She naething said, an' hung her head;
But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

HUNTINGTOWER.†

"WHEN ye gang awa', Jamie,
When ye gang awa', laddie,
What will ye gi'e my heart to cheer,
When ye are far awa', Jamie?"

"I'll gi'e ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,
I'll gi'e ye a braw new gown, lassie,
An' it will be a silken ane,
Wi' Valenciennes trimm'd round, Jeanie."

"O, that's nae luve at a', laddie,
That's nae luve, at a', Jamie,
How could I bear braw gowns to wear,
When ye are far awa', laddie.

"But mind me when awa', Jamie,
Mind me when awa', laddie,
For out o' sicht is out o' mind
Wi' mony folk we ken, Jamie."

"Oh, that can never be, Jeanie,
Forgot ye ne'er can be, lassie;
Oh, gang wi' me to the north countrie,
My bonnie bride to be, Jeanie.

"The hills are grand and hie, Jeanie,
The burnies runnin' clear, lassie,
'Mang birks and braes, where wild deer stray:
Oh, come wi' me, and see, lassie."

"I winna gang wi' thee, laddie,
I tell'd ye sae afore, Jamie;
Till free consent my parents gi'e,
I canna gang wi' thee, Jamie."

"But when ye're wed to me, Jeanie,
Then they will forgi'e, lassie;
How can ye be sae cauld to me,
Wha's lo'ed ye weel and lang, lassie."

"No sae lang as them, laddie,
No sae lang as them, Jamie;
A grief to them I wadna be,
No for the Duke himsel', Jamie.

"We'll save our penny fee, laddie,
To keep frae poortith free, Jamie;
An' then their blessing they will gi'e
Baith to you and me, Jamie."

"Huntingtower is mine, lassie,
Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie;
Huntingtower an' Blairnagower,
An' a' that's mine is thine, Jeanie!"

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.*

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie,
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landed Royal Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye'r a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegether,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu', king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

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* There are three other versions of this song. One of these, the composition of William Reid, has been presented. See *ante*, p. 48. A second, by an unknown author, is, in the two first verses, nearly the same with the opening stanzas of Lady Nairne's version.

In his "Ancient Ballads and Songs" (Lond. 1827, 12mo, p. 138), Dr Thomas Lyle presents a third version, which, he states, had been revised by him from an old stall copy, ascribed to Colonel James Ramsay of Stirling Castle. It begins:

A wee bit north frae yon green wood,
Whar draps the sunny showerie,
The lofty elm-trees spread their boughs,
To shade the braes o' Gowrie.

† The original set of "Huntingtower," commencing,

"When ye gang awa', Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie,
When ye gang to Germanie,
What will ye send to me, laddie,"

has long been a favourite. With no sacrifice of the original simplicity, Lady Nairne has improved the *moral* of the composition. In her version, Jeanie is less demonstrative in affection. Instead of pleading with her lover for his hand, she resolves to consult her parents before accepting his proposal. Jamie, too, avoids practising that deception, which, though short-lived, is a prominent defect in the older ballad.

* The air of this song forms No. 136 of Captain Simon Fraser's "Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands." Edin., 1816. Prince Charles Edward landed on the 25th July 1745, at Lochnanuagh, an arm of the sea, dividing the districts of Moidart and Arisaig.

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, etc.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye wha but Charlie?
Come thro' the heather, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan',
But vows baith late an' early,
She'll ne'er to man gi'e heart nor han',
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete an' early;
His very name our heart's blood warms—
To arms for Royal Charlie!

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye'r a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegether,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.*

'T was on a Monday morning
Right early in the year,
When Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he cam' marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk cam' running out,
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, etc.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, etc.

Oh! there were many beating hearts,
And many a hope and fear,
And many were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's ower the hills we daurna name;
He's ower the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame;
My mither greets and prays for them,
And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.
He's ower the hills, etc.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer;
But, ah! that love maun be sincere
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
He's ower the hills, etc.

His right these hills, his right these plains;
Ower Hieland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did our laddies will do;
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.
He's ower the hills, etc.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
Oh, did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done!
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
He's ower the hills, etc.

Then draw the claymore, for Charlie then fight;
For your country, religion, and a' that is right;
Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
I'd die as aft for ane o' the three.
He's ower the hills, etc.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.*

Air—"*Hundred Pipers.*"

Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
We'll up, and we'll gi'e them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.

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* A version of this song, written to an older air, was communicated by Burns to "Johnson's Musical Museum" (vol. iv., p. 440). The Ettrick Shepherd composed another set of verses. (*See postea.*) A third version was composed by Captain Charles Gray. (*See postea.*)

* On receiving the submission of the civic authorities, and the surrender of the castle, Prince Charles Edward entered Carlisle on Monday the 18th November 1745, preceded by one hundred pipers. So far the poetess has sung truly. But she is historically at fault with reference to the "two thousand." So many Highlanders of the Chevalier's army did indeed wade across the Esk, but it was in flight, not in triumph. They waded the Esk on their return to Scotland from an expedition which boded disaster. Probably Lady Nairne's father witnessed the scene.

It is ower the border, awa', awa',
It is ower the border, awa', awa',
Oh, we'll on, an' we'll march to Carlisle Ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castel, an' a', an' a'.

Oh, our brave sodger lads look'd braw, an' braw,
Wi' their tartans, their kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' bannets an' feathers, an' glitterin' gear,
An' pibrochs soundin' sae sweet an' clear.
Will they a' come hame to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our brave Hieland men?
Oh, second-sichted Sandie look'd fu' wae,
An' mithers grat sair whan they march'd away.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh, wha is the foremaist o' a', o' a'?
Wha is it first follows the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', us a',
Wi' his hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
His bannet and feather, he's waving high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly;
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw up an unco flare!
Wi' his hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch sound.
Dumfounder'd the English were a', were a',
Dumfounder'd they a' heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.*

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,
And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard,
Like wee bit white cockauds to deck our Hieland lads,
And the lasses lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.

An' it's hame, an' it's hame to the north countrie,
An' it's hame, an' it's hame to the north countrie,
Where my bonnie Jean is waiting for me,
Wi' a heart kind and true, in my ain countrie.

"But were they a' true that were far awa'?
Oh! were they a' true that were far awa'?
They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle Ha',
And forgot auld frien's that were far awa'.

"Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye've been,
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Atholl's green;
Ye lo'ed ower weel the dancin' at Carlisle Ha',
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'."

"I ne'er lo'ed a dance but on Atholl's green,
I ne'er lo'ed a lassie but my dorty Jean,
Sair, sair against my will did I bide sae lang awa',
And my heart was aye in Atholl's green at Carlisle Ha'."

* * * * * * *

The brier bush was bonnie ance in our kail-yard;
The brier bush was bonnie ance in our kail-yard;
A blast blew ower the hill, that gae Atholl's flowers a chill,
And the bloom's blawn aff the bonnie bush in our kailyard.

* The present is an amended version of an old song, entitled "The Bonnie Brier Bush," altered and added to by Burns for the "Musical Museum"

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN.

BONNIE Charlie's now awa',
Safely ower the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he ne'er come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be—
Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie!
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death or exile braving.
Will ye no, etc.

English bribes were a' in vain,
Tho' puir, and puirer, we maun be;
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.
Will ye no, etc.

We watch'd thee in the gloamin' hour,
We watch'd thee in the mornin' grey;
Though thirty thousand pound they gi'e,
Oh, there is none that wad betray!
Will ye no, etc.

Sweet's the laverock's note, and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no, etc.

JAMIE THE LAIRD.

AIR—"*The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow.*"

SEND a horse to the water, ye'll no mak' him drink,
Send a fule to the college, ye'll no mak' him think;
Send a craw to the singin', and still he will craw,
An' the wee laird had nae rummulgumshion ava'.

Yet is he the pride o' his fond mother's e'e,
In body or mind, nae fau't can she see;
"He's a fell clever lad, an' a bonny wee man,"
Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.
An' oh! she's a haverin' lucky, I trow,
An' oh! she's a haverin' lucky I trow;
"He's a fell clever lad, an' a bonny wee man,"
Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.

His legs they are bow'd, his e'en they do glee,
His wig, whiles it's aff, and when on, it's ajee;
He's braid as he's lang, an' ill-faur'd is he,
A dafter-like body I never did see.
An' yet for this cratur' she says I am decin',
When that I deny, she's fear'd at my leein';
Obliged to put up wi' this sair defamation,
I'm liken to dee wi' grief an' vexation.
An' oh! she's a haverin' lucky, etc.

An' her clishmaclavers gang a' through the toun,
An' the wee lairdie trows I'll hang or I'll droun.
Wi' his gawky-like face, yestreen he did say,
"I'll maybe tak' you, for Bess I'll no hae,
Nor Mattie, nor Effie, nor lang-legged Jeanie,
Nor Nelly, nor Katie, nor skirlin' wee Beenie."
I stappit my ears, ran aff in a fury—
I'm thinkin' to bring them afore judge an' jury.
For oh! what a randy auld luckie is she, etc.

Freen's! gi'e your advice!—I'll follow your counsel—
Maun I speak to the Provost or honest Toun Council,
Or the writers, or lawyers, or doctors? now say,
For the law on the lucky I shall an' will hae.
The hale town at me are jibin' and jeerin',
For a leddy like me it's really past bearin';
The lucky maun now ha'e dune wi' her claverin',
For I'll no put up wi' her nor her haverin'.
For oh! she's a randy, I trow, I trow,
For oh! she's a randy, I trow, I trow;
"He's a fell clever lad, an' a bonny wee man,"
Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.

JOHN TOD.*

He's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod,
He's a terrible man, John Tod;
He scolds in the house,
He scolds at the door,
He scolds on the vera hie road, John Tod,
He scolds on the vera hie road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
The weans a' fear John Tod;
When he's passing by,
The mithers will cry,—
Here's an ill wean, John Tod, John Tod,
Here's an ill wean, John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
The callants a' fear John Tod;
If they steal but a neep,
The callant he'll whip,
And it's unco weel done o' John Tod.

An' saw ye nae wee John Tod, John Tod?
Oh, saw ye nae wee John Tod?
His bannet was blue,
His shoon maistly new,
An' weel does he keep the kirk road, John Tod,
Oh, weel does he keep the kirk road.

How is he fendin', John Tod, John Tod?
How is he wendin', John Tod?
He's scourin' the land,
Wi' his rung in his hand,
An' the French wadna frighten John Tod, John Tod,
An' the French wadna frighten John Tod.

Ye're sun-brunt and batter'd, John Tod, John Tod,
Ye're tautit and tatter'd, John Tod;
Wi' your auld strippit coul,
Ye look maist like a fule,
But there's nouse i' the lining,* John Tod, John Tod,
But there's nouse i' the lining, John Tod.

He's weel respeckit, John Tod, John Tod,
He's weel respeckit, John Tod;
He's a terrible man,
But we'd a' gae wrang
If e'er he sud leave us, John Tod, John Tod,
If e'er he sud leave us, John Tod.

* As far as we can discover, the hero of this song was the Rev. John Tod, minister of Ladykirk, Berwickshire. Of eccentric manners, Mr Tod was, nevertheless, a man of worth and of excellent dispositions.

THE FIFE LAIRD.

AIR—"*The Fife Hunt.*"

Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, tho' daft-like he may be;
Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, he's just as wise as me;
Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, his bannet has a bee,—
He's just a wee bit Fifish, like some Fife Lairds that be.
Last Lammas when the Laird set out, to see Auld Reekie's toun,
The Firth it had nae waves at a', the waves were sleepin' soun';
But wicked witches bide about gude auld St Andrews toun,
And they steer'd up an unco' blast, our ain dear Laird to droun.

Afore he got to Inchkeith Isle, the waves were white an' hie—
"O weel I ken thae witches wud hae aye a spite at me!"
They drove him up, they drove him doun, the Fife touns a' they pass,
And up and round Queensferry toun, then doun unto the Bass.

* A familiar Scottish phrase for good sense.

The sailors row, but row in vain, Leith port they canna gain—
Nae meat nor beds they hae on board, but *there* they maun remain;
O mirk and cauld the midnight hour, how thankfu' did they see
The first blush o' the dawnin' day, fair spreadin' ower the sea.
Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, etc.

"Gae hame, gae hame," the Laird cried out,
"as fast as ye can gang,
Oh,! rather than wi' witches meet, I'd meet an *ournatang*,—
A' nicht and day I've been away, an' naething could I see,
But auld wives' cantrips on broomsticks, wild cap'ring ower the sea.
I ha'e na' had a mouth o' meat, nor yet had aff my claes—
Afore I gang to sea again, some *folk* maun mend their ways;"
The Laird is hame wi' a' his ain, below the Lomond hill,
Richt glad to see his sheep again, his dookit and his mill!

Ye shouldna' ca' the Laird daft, tho' daft-like he may be;
Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, he's just as wise as me;
Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, his bannet has a bee,—
He's just a wee bit Fifish, like some Fife Lairds that be.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!*

WILL ye gang ower the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O?
Will ye gang ower the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O?
Gin ye'll tak' heart, and gang wi' me,
Mishap will never steer ye, O;
Gude luck lies ower the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

There's walth ower yon green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!
There's walth ower yon green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O!
Its neither land, nor gowd, nor braws—
Let them gang tapsle teerie, O!
It's walth o' peace, o' love, and truth,
My ain kind dearie, O!

JOY OF MY EARLIEST DAYS.

AIR—"*I'll never leave thee.*"

JOY of my earliest days,
Why must I grieve thee?
Theme of my fondest lays,
Oh, I maun leave thee!

Leave thee, love! leave thee, love!
How shall I leave thee?
Absence thy truth will prove,
For, oh! I maun leave thee!

When on yon mossy stane,
Wild weeds o'ergrowin',
Ye sit at e'en your lane,
And hear the burn rowin';
Oh! think on this partin' hour,
Down by the Garry,
And to Him that has a' the pow'r,
Commend me, my Mary!

OH, WEEL'S ME ON MY AIN MAN.

AIR—"*Landlady count the lawin'.*"

OH, weel's me on my ain man,
My ain man, my ain man!
Oh, weel's me on my ain gudeman!
He'll aye be welcome hame.

I'm wae I blamed him yesternight,
For now my heart is feather light;
For gowd I wadna gi'e the sight;
I see him linking ower the height.
Oh, weel's me on my ain man, etc.

Rin, Jamie, bring the kebbuck ben,
And fin' aneath the speckled hen;
Meg, rise and sweep about the fire,
Syne cry on Johnnie frae the byre.
For weel's me on my ain man,
My ain man, my ain man!
For weel's me on my ain gudeman!
I see him linkin' hame.

KIND ROBIN LOE'S ME.*

ROBIN is my ain gudeman,
Now match him, carlins, gin ye can,
For ilk ane whitest thinks her swan,
But kind Robin lo'es me.
To mak' my boast I'll e'en be bauld,
For Robin lo'ed me young and auld.
In summer's heat and winter's cauld,
My kind Robin lo'es me.

Robin he comes hame at e'en
Wi' pleasure glancin' in his e'en;
He tells me a' he's heard and seen,
And syne how he lo'es me.
There's some hae land, and some hae gowd,
Mair wad hae them gin they could,
But a' I wish o' warld's gude,
Is Robin still to lo'e me.

* The first two lines of this song are borrowed from the "Lea-Rig," a lively and popular lyric, of which the first two verses were composed by Robert Fergusson, the three remaining being added by William Reid of Glasgow. (See *ante*, p. 47.)

* These stanzas were composed by Lady Nairne in commendation of her husband, to whom she was devotedly attached. They form a continuation to the wooing song of the same name, beginning, "Robin is my only jo," which first appeared in Herd's Collection in 1776.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?*

Saw ye nae my Peggy?
Saw ye nae my Peggy?
Saw ye nae my Peggy comin'
Through Tillibelton's broom?
I'm frae Aberdagie,
Ower the crafts o' Craigie,
For aught I ken o' Peggy,
She's ayont the moon.

'Twas but at the dawnin',
Clear the cock was crawin',
I saw Peggy cawin'
Hawky by the brier.
Early bells were ringin',
Blythest birds were singin',
Sweetest flowers were springin',
A' her heart to cheer.

Now the tempest's blawin',
Almond Water's flowin',
Deep and ford unknowin',
She maun cross the day.
Almond waters, spare her,
Safe to Lynedoch bear her!
Its braes ne'er saw a fairer,
Bess Bell nor Mary Gray.

Oh, now to be wi' her!
Or but ance to see her
Skaithless, far or near,
I'd gi'e Scotland's crown.
Byeword, blind's a lover—
Wha's yon I discover?
Just yer ain fair rover,
Stately stappin' down.

SONGS OF MY NATIVE LAND.

AIR—"*Happy Land.*"

Songs of my native land,
To me how dear!
Songs of my infancy,
Sweet to mine ear!
Entwined with my youthful days,
Wi' the bonny banks and braes,
Where the winding burnie strays
Murmuring near.

Strains of my native land,
That thrill the soul,
Pouring the magic of
Your soft control!
Often has your minstrelsy
Soothed the pang of misery,
Winging rapid thoughts away
To realms on high.

Weary pilgrims *there* have rest,
Their wand'rings o'er;
There the slave, no more oppress'd,
Hails Freedom's shore.
Sin shall then no more deface,
Sickness, pain, and sorrow cease,
Ending in eternal peace,
And songs of joy!

There, when the seraphs sing,
In cloudless day;
There, where the higher praise
The ransom'd pay.
Soft strains of the happy land,
Chanted by the heavenly band,
Who can fully understand
How sweet ye be!

THE TWA DOOS.

There were twa doos sat in a dookit,
Twa wise-like birds, and round they luiket;
An' says the ane unto the ither,
What do ye see, my gude brither?

I see some pickles o' gude strae,
An' wheat, some fule has thrown away;
For a rainy day they should be boukit,
Sae down they flew frae aff their dookit.

The snaw will come an' cour the grund,
Nae grains o' wheat will then be fund;
They pickt a' up, an' a' were boukit,
Then round an' round, again they luiket.

O lang he thocht, an' lang he luiket;
An' aye his wise-like head, he shook it;
I see, I see, what ne'er should be,
I see what's seen by mair than me.

Wae's me, there's thochtless, lang Tam Grey,
Aye spending what he's no to pay;
In wedlock, to a taupie, hookit,
He's taen a doo, but has nae dookit.

When we were young it was na sae;
Nae rummulgumshion folk now ha'e;
What gude for them can e'er be luiket,
When folk tak' doos that ha'e nae dookit.

THE MITHERLESS LAMMIE.

The mitherless lammie ne'er miss'd its ain mammie,
We tentit it kindly by night and by day,
The bairnies made game o't, it had a blythe hame o't,
Its food was the gowan—its music was "*mai.*"

Without tie or fetter, it couldna been better,
But it would gae witless the world to see;
The foe that it fear'd not, it saw not, it heard not,
Was watching its wand'ring frae Bonnington Lea.

* A song with the same title, "Saw ye nae my Peggy?" appeared in Herd's Collection, in 1769, though it is understood to be of a considerably older date. Allan Ramsay composed two songs to the same air, but they are both inferior. The air is believed to have originally been connected with some exceptionable words, beginning, "Saw ye my Maggie?"

Oh, what then befell it, 't were waefu' to tell it,
Tod Lowrie kens best, wi' his lang head sae sly;
He met the pet lammie, that wanted its mammie,
And left its kind hame the wide world to try.

We miss'd it at day-dawn, we miss'd it at night-fa'in',
Its wee shed is tenantless under the tree,
Ae dusk i' the gloamin' it wad gae a roamin';
'T will frolic nae mair upon Bonnington Lea.

SAW YE NE'ER A LANELY LASSIE?

AIR—"*Will ye go and marry, Katie?*"

Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie,
Thinkin' gin she were a wife,
The sun o' joy wad ne'er gae down,
But warm and cheer her a' her life?
Saw ye ne'er a wearie wifie,
Thinkin' gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blythe and cheerie,
Lightly as the day wad pass?

Wives and lasses, young and aged,
Think nae on each ither's state;
Ilka ane it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka ane it has its blessings,
Peevish dinna pass them by,
But like choicest berries seek them,
Tho' amang the thorns they lie.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.*

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
There's castocks in Strabogie;
And morn and e'en, they're blythe and bein,
That haud them frae the cogie.
Now, haud ye frae the cogie, lads;
O bide ye frae the cogie!
I'll tell ye true, ye'll never rue,
O' passin' by the cogie.

Young Will was braw and weel put on,
Sae blythe was he and vogie;
And he got bonnie Mary Don,
The flower o' a' Strabogie.
Wha wad hae thocht, at wooin' time,
He'd e'er forsaken Mary,
And ta'en him to the tipplin' trade,
Wi' boozin Rob and Harry?

Sair Mary wrought, sair Mary grat,
She scarce could lift the ladle;
Wi' pithless feet, 'tween ilka greet,
She'd rock the borrow'd cradle.

Her weddin' plenishin' was gane,
She never thocht to borrow;
Her bonnie face was waxin' wan—
And Will wrought a' the sorrow.

He's reelin' hame ae winter's nicht,
Some later than the gloamin';
He's ta'en the rig, he's miss'd the brig,
And Bogie's ower him foamin'.
Wi' broken banes, out ower the stanes,
He creepit up Strabogie;
And a' the nicht he pray'd wi' micht,
To keep him frae the cogie.

Now Mary's heart is light again—
She's neither sick nor silly;
For auld or young, nae sinfu' tongue,
Could e'er entice her Willie;
And aye the sang through Bogie rang—
"O haud ye frae the cogie;
The weary gill's the sairest ill
On braes o' fair Strabogie."

CASTELL GLOOM.*

OH, Castell Gloom! thy strength is gone,
The green grass o'er thee growin';
On hill of *Care* thou art alone,
The *Sorrow* round thee flowin'.

Oh, Castell Gloom! on thy fair wa's
Nae banners now are streamin',
The houlet flits amang thy ha's,
And wild birds there are screamin'.
Oh! mourn the woe, oh! mourn the crime,
Frae civil war that flows;
Oh! mourn, Argyll, thy fallen line,
And mourn the great Montrose.

Here ladies bright were aften seen,
Here valiant warriors trod;
And here great Knox has aften been,
Wha fear'd nought but his God!
But a' are gane! the gude, the great,
And naething now remains,
But ruin sittin' on thy wa's,
And crumblin' down the stanes.
Oh! mourn the woe, etc.

Thy lofty Ochils bright did glow,
Though sleepin' was the sun;
But mornin's light did sadly show,
What ragin' flames had done.

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* This is the fourth version adapted to the air, "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen." *See* article, "Alexander, Duke of Gordon," p. 14.

* Castle Gloom, better known as Castle Campbell, was a residence of the noble family of Argyll, from the middle of the fifteenth till the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was burned by the Marquis of Montrose. The castle is situated on a promontory of the Ochil hills, near the village of Dollar, in Clackmannanshire, and has long been in the ruinous condition described in the song. Two hill rivulets, designated *Sorrow* and *Care*, flow on each side of the castle promontory. John Knox, the Reformer, for some time resided in Castle Gloom, with Archibald, fourth Earl of Argyll, and here preached the Reformed doctrines.

Oh, mirk, mirk was the misty cloud,
That hung o'er thy wild wood!
Thou wert like beauty in a shroud,
And all was solitude.
Oh! mourn the woe, oh! mourn the crime,
Frae civil war that flows;
Oh! mourn, Argyll, thy fallen line,
And mourn the great Montrose.

THE AULD HOUSE.*

Oh, the auld house, the auld house!
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee!
The wild-rose and the jesamine
Still hang upon the wa';
How mony cherish'd memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird!
Sae canty, kind, and crouse;
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house!
And the leddy too, sae genty,
There shelter'd Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The blue bells sweetly blaw,
The bonnie Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house,
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree
The bairnies liked to see,
And oh, how often did they speir
When ripe they a' wad be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout—Oh! whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scatter'd now,
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame;
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird,
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Shelter'd by the holly's shade,
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun,
How glorious it gaed down;
The cloudy splendour raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon!

The auld dial, the auld dial,
It tauld how time did pass;
The wintry winds ha'e dung it down,—
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

* The old mansion of Gask, celebrated in this song, was removed on the erection of the present commodious structure early in the century. The lock of Prince Charles Edward's hair referred to in the song is still preserved in the family. It was, however, not "clipt" by the "leddy," but by John Stewart, the Prince's servant

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FAREWEEL, EDINBURGH.

AIR—"*Fareweel Edinburgh.*"

FAREWEEL, Edinburgh, where happy we hae been,
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!
Auld Reekie, fare-ye-weel, and Reekie New beside,
Ye're like a chieftain grim and grey, wi' a young bonnie bride.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and your trusty volunteers,
Your Council, a' sae circumspect, your Provost without peers,
Your stately College stuff'd wi' lear, your rantin' High-Schule yard;
The jib, the lick, the roguish trick, the ghaists o' auld toun-guard.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men;
Your scribes that set you a' to richts, and wield the golden pen;
The Session-court, your thrang resort, bigwigs and lang gowns a';
And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth;
Your Bernard's Well, your Calton Hill, where every breeze is health;
An' spite o' a' your fresh sea-gales should ony chance to dee,
It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, or the fee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your hospitals and ha's,
The rich man's friend, the Cross lang ken'd, auld Ports, and city wa's;
The Kirks that grace their honoured place, now peacefu' as they stand,
Where'er they're found, on Scottish ground, the bulwarks of the land.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, your sons o' genius fine,
That send your name on wings o' fame beyond the burnin' line;
A name that's stood maist since the flood, and just when it's forgot,
Your bard will be forgotten too, your ain Sir Walter Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair;
Your Palace in the shelter'd glen, your Castle in the air;
Your rocky brows, your grassy knowes, and eke your mountain bauld;
Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale would ne'er be tauld;
Now, fareweel, Edinburgh, where happy we ha'e been;
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!
Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every risin' sun,
And blessin's be on Edinburgh till time his race has run!

THE ATTAINTED SCOTTISH NOBLES.

Oh, some will tune their mournfu' strains,
To tell o' hame-made sorrow,
And if they cheat you o' your tears,
They'll dry upon the morrow.
Oh, some will sing their airy dreams,
In verity they're sportin',
My sang's o' nae sic thewless themes,
But wakin' true misfortune.

Ye Scottish nobles, ane and a',
For loyalty attainted,
A nameless bardie's wae to see
Your sorrows unlamented;
For if your fathers ne'er had fought
For heirs of ancient royalty,
Ye're down the day that might ha'e been
At the top o' honour's tree a'.

For old hereditary right,
For conscience' sake they stoutly stood;
And for the crown their valiant sons
Themselves have shed their injured blood;
And if their fathers ne'er had fought
For heirs of ancient royalty,
They're down the day that might ha'e been
At the top o' honour's tree a'.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?*

Air—"*Ailen Aroon.*"

Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time, fly speedily;
Come, life and light.

* This song was composed in 1842, when the authoress had attained her seventy-sixth year.

GUDE NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'!*

The best o' joys maun ha'e an end,
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The langest day will wear away,
And I maun bid fareweel to you.
The tear will tell when hearts are fu',
For words, gin they ha'e sense ava',
They're broken, faltering, and few:
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'!

Oh, we ha'e wander'd far and wide,
O'er Scotia's lands o' frith and fell!
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
And twined it wi' the heather-bell.
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot-house, and the baron's ha';
Now we maun tak' a last farewell:
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'!

My harp, fareweel! thy strains are past,
Of gleefu' mirth, and heartfelt care;
The voice of song maun cease at last,
And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
But, oh! where sorrow canna win,
Nor parting tears are shed ava',
May we meet neighbour, kith, and kin,
And joy for aye be wi' us a'!

REST IS NOT HERE.

What's this vain world to me?
Rest is not here;
False are the smiles I see,
The mirth I hear.
Where is youth's joyful glee?
Where all once dear to me?
Gone, as the shadows flee—
Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine
Blythely and fair?
Why did those tints so fine
Vanish in air?
Does not the vision say,
Faint, lingering heart, away,
Why in this desert stay—
Dark land of care!

Where souls angelic soar,
Thither repair;
Let this vain world no more
Lull and ensnare.
That heaven I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
All things around me tell
Rest is found there.

* Sir Alexander Boswell composed a version of this song. See *postea*. There are other sets, all founded on an old fragment, called "Armstrong's Goodnight."

HERE'S TO THEM THAT ARE GANE.

AIR—"*Here's a health to ane I lo'e weel.*"

HERE'S to them, to them that are gane;
Here's to them, to them that are gane;
Here's to them that were here, the faithful and dear,
That will never be here again—no, never.
But where are they now that are gane?
Oh, where are the faithful and true?
They're gane to the light that fears not the night,
An' their day of rejoicing shall end—no, never.

Here's to them, to them that were here;
Here's to them, to them that were here;
Here's a tear and a sigh to the bliss that's gane by,
But 'twas ne'er like what's coming, to last—for ever.
Oh, bright was their morning sun!
Oh, bright was their morning sun!
Yet, lang ere the gloaming, in clouds it gaed down;
But the storm and the cloud are now past—for ever.

Fareweel, fareweel! parting silence is sad;
Oh, how sad the last parting tear!
But that silence shall break, where no tear on the cheek
Can bedim the bright vision again—no never.
Then, speed to the wings of old Time,
That waft us where pilgrims would be;
To the regions of rest, to the shores of the blest,
Where the full tide of glory shall flow—for ever.

FAREWEEL, O FAREWEEL!

GALEIC AIR.

FAREWEEL, O fareweel!
My heart it is sair;
Fareweel, O fareweel!
I'll see him nae mair.

Lang, lang was he mine,
Lang, lang—but nae mair;
I maunna repine,
But my heart it is sair.

His staff's at the wa',
Toom, toom is his chair!
His bannet, an' a'!
An' I maun be here!

But oh! he's at rest,
Why sud I complain?
Gin my soul be blest,
I'll meet him again.

Oh, to meet him again,
Where hearts ne'er were sair!
Oh, to meet him again,
To part never mair!

JAMES NICOL.

JAMES NICOL was born at Innerleithen, in the county of Peebles, on the 28th of September 1769. Having acquired the elements of classical knowledge under Mr Tate, the parochial schoolmaster, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he pursued his studies with unflinching assiduity and success. On completing his academical career, he was licensed as a probationer by the Presbytery of Peebles. His first professional employment was as assistant to the minister of Traquair, a parish bordering on that of Innerleithen; and on the death of the incumbent, he succeeded to the living. On the 4th of November 1802, he was ordained to the ministerial office; and on the 25th of the same month and year, he espoused Agnes Walker, a native of Glasgow, who had for a considerable period possessed a warm place in his affections, and been the heroine of his poetical reveries. He had for some time communicated verses to the *Edinburgh Magazine;* and he afterwards published "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" (Edinburgh, 1805, 2 vols. 12mo). This publication contains some lyrical effusions that entitle the author to a respectable rank among the modern cultivators of national poetry; yet it is to be regretted that a deep admiration of Burns has led him into an imitation, somewhat servile, of that immortal bard.

At Traquair Mr Nicol continued to devote himself to mental improvement. He read extensively; and writing upon the subject of his studies was his daily habit.

Of his prose writings, which were numerous, the greater number still remain in MS. He contributed a number of articles to the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." His posthumous work, "An Essay on the Nature and Design of Scripture Sacrifices," was published in 1823.

Mr Nicol was much respected for his sound discernment in matters of business: every dispute in the vicinity was submitted to his arbitration. He was regularly consulted as a physician, for he had studied medicine at the University. From his own medicine chest he dispensed gratuitously to the indigent sick; and without fee he vaccinated all the children of the neighbourhood who were brought to him. After a short illness, he died on the 5th of November 1819. Of a family of three sons and three daughters, the eldest son predeceased him. The elder surviving son, who bears his father's Christian name, is Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen, and is known as a geologist.

BLAW SAFTLY, YE BREEZES.

Blaw saftly, ye breezes, ye streams, smoothly murmur,
Ye sweet-scented blossoms, deck every green tree;
Mong your wild scatter'd flow'rets aft wanders my charmer,
The sweet lovely lass wi' the black rollin' e'e.
But round me let nature a wilderness seem,
Blast each flow'ret that catches the sun's early beam,
For pensive I ponder, and languishin' wander,
Far frae the sweet rosebud on Quair's windin' stream!

Why, Heaven, wring my heart wi' the hard heart o' anguish?
Why torture my bosom 'tween hope and despair?
When absent frae Nancy, I ever maun languish!
That dear angel smile, shall it charm me nae mair?
Since here life's a desert, an' pleasure's a dream,
Bear me swift to those banks which are ever my theme,
Where, mild as the mornin' at simmer's returnin',
Blooms the sweet lovely rosebud on Quair's windin' stream.

BY YON HOARSE MURMURIN' STREAM.

By yon hoarse murmurin' stream, 'neath the moon's chilly beam,
Sadly musin' I wander, an' the tear fills my e'e;
Recollection, pensive power, brings back the mournfu' hour,
When the laddie gaed awa' that is dear, dear to me.

The tender words he said, and the faithfu' vows he made,
When we parted, to my bosom a mournfu' pleasure gi'e;
An' I lo'e to pass the day where we fondly used to stray,
An' repeat the laddie's name that is dear, dear to me.

Though the flow'rets gem the vales, an' scent the whisperin' gales,
An' the birds fill wi' music the sweetly-bloomin' tree;
Though nature bid rejoice, yet sorrow tunes my voice.
For the laddie's far awa' that is dear, dear to me!

When the gloamin' brings alang the time o' mirth an' sang,
An' the dance kindles joy in ilka youthfu' e'e,
My neebours often speir, why fa's the hidden tear?
But they kenna he's awa' that is dear, dear to me.

Oh, for the happy hour, when I shall ha'e the power,
To the darlin' o' my soul, on wings o' love, to flee!
Or that the day wad come, when fortune shall bring home,
The laddie to my arms that is dear, dear to me.

But if—for much I fear—that day will ne'er appear,
Frae me conceal in darkness the cruel stern decree;
For life wad a' be vain, were I ne'er to meet again,
Wi' the laddie far awa' that is dear, dear to me.

MY DEAR LITTLE LASSIE.

My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter?
My heart it gangs pittypat—winna lie still;
I've waited, and waited, an' a' to grow better,
Yet, lassie, believe me, I'm aye growin' ill?

My head's turn'd quite dizzy, an' aft, when I'm speakin',
I sigh, an' am breathless, and fearfu' to speak;
I gaze aye for something I fain would be seekin',
Yet, lassie, I kenna weel what I would seek.

Thy praise, bonnie lassie, I ever could hear of,
And yet, when to ruse ye the neebour lads try—
Though it's a' true they tell ye, yet never sae far off
I could see 'em ilk ane, an' I canna tell why.
When we tedded the hayfield, I raked ilk arig o't,
And never grew weary the lang simmer day;
The rucks that ye wrought at were easiest biggit,
And I fand sweeter scented around ye the hay.

In har'st whan the kirn-supper joys mak' us cheerie,
'Mang the lave o' the lasses I preed yer sweet mou';
Dear save us! how queer I felt whan I cam' near ye—
My breast thrill'd in rapture, I couldna tell how.
When we dance at the gloamin', it's you I aye pitch on;
And gin ye gang by me, how dowie I be!
There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitching,
That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

ANDREW SCOTT.

ANDREW SCOTT was born of humble parentage, in the parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire, on the 19th of April 1757.* He was early employed as a cowherd; and he has recorded, in a sketch of his own life prefixed to one of his volumes, that he began to compose verses on the hill-sides in his twelfth year. He ascribes this juvenile predilection to the perusal of Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," a pamphlet copy of which he had purchased with some spare halfpence. Towards the close of the American war, he joined the army as a recruit, and soon thereafter followed his regiment across the Atlantic. His rhyming propensities continued; and he occupied his leisure hours in composing verses, which he read for the amusement of his comrades. At the conclusion of the American campaign, he returned with the army to Britain; and afterwards procuring his discharge, he made a settlement in his native parish. For the period of seventeen years, according to his own narrative, he abandoned the cultivation of poetry, assiduously applying himself to manual labour for the support of his family. An intelligent acquaintance, who had procured copies of some of his verses, now recommended him to attempt a publication—a counsel which induced him to print a small volume by subscription. This appeared in 1805, and was reprinted, with several additions, in 1808. In 1811 he published "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" (Kelso, 18mo); another duodecimo volume of poems, at Jedburgh, in 1821; and his last work, entitled "Poems on Various Subjects," at Edinburgh, in 1826. This last volume was inscribed, with permission, to the Duchess of Roxburghe.

The poet's social condition at Bowden was little favourable to the composition of poetry. Situated on the south side of the Eildon Hills, the parish is entirely separated from the busy world, and the inhabitants were formerly proverbial for their rustic simplicity and ignorance. The encouragement desiderated at home, the poet, however, experienced elsewhere. He visited Melrose, at the easy distance of two miles, on the day of the weekly market, and there met with friends and patrons from different parts of the district. The late Duke of Roxburghe, Sir Walter Scott, Mr John Gibson Lockhart, and Mr G. P. R. James, the novelist, who sometimes resided in the neighbourhood, and other persons of rank or literary eminence, extended towards him countenance and assistance.

Scott shared the indigent lot of poets. He remained in the condition of an

* "John Scott in Bowden, and Rachel Briggs, his wife, had a child, born April 19th, 1757, named Andrew."—*Bowden Register of Births.*

agricultural labourer, and for many years held the office of church-officer of his parish. He died on the 22d of May 1839, in the eighty-second year of his age; and his remains were interred in the churchyard of Bowden, where his name is inscribed on a gravestone which he had erected to the memory of his wife.

THE MUIRLAND FARMER.

AIR—"*The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow.*"

I'm now a gude farmer, I've acres o' land,
And my heart aye loups light when I'm viewing o't,
And I ha'e servants at my command,
And twa dainty cowts for the plowin' o't.
My farm is a snug ane, lies high on a muir,
The muircocks and plivers aft skirl at my door,
And whan the sky low'rs I'm aye sure o' a show'r,
To moisten my land for the plowin' o't.

Leeze me on the mailin that's fa'n to my share,
It takes sax muckle bowes for the sawin' o't;
I've sax braid acres for pasture, and mair,
And a dainty bit bog for the mawin' o't.
A spence and a kitchen my mansion-house gi'es,
I've a cantie wee wifie to daut whan I please,
Twa bairnies, twa callans, that skelp o'er the leas,
And they'll soon can assist at the plowin' o't.

My biggin' stands sweet on this south slopin' hill,
And the sun shines sae bonnily beamin' on't,
And past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill,
Frae the loch, whar the wild-ducks are swimmin' on't;
And on its green banks, on the gay simmer days,
My wifie trips barefoot, a-bleachin' her claes,
And on the dear creature wi' rapture I gaze,
While I whistle and sing at the plowin' o't.

To rank amang farmers I ha'e muckle pride,
But I maunna speak high when I'm tellin' o't,
How brawlie I strut on my shelty to ride,
Wi' a sample to show for the sellin' o't.
In blue worset boots that my auld mither span,
I've aft been fu' vanty sin' I was a man,
But now they're flung by, and I've bought cordovan,
And my wifie ne'er grudged me a shillin' o't.

Sae now, whan to kirk or to market I gae—
My weelfare what need I be hiddin' o't?—
In braw leather boots shinin' black as the slae,
I dink me to try the ridin' o't.
Last towmond I sell'd off four bowes o' guid bear,
And thankfu' I was, for the victual was dear,
And I cam' hame wi' spurs on my heels shinin' clear,
I had sic gude luck at the sellin' o't.

Now hairst time is o'er, and a fig for the laird,
My rent's now secure for the toilin' o't;
My fields are a' bare, and my crap's in the yard,
And I'm nae mair in doubts o' the spoilin' o't.

Now welcome gude weather, or wind, or come weet,
Or bauld ragin' winter, wi' hail, snaw, or sleet,
Nae mair can he draigle my crap 'mang his feet,
Nor wraik his mischief, and be spoilin' o't.

And on the douf days, whan loud hurricanes blaw,
Fu' snug i' the spence I'll be viewin' o't,
And jink the rude blast in my rush-theekit ha',
Whan fields are seal'd up from the plowin' o't.
My bonnie wee wifie, the bairnies, and me,
The peat-stack, and turf-stack our Phœbus shall be,
Till day close the scoul o' its angry ee,
And we'll rest in gude hopes o' the plowin' o't.

And whan the year smiles, and the lavrocks sing,
My man Jock and me shall be doin' o't;
He'll thrash, and I'll toil on the fields in the spring,
And turn up the soil at the plowin' o't.
And whan the wee flow'rets begin then to blaw,
The lavrock, the peasweep, and skirlin' pickmaw,
Shall hiss the bleak winter to Lapland awa',
Then we'll ply the blythe hours at the sawin' o't.

And whan the birds sing on the sweet simmer morn,
My new crap I'll keek at the growin' o't;
Whan hares niffer love 'mang the green-bairdit corn,
And dew draps the tender blade shewin' o't;
On my brick o' fallow my labours I'll ply,
And view on their pasture my twa bonnie kye,
Till hairst-time again circle round us wi' joy,
Wi' the fruits o' the sawin' and plowin' o't.

Nor need I to envy our braw gentle folks,
Wha fash na their thumbs wi' the sawin' o't,
Nor e'er slip their fine silken hands in the pocks,
Nor foul their black shoon wi' the plowin' o't:
For, pleased wi' the little that fortune has lent,
The seasons row round us in rural content;
We've aye milk and meal, and our laird gets his rent,
And I whistle and sing at the plowin' o't.

SYMON AND JANET.

AIR—"*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.*"

SURROUNDED wi' bent and wi' heather,
Whar muircocks and plivers are rife,
For mony lang towmond thegether,
There lived an auld man and his wife.

About the affairs o' the nation,
The twasome they seldom were mute;
Bonaparte, the French, and invasion,
Did saur in their wizens like soot.

In winter, when deep are the gutters,
And night's gloomy canopy spread,
Auld Symon sat luntin' his cuttie,
And lowsin' his buttons for bed.

Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazin',
To lock in the door was her care;
She seein' our signals a-blazin',
Cam' runnin' in, rivin' her hair.

"O Symon, the Frenchmen are landit!
Gae look man and slip on your shoon;
Our signals I see them extendit,
Like red risin' blaze o' the moon!"

"What plague, the French landit!" quo' Symon,
And clash gaed his pipe to the wa',
"Faith, then there's be loadin' and primin'," Quo' he, "if they're landit ava'.

"Our youngest son's in the militia,
Our eldest grandson's volunteer:
O' the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',
I too in the ranks shall appear."

His waistcoat pouch fill'd he wi' pouther,
And bang'd down his rusty auld gun;
His bullets he put in the other,
That he for the purpose had run.

Then humpled he out in a hurry,
While Janet his courage bewails,
And cried out, "Dear Symon, be wary!"
And teughly she hang by his tails.

"Let be wi' your kindness," quo' Symon,
"Nor vex me wi' tears and your cares,
For now to be ruled by a woman,
Nae laurels shall crown my grey hairs."

Quo' Janet, "Oh, keep frae the riot!
Last night, man, I dreamt ye was dead;
This aught days I tentit a pyot
Sit chatt'rin' upo' the house-head.

"And yesterday, workin' my stockin',
And you wi' the sheep on the hill,
A muckle black corbie sat croakin';
I ken'd it foreboded some ill."

"Hout, cheer up, dear Janet, be hearty,
For ere the next sun may gae down,
Wha kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,
And end my auld days in renown?"

"Then hear me," quo' Janet, "I pray thee,
I'll tend thee, love, living or dead,
And if thou should fa' I'll die wi' thee,
Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed."

Syne aff in a fury he stumpled,
Wi' bullets, and pouther, and gun;
At's curpin auld Janet too humpled,
Awa' to the next neighb'rin' toun.

There footmen and yeomen paradin',
To scour aff in dirdum were seen,
Auld wives and young lasses a-sheddin'
The briny saut tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bannet gat Symon,
And to the commander he gaes:
Quo' he, "Sir, I mean to gae wi' ye, man,
And help ye to lounder our faes.

"I'm auld, yet I'm teugh as the wire,
Sae we'll at the rogues have a dash,
And, fegs, if my gun winna fire,
I'll turn her butt-end, and I'll thrash."

"Well spoken, my hearty old hero,"
The captain did smiling reply,
But begg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,
Till daylight should glint in the sky.

What reck? a' the stour cam' to naething!
Sae Symon, and Janet his dame,
Hale skart frae the wars, without skaithing,
Gaed bannin' the French again hame.

COQUET WATER.

AIR—"*Braw Lads of Gala Water.*"

WHAN winter winds forget to blaw,
An' vernal suns revive pale nature,
A shepherd lad by chance I saw,
Feeding his flocks by Coquet water.

Saft, saft he sung in melting lays,
His Mary's charms an' matchless feature,
While echoes answer'd frae the braes,
That skirt the banks of Coquet water.

"Oh, were that bonnie lassie mine,"
Quoth he, "in love's saft wiles I'd daut her;
An' deem mysel' as happy syne,
As landit laird on Coquet water.

"Let wealthy rakes for pleasure roam,
In foreign lands their fortune fritter;
But love's pure joys be mine at home,
Wi' my dear lass on Coquet water.

"Gi'e fine folks wealth, yet what care I,
Gi'e me her smiles whom I lo'e better;
Blest wi' her love an' life's calm joy,
Tending my flocks by Coquet water.

"Flow fair an' clear, thou bonnie stream,
For on thy banks aft hae I met her;
Fair may the bonnie wild flowers gleam,
That busk the banks of Coquet water.

THE FIDDLER'S WIDOW.

THERE was a musician wha play'd a good stick
He had a sweet wife and a fiddle,
An' in his profession he had right good luck
At bridals his elbow to diddle.

But ah! the poor fiddler soon chanced to dee,
As a' men to dust must return;
An' the poor widow cried, wi' the tear in her ee,
That as lang as she lived she wad mourn.

Alane by the hearth she disconsolate sat,
Lamenting the day that she saw,
An' aye as she look'd on the fiddle she grat,
That silent now hung on the wa'.

Fair shane the red rose on the young widow's cheek,
Sae newly weel washen wi' tears,
As in came a younker some comfort to speak,
Wha whisper'd fond love in her ears.

"Dear lassie," he cried, "I am smit wi' your charms,
Consent but to marry me now,
I'm as good as ever laid hair upon thairms,
An' I'll cheer baith the fiddle an' you."

The young widow blush'd, but sweet smiling she said,
"Dear sir, to dissemble I hate,
If we twa thegether are doom'd to be wed,
Folks needna contend against fate."

He took down the fiddle as dowie it hung,
An' put a' the thairms in tune,
The young widow dighted her cheeks an' she sung,
For her heart lap her sorrows aboon.

Now sound sleep the dead in his cauld bed o' clay,
For death still the dearest maun sever;
For now he's forgot, an' his widow's fu' gay,
An his fiddle's as merry as ever.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF AN IRISH CHIEF.

He's no more on the green hill, he has left the wide forest,
Whom, sad by the lone rill, thou, loved dame, deplorest:
We saw in his dim eye the beam of life quiver,
Its bright orb to light again no more for ever.

Loud twang'd thy bow, mighty youth, in the foray,
Dread gleam'd thy brand in the proud field of glory;
And when heroes sat round in the Psalter of Tara,
His counsel was sage as was fatal his arrow.

When in war's loud commotion the hostile Dane landed,
Or seen on the ocean with white sail expanded,
Like thee, swoll'n stream, down our steep vale that roarest,
Fierce was the chieftain that harass'd them sorest.

Proud stem of our ancient line, nipt while in budding,
Like sweet flowers' too early gem spring-fields bestuding,
Our noble pine's fall'n, that wav'd on our mountain,—
Our mighty rock dash'd from the brink of our fountain.

Our lady is lonely, our halls are deserted—
The mighty is fallen, our hope is departed—
Loud wail for the fate from our clan that did sever,
Whom we shall behold again no more for ever.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott, the most chivalrous of Scottish poets, and the most illustrious of British novelists, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August 1771.* His father, Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, was descended from a younger branch of the baronial house of the Scotts of Harden, of which Lord Polwarth is the present representative. On his mother's side, his progenitors were likewise highly respectable: his maternal grandfather, Dr John Rutherford, was Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, and his mother's brother, Dr Daniel Rutherford, an eminent chemist, afterwards occupied the chair of Botany. His mother was a person of a vigorous and cultivated mind. Of a family of twelve children, born to his parents, six of whom survived infancy, Walter only evinced the possession of genius. He was born a healthy child, but soon after became exposed to serious peril by being some time tended by a consumptive nurse. When scarcely two years old, he was seized with an illness which deprived him of the proper use of

* A search in all the Registers of Births and Baptisms at Edinburgh has not revealed any record of the birth or baptism of the great minstrel.

his right limb, a loss which continued during his life. With the view of retrieving his strength, he was sent to reside with his paternal grandfather, Robert Scott, who rented the farm of Sandyknowe, in the vicinity of Smailholm Tower, Roxburghshire. Shortly after his arrival at Sandyknowe, he narrowly escaped destruction through the frantic desperation of a maniac attendant; but he had afterwards to congratulate himself on being enabled to form an early acquaintance with rural scenes. No advantage accruing to his lameness, he was, in his fourth year, removed to Bath, where he remained twelve months, but without experiencing any benefit from the mineral waters. During the three following years, he chiefly resided at Sandyknowe. In his eighth year he returned to Edinburgh, with his mind largely stored with border legends, derived from the recitations of his grandmother, a person of romantic inclinations and sprightly intelligence. At this period, Pope's translation of Homer, and the more amusing songs in Ramsay's "Evergreen," were his favourite studies; and he took delight in reading aloud, with suitable emphasis, the more striking passages to his mother. In 1779 he was sent to the High School, where he possessed the advantage of instruction under Mr Luke Fraser, an able scholar, and Dr Adam, the erudite rector. His progress in scholarship was not equal to his talents: he was a devotee to romance, and experienced greater gratification in retiring with a friend to the country, there to relate or listen to the fictitious tale, than in giving his principal attention to the tasks of the schoolroom. As he became older, his love of miscellaneous literature, especially of the works of the masters of fiction, amounted to a passion; and as his memory was singularly tenacious, he accumulated a great variety of curious information.

On the completion of his attendance at the High School, he was sent to reside with some relations at Kelso; and in this interesting locality his growing attachment to legendary lore received a fresh impulse. On his return to Edinburgh, he entered the University, in which he matriculated as a student of Latin and Greek, in October 1783. His progress was not more marked than it had been at the High School; and Mr Dalziel, the Professor of Greek, hesitated not to speak of his hopeless incapacity. The Professor survived to make ample compensation for the rashness of his prediction.

The juvenile inclinations of the future poet were directed to a military life; but his lameness interposed an insuperable difficulty. He was at length induced to adopt a profession suitable to his physical capabilities, entering into indentures with his father in his fourteenth year. To his confinement at the desk, sufficiently irksome to a youth of his aspirations, he was reconciled by the consideration that his fees as a clerk enabled him to purchase books.

Rapid growth in a constitution which continued delicate till he had attained his fifteenth year, led to his bursting a blood-vessel in the second year of his apprenticeship. While precluded from active duty, being closely confined to bed, and not allowed to exert himself by speaking, he was yet allowed to read—a privilege which accelerated his acquaintance with general literature. To complete his recovery, he was recommended exercise on horseback; and in obeying the instructions of his physician, he gratified his own peculiar tastes by making himself familiar with localities famous in story. On the restoration of his health, he at length seriously engaged in the study of law. After the requisite examinations, he passed as an advocate on the 10th of July 1792. In his twelfth year, he had composed some verses for his preceptor, Dr Adam; but he seems not to have extensively indulged, in early life, in the composition of poetry, while his juvenile productions in prose were stiff and formal. On being called to the bar, he at first refrained from claiming the honours of authorship, lest his brethren or the public should suppose that his

habits were unsuitable to a due attention to professional duties. He was relieved of entire dependence on his profession by espousing, in December 1797, Miss Carpenter, a young French gentlewoman, possessed of a considerable annuity, whose acquaintance he had formed at Gilsland Spa, in Cumberland. In 1800 he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300 a-year. While in his father's office, he had studied French and Italian, and made himself familiar with the writings of Tasso and Ariosto. Some years after, he was induced to acquaint himself with the ballad poetry of Germany, then in vogue, through the translations of Mr Lewis, whose friendship he had acquired. In 1796 he made his first adventure as an author by publishing translations of "Lenoré," and "The Wild Huntsman," of Bürger. The attempt proved unsuccessful; but, undismayed, he again essayed his skill in translation by publishing, in 1799, an English version of Goëthe's "Goetz of Berlichingen." His success as an author was, however, destined to rest on original performances, illustrative of the chivalry of his own land.

Towards the recovery and publication of the ancient ballads and songs of the Scottish Borders, preserved by the recitations of the peasantry, Scott had early formed important intentions. The independence of his circumstances now enabled him to execute his long-cherished scheme. He made periodical excursions into Liddesdale, anciently peopled by the noted Elliots and Armstrongs, in quest of old ballads and traditions; and the fruits of his research, along with much curious information, he gave to the world, in 1802, in two volumes octavo, under the title of "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." He added in the following year a third volume, consisting of imitations of ancient ballads, composed by himself and others. These volumes were issued from the printing-press of his early friend and school-fellow, Mr James Ballantyne of Kelso, who had already begun to indicate that skill in typography for which he was afterwards celebrated. In 1804 he published, from the Auchinleck Manuscript in the Advocates' Library, the ancient metrical tale of "Sir Tristrem;" and, in an elaborate introduction, he endeavoured to prove that it was the composition of Thomas of Ercildoune, better known as Thomas the Rhymer. He published, in 1805, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," an original ballad poem, which, speedily attaining a wide circulation, procured for him an extensive reputation, and the substantial reward of £600.

The prosperity of the poet rose with his fame. In the year following that which produced the "Lay," he received his appointment as a principal clerk of the Court of Session, an office which afterwards brought him £1200 a-year. To literary occupation he now resolved to dedicate his intervals of leisure. In 1808 he produced "Marmion," his second great poem, which brought him £1000 from the publisher, and at once established his reputation. During the same year he completed the heavy task of editing the works of Dryden, in eighteen volumes. In 1809 he edited the State papers and letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, and became a contributor to the "Edinburgh Annual Register," conducted by Southey. "The Lady of the Lake," the most happily-conceived and popular of his poetical works, appeared in 1810; "Don Roderick," in 1811; "Rokeby," in 1813; and "The Lord of the Isles," in 1814. "Harold the Dauntless" and "The Bridal of Triermain" appeared subsequently, without the author's name.

As a poet, Scott had now attained a celebrity unrivalled among his contemporaries; and it was in the apprehension of compromising his reputation that, in attempting a new species of composition, he was extremely anxious to conceal the name of the author. The novel of "Waverley," which appeared in 1814, did not suffer from its being anonymous; for, although the sale was somewhat heavy at first, the work soon afterwards reached the extraordinary circulation of twelve

thousand copies. Contrary to reasonable expectation, however, the author of "Waverley" did not avow himself, and, numerous as was the catalogue of prose fictions which during a series of years proceeded from his pen, he continued as desirous of retaining his secret as were his female contemporaries, Lady Nairne and Lady Anne Barnard, to cast a veil over their poetical character. The rapidity with which the "Great Unknown" produced works of fiction, was one of the marvels of the age; and many attempts were made to withdraw the curtain which concealed the mysterious author. Successive years produced at least one, and often two, novels of a class infinitely superior to the romances of the past age, all having reference to the manners and habits of the most interesting and chivalrous periods of Scottish or British history, which, in these works, were depicted with a power and vivacity unattained by the more graphic historians. Subsequently to the publication of "Guy Mannering" and "The Antiquary," in 1815 and 1816, and as an expedient to sustain the public interest, Scott commenced a new series of novels, under the title of "Tales of my Landlord," these being professedly written by a different author; but this resort was abandoned as altogether unnecessary for the contemplated object. Each successive romance by the author of "Waverley" awakened renewed ardour and enthusiasm, and commanded a circulation commensurate with the bounds in which the language was understood. In the year 1814 he published an edition of the works of Swift, in nineteen volumes octavo.

For some years after his marriage, Scott occupied a cottage at Lasswade, near Edinburgh; but in 1804 he removed to Ashestiel, an old mansion, beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed, seven miles above Selkirk, where, for several years, he continued to reside during the vacation of the Court. The ruling desire of his life was, that by the proceeds of his intellectual labour he might acquire an ample demesne, and thus realise in his own person, and in those of his representatives, somewhat of the territorial importance of those old barons, whose wassails and feuds he had experienced delight in celebrating. To attain such distinction, he was prepared to incur many sacrifices; nor was this desire exceeded by regard for literary reputation. In 1811 he purchased, on the south bank of the Tweed, near Melrose, the first portion of that estate which, under the name of Abbotsford, has become indelibly associated with his history. The soil was then a barren waste, but by extensive improvements the place speedily assumed the aspect of amenity and beauty. The mansion, a curious amalgamation of every species of architecture, was partly built in 1811, and gradually extended with the increasing emoluments of the owner. By successive purchases of adjacent lands, the Abbotsford property became augmented, till the rental amounted to about £700 a-year—a return sufficiently limited for an expenditure of upwards of £50,000.

At Abbotsford the poet maintained the character of a wealthy country gentleman. He was visited by distinguished persons from the sister kingdom, from the Continent, and from America, all of whom he entertained in a style of sumptuous elegance. Nor did his constant social intercourse with his visitors and friends interfere with the regular prosecution of his literary labours: he rose at six, and engaged in study and composition till eleven o'clock. During the period of his residence in the country, he devoted the remainder of the day to his favourite exercise on horseback, the superintendence of improvements on his property, and the entertainment of his guests. In March 1820, George IV., to whom he was personally known, and who was a warm admirer of his genius, granted him the honour of a baronetcy, being the first conferred by his Majesty after his accession. Prior to this period, besides the works already enumerated, he had given to the world his romances of "The Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of

Lammermoor," "A Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe." The attainment of the baronetcy appears to have stimulated him to still greater exertion. In 1820 he produced, besides "Ivanhoe," which appeared in the early part of that year, "The Monastery" and "The Abbot;" and in the beginning of 1821, the romance of "Kenilworth," being twelve volumes published within the same number of months. "The Pirate" and "The Fortunes of Nigel" appeared in 1822; "Peveril of the Peak" and "Quentin Durward," in 1823; "St Ronan's Well" and "Redgauntlet," in 1824; and "The Tales of the Crusaders," in 1825.

During the visit of George IV. to Scotland, in 1822, Sir Walter undertook the congenial duty of acting as Master of Ceremonies, which he did to the entire satisfaction of his sovereign and of the nation. But while prosperity seemed to smile with increasing brilliancy, adversity was hovering near. In 1826, Archibald Constable & Company, the publishers of his works, became insolvent, involving in their bankruptcy the printing firm of the Messrs Ballantyne, of which Sir Walter was a partner. The liabilities amounted to the sum of £102,000, for which Sir Walter was individually responsible. To a mind less balanced by native intrepidity, the apparent wreck of his worldly hopes would have produced irretrievable despondency; but Scott bore his misfortune with a magnanimous resignation. He had been largely indebted to both the establishments which had unfortunately involved him in their fall, and he felt bound in honour, as well as by legal obligation, fully to discharge the debt. He declined an offer of the creditors to be satisfied with a composition; and claiming only to be allowed time, applied himself with energy to his arduous undertaking, in the full determination, if his life was spared, of cancelling his obligations. At the crisis of his embarrassments he was engaged in the composition of "Woodstock," which shortly afterwards appeared. The "Life of Napoleon," which had for a considerable time occupied his attention, was published in 1827, in nine vols. octavo. In the course of its preparation, he had visited both London and Paris in search of materials. In the same year he produced "Chronicles of the Canongate," *first series;* and in the year following, the second series of those charming tales, and the first portion of his juvenile history of Scotland, under the title of "Tales of a Grandfather." A second portion of these tales appeared in 1829, and the third and concluding series in 1830, when he also contributed a graver History of Scotland in two volumes to "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia." In 1829 likewise appeared "Anne of Geierstein," a romance, and in 1830 the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft." In 1831 he produced a series of "Tales on French History," uniform with the "Tales of a Grandfather," and his novels, "Count Robert of Paris," and "Castle Dangerous," as a fourth series of "Tales of My Landlord." Other productions of inferior mark appeared from his pen: he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, during the first year of its career; wrote the articles "Chivalry," "Romance," and "Drama," for the sixth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" and during his latter years contributed somewhat copiously to the *Quarterly Review*.

At a public dinner in Edinburgh, for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, on the 23d of February 1827, Sir Walter made his first avowal as to the authorship of the Waverley Novels—an announcement which scarcely took the public by surprise. The physical energies of the illustrious author were now suffering a rapid decline; and in his increasing infirmities, and liability to sudden and severe attacks of pain, and even of unconsciousness, it became evident to his friends, that, in the praiseworthy effort to pay his debts, he was sacrificing his health and shortening his life. Those apprehensions proved not without foundation. In the autumn of 1831, his health became so lamentably broken, that his medical advisers recommended a residence in Italy, and entire cessation from mental labour, as the only means of invigorating a

constitution so seriously dilapidated. But the counsel came too late; the patient proceeded to Naples, and afterwards to Rome, but experiencing no benefit from the change, he was rapidly conveyed homewards in the following summer, in obedience to his express wish, that he might have the satisfaction of closing his eyes at Abbotsford. The wish was gratified: he arrived at Abbotsford on the 11th of July 1832, and survived till the 21st of the ensuing September. According to his own request, his remains were interred in an aisle in Dryburgh Abbey, which had belonged to one of his ancestors, and had been granted to him by the late Earl of Buchan. A heavy block of marble rests upon the grave, in juxtaposition with another which has been laid on that of his affectionate partner in life, who died in May 1826.

In stature, Sir Walter Scott was above six feet; but his personal appearance, which had otherwise been commanding, was marred by the lameness of his right limb, which caused him to walk awkwardly, and ultimately with difficulty. His countenance, so correctly represented in his numerous portraits and busts, was remarkable for depth of forehead; his features were somewhat heavy, and his eyes, covered with thick eyelashes, were dull, unless animated by congenial conversation. He was of a fair complexion; and his hair, originally sandy, became grey from a severe illness which he suffered in his forty-eighth year. His conversation consisted in the detail of chivalric adventures, and anecdotes of the old times. His memory was so retentive that whatever he had read maintained a place in his recollection. In fertility of imagination he surpassed all his contemporaries. As a poet, if he has not the graceful elegance of Campbell, and the fervid energy of Byron, he excels the latter in purity of sentiment, and the former in vigour of conception. His style was well adapted for the composition of lyric poetry; but as he had no ear for music, his song compositions are not numerous. Several of these, however, have been set to music, and maintain their popularity. But Scott's reputation as a poet, is inferior to his reputation as a novelist; and while even his best poems may cease to be generally read, the author of the Waverley Novels will only be forgotten with the disuse of the language. A cabinet edition of these novels, with the author's last notes, and illustrated with elegant engravings, appeared in forty-eight volumes a short period before his decease; several other complete editions have since been published by the late Mr Robert Cadell, and by the Messrs Black of Edinburgh.

As a man of amiable dispositions and incorruptible integrity, Sir Walter Scott shone conspicuous among his contemporaries, the latter quality being eminently exhibited in his resolution to pay the whole of his pecuniary liabilities. To this effort he fell a martyr; yet it was a source of consolation to his survivors that, by his extraordinary exertions, the policy of life insurance payable at his death, and the sum of £30,000 paid by Mr Cadell for the copyright of his works, the whole amount of the debt was discharged. It is however painfully to be remarked, that the object of his ambition, in raising a family, has not been realised. His children, consisting of two sons and two daughters, all died young. His eldest daughter, Sophia, married to Mr John Gibson Lockhart, gave birth to several children, all of whom are dead. Her only daughter married James Hope, Esq., Q.C., who added to his patronymic the name of Scott, and made Abbotsford his summer residence. Mrs Hope Scott died at Edinburgh on the 26th October 1858, leaving three children. Only one child, a daughter, Mary Monica, survives, the sole living descendant of the author of "Waverley."

The memory of Sir Walter Scott has received every honour from his countrymen: monuments have been raised to him in the principal towns—that in the capital, a magnificent Gothic cross, being one of the most graceful objects in his native city. Abbotsford has become the resort of every traveller who contemplates with interest a scene hallowed by genius.

IT WAS AN ENGLISH LADYE BRIGHT.*

It was an English ladye bright
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blythely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

That wine she had not tasted well
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
When dead in her true love's arms she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall:
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.†

Air—"*A Border Melody.*"

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale.
His step is first in peacefu' ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

LOCHINVAR.*

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—

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* This song appears in the sixth canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." "It is the author's object in these songs," writes Lord Jeffrey, "to exemplify the different styles of ballad-narrative which prevailed in this island at different periods, or in different conditions of society. The first (the above) is conducted upon the rude and simple model of the old Border ditties, and produces its effect by the direct and concise narrative of a tragical occurrence."

† The first stanza of the ballad is ancient. The others were written for Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology."

* This song occurs in the fifth canto of "Marmion." It is founded on a ballad entitled "Katharine Janfarie," in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better, by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.*

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow;
Where early violets die
Under the willow.
Eleu loro, etc.
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever;
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!
Eleu loro, etc.
Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.
Eleu loro, etc.
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!
Eleu loro, etc.
Never, O never!

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER.*

SOLDIER rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting-fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow;
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.

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* From the third canto of "Marmion."

* The song of Lady Margaret in the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake."

Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN TRIUMPH ADVANCES!*

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade;
Moor'd in the rifted rock
Proof to the tempest shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side,
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-Glen
Shake when they hear agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine!
O, that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepmost glen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

* The "boat song" in the second canto of "The Lady of the Lake." It may be sung to the air of "The Banks of the Devon."

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.*

AIR—"*Piobair of Donuil Dhuidh.*"

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Innerlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather;
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE MY BED.†

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary!

To-morrow-eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

* Was written for Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology," 1816.

† Song of Norman in "The Lady of the Lake," canto third.

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blythely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
To my young bride and me, Mary!

THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.*

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall;
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing:
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blythesome welcome blythely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee—
That life is lost to love and me!

HE IS GONE ON THE MOUNTAIN.†

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font re-appearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow;
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID.*

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you knew, my love!
No more of me ye knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore, my love!
And adieu for evermore."

ALLEN-A-DALE.†

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning;
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

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* "The Lady of the Lake," canto sixth.
† "The Lady of the Lake," canto third.

* "Rokeby," canto third. † *Ibid.*

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother she asked of his household and home;
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles," said Allen-a-dale.

The father was steel and the mother was stone,
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry,
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonnie black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.*

O, lady twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The mayflower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew.
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green;
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Strike the wild harp while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves,
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing-bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree!

Yes, twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past
And I have look'd and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree!

* "Rokeby," canto fifth.

THE CAVALIER.*

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and grey,
My true love has mounted his steed and away,
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down;—
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the crown!

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breastplate to bear,
He has placed the steel cap o'er his long flowing hair,
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down—
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the crown!

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws,
Her king is his leader, her church is his cause,
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—
God strike with the gallant that strikes for the crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,
That the spears of the north have encircled the crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes;
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose!
Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown,
With the barons of England that fight for the crown?

Now joy to the crest of the brave cavalier,
Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown,
In a pledge to fair England, her church, and her crown!

HUNTING SONG.†

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!

* "Rokeby," canto fifth.

† First published in the continuation of Strutt's Queenhoohall, 1808, inserted in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, of the same year, and set to a Welsh air in Thomson's "Select Melodies," vol. iii., 1817.

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they—
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay!"
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

OH, SAY NOT, MY LOVE, WITH THAT MORTIFIED AIR.

Oh, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring-time of pleasure is flown;
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd;
'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine,
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstacy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

JAMES HOGG.

The last echoes of the Border Minstrelsy were dying from the memory of the aged, and the spirit which awakened the strains seemed to have sighed an eternal farewell, when, arousing from a long slumber, it threw the mantle of inspiration, at the close of the last century, over several sons of song, worthy to bear the lyre of their minstrel sires. Of these, the most remarkable was James Hogg, commonly designated "The Ettrick Shepherd." This distinguished individual was born in the bosom of the romantic vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire, one of the most picturesque districts of Scotland. The poet's paternal ancestors possessed the lands of Fauldshope in Ettrick Forest, and were followers of the Knights of Harden. For several generations they followed the simple occupation of shepherds. On the mother's side, the poet was descended from the respectable family of Laidlaw—one of the oldest in Tweeddale, and of which the representatives bore the reputation of excelling either in intellectual vigour or physical energy; they generally devoted themselves to the pastoral life. Robert Hogg, the poet's father, was a person of very ordinary sagacity, presenting in this respect a decided contrast to his wife, Margaret Laidlaw, a woman of superior energy and cultivated mind. Their family consisted of four sons, of whom the second was James, the subject of this Memoir. The precise date of his birth is unknown: he was baptized, according to the Baptismal Register of Ettrick, his native parish, on the 9th of December 1770.*

At the period of his marriage, Robert Hogg was in circumstances of affluence. He had saved money as a shepherd, and, taking on lease the two adjoining pastoral

* The Shepherd entertained the belief that he was born on the 25th of January 1772.

farms of Ettrick-hall and Ettrick-house, he stocked them with sheep adapted both for the Scottish and English markets. During several years he continued to prosper; but a sudden depression in the market exhausted his finances, and involved him in bankruptcy. The future poet was then in his sixth year. In this destitute condition, the family experienced the friendship and assistance of Mr Brydon, tenant of the neighbouring farm of Crosslee, who, leasing Ettrick-house, employed Robert Hogg as his shepherd. But the circumstances of the family were much straitened by recent reverses; and the second son, young as he was, and though he had only been three months at school, was engaged as a cow-herd, his wages for six months being a ewe-lamb and a pair of shoes. Three months' further attendance at school, on the expiry of his engagement, completed the future bard's scholastic instructions. It was his lot, with the exception of these six months' schooling, to receive his education among the solitudes of Nature. First as a cow-herd, and subsequently through the various gradations of shepherd-life, his days, till advanced manhood, were passed upon the hills. And such hills! The mountains of Ettrick and Yarrow are impressed with every feature of Highland scenery, in its wildest and most striking aspects. There are stern summits, enveloped in cloud, and stretching heavenwards; huge broad crests torn by fissures and broken by the storms; deep ravines, jagged, precipitate, and darksome; and valleys reposing amidst the sublimity of an awful solitude. There are dark mountains around the Grey-Mare's-Tail, echoing to the roar of its stupendous cataract; and green hills, and inaccessible heights, surrounding and towering over St Mary's Loch, and the Loch of the Lowes. To the sublimity of that vast academy, in which he had learned to invoke the Muse, the poet has referred in the "Queen's Wake:"—

> "The bard on Ettrick's mountain green,
> In Nature's bosom nursed had been;
> And oft had mark'd in forest lone
> The beauties on her mountain throne;
> Had seen her deck the wildwood tree,
> And star with snowy gems the lea;
> In loveliest colours paint the plain,
> And sow the moor with purple grain;
> By golden mead and mountain sheer,
> Had view'd the Ettrick waving clear,
> When shadowy flocks of purest snow
> Seem'd grazing in a world below."

Glorious as was his academy, the genius of the poet was not precocious. Forgetting everything he had learned at school, he spent his intervals of toil in desultory amusements, or in pursuing his own shadow upon the hills. As he grew older, he discovered the possession of a musical ear; and saving five shillings of his earnings, he purchased an old violin, upon which he began to play his favourite tunes. He had now attained his fourteenth year, and in the constant hope of improving his circumstances, had served twelve masters.

The life of a cow-herd affords limited opportunities for mental improvement. And the early servitude of the Ettrick Shepherd was spent in excessive toil, which his propensities to fun and frolic served just to render tolerable. When he reached the respectable and comparatively easy position of a shepherd, he began to think of teaching himself to read. From Mrs Laidlaw, wife of the farmer at Willinslee, he was privileged with the loan of two works, of which the reputation had been familiar to him from childhood. These were Henry the Minstrel's "Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace," and the "Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay. On these the future poet learned to read, in his eighteenth year. He afterwards read a number of theological works; and among others of a speculative cast, "Burnet's Theory of the

Conflagration of the Earth," the perusal of which, he has written, "nearly overturned his brain."

At Whitsunday 1790, in his twentieth year, Hogg entered the service, as shepherd, of Mr James Laidlaw, tenant of Blackhouse, a farm situate on the Douglas-burn in Yarrow. This proved the most fortunate step he had yet taken. Mr Laidlaw was a man of superior culture: he perceived his shepherd's aptitude for learning, and gave him the use of his library. But the poet's connection with Blackhouse was especially valuable in enabling him to form the intimacy of Mr William Laidlaw, his master's son, the future factor and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott. Though ten years his junior, and consequently a mere youth at the period of his coming to Blackhouse, young Laidlaw began to sympathise with the Shepherd's predilections, and afterwards devoted a large portion of time to his society. The friendship which ensued proved useful to both. A MS. narrative of the poet's life by this unfailing friend, which has been made available in the preparation of this Memoir, enables us to supply an authentic account of this portion of his career. "He was not long," writes Mr Laidlaw, "in going through all the books belonging to my father; and learning from me that Mr Elder, bookseller, Peebles, had a large collection of books which he used as a circulating library, he forthwith became a subscriber, and by that means read Smollett and Fielding's novels, and those voyages and travels which were published at the time, including those of Cook, Carteret, and others."

The literary progress of the Shepherd was singularly tardy. He was familiar with the more esteemed writers in English literature ere he attempted penmanship. He acquired the art upon the hill-side by copying the Italian alphabet, using his knees as his desk, and having his ink-bottle suspended from his button. In his twenty-sixth year he first essayed to write verses—an effort attended, in the manual department, with much difficulty, for he stripped himself of his coat and vest to the undertaking, yet could record only a few lines at a sitting! But he was satisfied with the fame derived from his verses, as compensation for the toil of their production. He wrote for the amusement of the shepherd maidens, who sung them to their favourite tunes, and bestowed on him the prized designation of "Jamie the Poeter." At the gatherings of lads and lasses in the different homesteads, he never failed to present himself, and had golden opportunities of winning the chaplet of applause, both for the strains of his minstrelsy, and the music of his violin. These *réunions* were not without their influence in stimulating him to more ambitious efforts.

The Shepherd's popularity while tending the flocks of Mr Laidlaw at Blackhouse, was not wholly derived from his skill as a versifier, and capabilities as a musician: among the fairer portion of the creation he was held in esteem alike for his amiable qualities and the handsomeness of his person. As a candidate for the honour of feminine approbation, he was successful alike in the hall and on the green: the rumour of his approach at any rural assemblage was the watchword for increased mirth and happiness. His personal appearance at this early period is thus described by Mr William Laidlaw: "About nineteen years of age, Hogg was rather above the middle height, of faultless symmetry of form; he was of almost unequalled agility and swiftness. His face was then round and full, and of a ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes that beamed with gaiety, glee, and good-humour. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light-brown hair, which he was obliged to wear coiled up under his hat. On entering church on a Sunday he used, on lifting his hat, to raise his right hand to assist a graceful shake of his head in laying back his long hair, which rolled down his back. And every female eye was upon him, as, with light step, he ascended the stair to the gallery where he sat."

As the committing of his thoughts to paper became a less irksome occupation,

Hogg began, with commendable prudence, to attempt composition in prose; and in evidence of his success, he had the satisfaction to find short essays which he sent to the *Scots Magazine* regularly inserted in that periodical. Poetry was cultivated at the same time with unabated ardour, though the bard did not yet venture to expose his verses beyond the friendly circle of his associates in Ettrick Forest. Of these, the most judicious was young Laidlaw; who, predicting his success, urged him to greater carefulness in composition. There was another stimulus to his improvement. Along with several shepherds in the forest, who were of studious inclinations, he formed a literary society, which proposed subjects for competition in verse, and adjudged encomiums of approbation to the successful competitors. Two spirited members of this literary conclave were Alexander Laidlaw, a shepherd, and afterwards tenant of Bowerhope, on the border of St Mary's Lake, and the poet's elder brother, William, a man of superior talent. Both subsequently acquired distinction as intelligent contributors to the agricultural journals. For some years, William Hogg had rented the sheep-farm of Ettrick House, and afforded shelter to his aged parents. In the year 1800, he resigned his lease to the poet, having taken another farm on the occasion of his marriage. James now established himself, along with his parents, at Ettrick House, the place of his nativity, after a period of ten years' connection with Mr Laidlaw of Blackhouse, whose conduct towards him, to use his own words, had proved "much more like that of a father than a master." It was during the course of a visit to Edinburgh in the same year, that an accidental circumstance gave a wider range to his poetical reputation. Spending an evening with a party of friends in the Crown Tavern, he was solicited for a song. He sung the last which he had composed: it was "Donald Macdonald." The reception was a roar of applause, and one of the party offered to get it set to music and published. The song was issued anonymously from the music establishment of Mr John Hamilton of Edinburgh. Within a few months it was sung in every district of the kingdom; and, at a period when the apprehended invasion of Napoleon filled the hearts of the nation with anxiety, it was hailed as an admirable stimulus to patriotism. In the preparation of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," Scott had been largely indebted to the intelligent peasantry of the south. He was now engaged in making collections for his third volume, and had resolved to examine the pastoral inhabitants of Ettrick and Yarrow. Procuring a note of introduction from his friend Leyden to young Laidlaw, Scott arrived at Blackhouse during the summer of 1801, and in his native home formed the acquaintance of his future steward. To his visitor, Laidlaw commended Hogg as the best qualified in the Forest to assist him in his researches; and Scott, who forthwith accompanied Laidlaw to Ettrick House, was more than gratified by an interview with the shepherd-bard. "He found," writes his biographer, "a brother poet, a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his powers. . . . . As yet, his naturally kind and simple character had not been exposed to any of the dangerous flatteries of the world: his heart was pure; his enthusiasm buoyant as that of a happy child; and well as Scott knew that reflection, sagacity, wit, and wisdom, were scattered abundantly among the humblest rangers of these pastoral solitudes, there was here a depth and a brightness that filled him with wonder, combined with a quaintness of humour, and a thousand little touches of absurdity, which afforded him more entertainment, as I have often heard him say, than the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar." Scott remained several days in the Forest, daily accompanied in his excursions by Hogg and Laidlaw, both of whom rapidly warmed in his regard. From the recitation of the Shepherd's mother, he obtained important and interesting accessions to his Minstrelsy.

With the exception of the song of "Donald Macdonald," Hogg had not yet pub-

lished verses. His *début* as an author was sufficiently unpropitious. Shortly after Scott's visit, he had been attending the Monday sheep-market in Edinburgh, and being unable to dispose of his entire stock, was necessitated to remain in the city till the following Wednesday. Having no acquaintances, he resolved to employ the interval in writing from recollection several of his poems for the press. Before his departure, he gave the pieces to a printer; and shortly after, he received intimation that a thousand copies were ready for delivery. On comparing the printed sheets with his MSS. at Ettrick, he had the mortification to discover that many of the stanzas were omitted, that others were misplaced, and that typographical errors abounded in every page. The little *brochure*, imperfect as it was, sold rapidly in the district; for the Shepherd had now a considerable circle of admirers, and those who had ridiculed his verse-making kept silent since Scott's visit to him. A copy of the pamphlet is preserved in the Advocates' Library: it consists of sixty-two pages octavo, and is entitled "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs, &c., mostly written in the Dialect of the South, by James Hogg. Edinburgh: Printed by John Taylor, Grass-market, 1801. Price One Shilling." One of the longer ballads, "Willie and Keatie," supposed to be a narrative of one of his early amours, obtained a temporary popularity, and was copied into the periodicals. It is described by Allan Cunningham as a "plain, rough-spun pastoral, with some fine touches in it, to mark that better was coming."

The domestic circumstances of the Shepherd were meanwhile not prosperous: he was compelled to abandon the farm of Ettrick House, which had been especially valuable to him, as affording a comfortable home to his venerated parents. In the hope of procuring a situation as an overseer of some extensive sheep-farm, he made several excursions into the northern Highlands, waiting upon many influential persons, to whom he had letters of recommendation. These journeys were advantageous in rendering him acquainted with many interesting scenes, and in storing his mind with images drawn from the sublimities of nature, but were of no account as concerned the object for which they were undertaken. Without procuring employment, he returned, with reduced finances, to Ettrick Forest. He published a narrative of his travels in the *Scots Magazine;* and composed two essays on the rearing and management of sheep, for the Highland Society, which were acknowledged with premiums. Frustrated in an attempt to procure a farm from the Duke of Buccleuch, he was led to indulge in the scheme of settling in the island of Harris. It was in the expectation of being speedily separated from the loved haunts of his youth, that he composed his "Farewell to Ettrick," one of the most pathetic ballads in the language. The Harris enterprise was not carried out; and the poet, "to avoid a great many disagreeable questions and explanations," went for several months to England. Fortune still frowned, and the ambitious but unsuccessful son of genius had to return to his former subordinate occupation as a shepherd. He entered the employment of Mr Harkness of Mitchel-Slack, in Nithsdale.

Dissatisfied with the imitations of ancient ballads in the third volume of "The Border Minstrelsy," Hogg proceeded to embody some curious traditions in this kind of composition. He transmitted specimens to Scott, who warmly commended them, and suggested their publication. The result appeared in the "Mountain Bard," a collection of poems and ballads, which he published in 1803, prefixed with an account of his life. From the profits of this volume, with the sum of eighty-six pounds paid him by Constable for the copyright of his two treatises on sheep, he became master of three hundred pounds. With this somewhat startling acquisition, visions of prosperity arose in his ardent and enthusiastic mind. He hastily took in lease the pastoral farm of Corfardin, in the Parish of Tynron, Dumfriesshire, to which he afterwards added

the lease of another large farm in the same neighbourhood. But misfortune still pursued him: he rented one of the farms at a sum exceeding its value, and his capital was much too limited for stocking the other, while a disastrous murrain decimated his flock. Within the space of three years, he was again a penniless adventurer. Removing from the farm-homestead of Corfardin, he accepted the generous invitation of his hospitable neighbour, Mr James Macturk of Stenhouse, to reside in his house till some suitable employment might occur. At Stenhouse he remained three months; and he subsequently acknowledged the generosity of his friend, by honourably celebrating him in the "Queen's Wake." Writing to Mr Macturk, in 1814, he remarks, in reference to his farming at Corfardin: "It pleased God to take away all my ewes and my lambs, and my long-horned cow, and my spotted bull; for if they had lived, and if I had kept the farm of Corfardin, I had been a lost man to the world, and mankind should never have known the half that was in me. Indeed, I can never see the design of Providence in taking me to your district at all, if it was not to breed my acquaintance with you and yours, which I hope will be one source of happiness to me as long as I live. Perhaps the very circumstance of being initiated into the mysteries of your character,* is of itself a sufficient compensation for all that I suffered in your country."

Disappointed in obtaining an ensigncy in a militia regiment, and frustrated in every other attempt to repair his circumstances, he returned to Ettrick, once more to seek employment as a shepherd. But if friendship had somewhat failed him on his proving unsuccessful at Ettrick House, his *prestige* was now completely gone: old friends received him coldly, and former employers declined his services. He found that, till he should redeem his reputation for business and good management, there was no home for him in Ettrick Forest. Hogg was not a man who would tamely surrender to the pressure of misfortune: amidst his losses he could claim the strictest honesty of intention, and he was not unconscious of his powers. With his plaid upon his shoulder, he reached Edinburgh in the month of February 1810, to begin, in his fortieth year, the career of a man of letters. The scheme was most adventurous, but the die was cast: he was in the position of the man on the tread-wheel, and felt that he must write or perish.

It affords no matter of surprise that the Shepherd was received coldly by the booksellers, and that his offers of contributing to their periodicals were respectfully declined. His volume, "The Mountain Bard," had been forgotten; and though his literary fitness had been undisputed, his want of success in life conveyed a doubt as to his general steadiness. Mr Constable, his former publisher, proved the most friendly: he consented to publish a collection of songs and ballads, which he had prepared, two-thirds being his own composition, and the remainder that of his ingenious friends. This publication, known as "The Forest Minstrel," had a slow sale, and conferred no benefit on the author. What the booksellers would not do for him, Hogg resolved to do for himself: he originated a periodical, which he designated *The Spy*, acting as his own publisher. The first number of this publication—a quarto weekly sheet, price fourpence—was issued on the first of September 1810. With varied popularity, this paper existed during the space of a year; and owing to the perseverance of the conductor, might have subsisted a longer period, but for a certain ruggedness which disfigured it. As a whole, being chiefly the composition of a shepherd, who could only read at eighteen, and write at twenty-six, and who, to use his own words, "knew no more of human life or manners than a child," the work presented a remarkable record in the annals of literature. As a business concern, it

* Mr Macturk is well remembered in Dumfriesshire as a person of remarkable shrewdness and unbounded generosity.

did not much avail the projector, but it served indirectly towards improving his condition, by enabling him to acquire the habit of composing readily.

From his literary exertions at Edinburgh, Hogg was long in deriving any substantial emolument. In these circumstances, he was fortunate in possessing the friendship of Mr John Grieve, and his partner, Mr Henry Scott, hat manufacturers in the city, who, fully appreciating his genius, aided him with money as long as he required their assistance. These are his own words: "They suffered me to want for nothing, either in money or clothes, and I did not even need to ask these." To Mr Grieve, Hogg was especially indebted: six months he was an inmate of his house, and afterwards he occupied comfortable lodgings, secured him by his friend's beneficence. Besides these two invaluable benefactors, the Shepherd soon acquired the regard and friendship of several respectable men of letters, both in Edinburgh and elsewhere. As contributors to *The Spy* he could record the names of James Gray of the High School, and his accomplished wife; Thomas Gillespie, afterwards Professor of Humanity at St Andrews; J. Black, subsequently of the *Morning Chronicle;* William Gillespie, minister of Kells; and John Sym, the renowned Timothy Tickler of the "Noctes." Of these literary friends, Mr James Gray, was the most devoted. This excellent individual, the friend of so many literary aspirants, was a native of Dunse, and had the merit of raising himself from humble circumstances to the office of a master in the High School of Edinburgh. Possessed of refined tastes, an enthusiastic admirer of genius, and a poet himself,* Mr Gray entertained at his table the more esteemed wits of the capital; he had extended the hand of hospitality to Burns, and he received with equal warmth the author of "The Forest Minstrel." In the exercise of disinterested hospitality, he was aided by his second wife, formerly Miss Peacock, who sympathised in the tastes of her husband, and took delight in literary society. They together made annual pedestrian excursions into the Highlands, and the narrative of their adventures proved a source of delightful instruction to their friends. Mr Gray, after a lengthened period of residence in Edinburgh, accepted, in the year 1821, the Professorship of Latin at Belfast. He subsequently took orders in the Church of England, and proceeded to India as a chaplain. In addition to his chaplaincy, he held the office of preceptor to one of the native princes of Hindostan. He died at Bhoog, in the kingdom of Cutch, on the 25th of September 1830; and if we add that he was a man of varied scholarship, his elegy may be transcribed from the "Queen's Wake:"

> "Alike to him the south and north,
> So high he held the minstrel worth;
> So high his ardent mind was wrought,
> Once of himself he never thought."

As the circle of the poet's friends increased, a scheme was originated among them of establishing a debating society for mutual improvement. This institution became known as the *Forum;* meetings were held weekly in a public hall of the city, and on a small payment strangers were admitted to the discussions. The meetings were uniformly crowded; and the Shepherd, who held the office of secretary, made a point of taking a prominent lead in the discussions. He spoke once, and sometimes more frequently, at every meeting, making speeches, both studied and extemporaneous, on every variety of theme; and especially contributed, by his rough-spun eloquence, to the popularity of the institution. The society existed three years; and though yielding the secretary no pecuniary emolument, proved an effective mean of adding to his general knowledge.

* Mr Gray was the author of "Cona, or the Vale of the Clywyd," "A Sabbath among the Mountains," and other poems.

Hogg now took an interest in theatricals, and produced two dramas, one of which, a sort of musical farce, was intended as a burlesque on the prominent members of the *Forum*, himself included. This he was induced, on account of the marked personalities, to confine to his repositories; he submitted the other to Mr Siddons, who commended it, but it never was brought upon the stage. He was about to appear before the world in his happiest literary effort, "The Queen's Wake,"—a composition suggested by Mr Grieve. This ingenious individual had conceived the opinion that a republication of several of the Shepherd's ballads in *The Spy*, in connection with an original narrative poem, would arrest public attention; while a narrative having reference to the landing of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary, seemed likely to induce a general interest in the poem. The proposal, submitted to Allan Cunningham and Mr Gray, received their warm approbation; and in a few months the composition was ready for the press. Mr Constable undertook the publication; but a more advantageous offer being made by Mr George Goldie, a young bookseller, "The Queen's Wake" issued from his establishment in the spring of 1813. Its success was complete; two editions were speedily circulated, and the fame of the author was established. With the exception of the *Eclectic Review*, every periodical accorded a warm approbation to the performance; and vacillating friends, who began to doubt the Shepherd's power of sustaining the character he had assumed as a poet and a man of letters, ceased to entertain their misgivings, and accorded the warmest tributes to his genius. A commendatory article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in November 1814, hailed the advent of a third edition.

By the unexpected insolvency of his publisher, while the third edition was in process of sale, Hogg had nearly sustained a recurrence of pecuniary loss. This was, however, fortunately prevented by the considerate beneficence of Mr Goldie's trustees, who, on receiving payment of the printing expenses, made over the remainder of the impression to the author. One of the trustees was Mr Blackwood, afterwards the publisher of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. Hogg had now attained the unenviable reputation of a literary prodigy, and his studies were subject to constant interruption from admirers, and the curious who visited the capital. He gave all a cordial reception, and was never less accessible amidst the most arduous literary occupation. There was one individual whose acquaintance he was especially desirous of forming; this was John Wilson, whose poem, "The Isle of Palms," published in 1812, he warmly admired. Wilson had come to reside in Edinburgh during a portion of the year, but as yet had few acquaintances in the city. He was slightly known to Scott; but a peculiarity of his was a hesitation in granting letters of introduction. In despair of otherwise meeting him, Hogg, who had reviewed his poem in the *Scots Magazine*, sent him an invitation to dinner, which the Lake-poet was pleased cordially to accept. That dinner began one of the most interesting of the Shepherd's friendships: both the poets were pleased with each other, and the closest intimacy ensued. It was on his way to visit Wilson, at Elleray, his seat in Cumberland, during the autumn of 1814, that the Shepherd formed the acquaintance of the Poet-laureate. He had notified to Southey his arrival at one of the hotels in Keswick, and begged the privilege of a visit. Southey promptly acknowledged his summons, and insisted on his remaining a couple of days at Greta Hall to share his hospitality. Two years could not have more firmly riveted their friendship. As a mark of his regard, on returning to Edinburgh, Hogg sent the Laureate the third edition of "The Queen's Wake," then newly published, along with a copy of *The Spy*. In acknowledging the receipt of these volumes, Southey addressed the following letter to the Shepherd, published for the first time in the present work:

"KESWICK, *December* 1, 1814.

"DEAR HOGG,—Thank you for your books. I will not say that 'The Queen's Wake' has exceeded my expectations, because I have ever expected great things from you, since, in 1805, I heard Walter Scott, by his own fireside at Ashestiel, repeat 'Gilmanscleuch.'* When he came to that line—'I ga'e him a' my goud, father'—the look and the tone with which he gave it were not needed to make it go through me. But 'The Wake' has equalled all that I expected. The improvements in the new edition are very great, and they are in the two poems which were most deserving of improvement, as being the most impressive and the most original. Each is excellent in its way, but 'Kilmeny' is of the highest character; 'The Witch of Fife' is a real work of fancy—'Kilmeny' a fine one of imagination, which is a higher and rarer gift. These poems have given general pleasure throughout the house; my eldest girl often comes out with a stanza or two of 'The Witch,' but she wishes sometimes that you always wrote in English. *The Spy* I shall go through more at leisure.

"I like your praise both of myself and my poem, because it comes from a good quarter. You saw me where and how a man is best seen—at home, and in his every-day wear and tear mind and manners: I have no holiday suit, and never seek to shine: such as it is, my light is always burning. Somewhat of my character you may find in Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford; and the concluding line of that description might be written, as the fittest motto under my portrait—'Gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.' I have sinned enough to make me humble in myself, and indulgent toward others. I have suffered enough to find in religion not merely consolation, but hope and joy; and I have seen enough to be contented in, and thankful for, the state of life in which it has pleased God to place me.

"We hoped to have seen you on your way back from Elleray. I believe you did not get the ballad of the 'Devil and the Bishop,' which Hartley transcribed for you. I am reprinting my miscellaneous poems, collected into three volumes. Your projected publication† will have the start of it greatly, for the first volume is not nearly through the press, and there is a corrected copy of the ballad, with its introduction, in Ballantyne's hands, which you can make use of before it will be wanted in its place.

"You ask me why I am not intimate with Wilson. There is a sufficient reason in the distance between our respective abodes. I seldom go even to Wordsworth's or Lloyd's; and Elleray is far enough from either of their houses, to make a visit the main business of a day. So it happens that, except dining in his company once at Lloyd's many years ago, and breakfasting with him here not long afterwards, I have barely exchanged salutations once or twice when we met upon the road. Perhaps, however, I might have sought him had it not been for his passion for cock-fighting. But this is a thing which I regard with abhorrence.

"Would that 'Roderick' were in your hands for reviewing; I should desire no fairer nor more competent critic. But it is of little consequence what friends or enemies may do for it now; it will find its due place in time, which is slow but sure in its decisions. From the nature of my studies, I may almost be said to live in the past; it is to the future that I look for my reward, and it would be difficult to make any person who is not thoroughly intimate with me, understand how completely indifferent I am to the praise or censure of the present generation, farther than as it may affect my means of subsistence, which, thank God! it can no longer essentially do. There was a time when I was materially injured by unjust criticism; but even then I despised it, from a confidence in myself, and a natural buoyancy of spirit. It cannot injure me now; but I cannot hold it in more thorough contempt.

"Come and visit me when the warm weather returns. You can go nowhere that you will be more sincerely welcomed. And may God bless you.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

In waging war with the Lake school of poetry, the *Edinburgh Review* had dealt harshly with Southey. His poems of "Madoc" and "The Curse of Kehama" had been rigorously censured; and very shortly before the appearance of "Roderick," his "Triumphal Ode" for 1814, which was published separately, had been assailed with the same unmitigated severity. The Shepherd, who knew, notwithstanding the Laureate's professions of indifference to criticism, that his nature was sensitive, and who feared that the *Review* would treat "Roderick" as it had done Southey's previous productions, ventured to recommend him to evince a less avowed hostility to Jeffrey, in the hope of subduing the bitterness of his censure. The letter of Southey, in answer to this counsel, will prove interesting, in connection with the literary history

* The ballad of "Gilmanscleuch" appeared in "The Mountain Bard." *See* "The Ettrick Shepherd's Poems," vol. ii., p. 203. Blackie & Son.

† "The Poetic Mirror," for which the Shepherd had begun to collect contributions.

of the period. The Bard of Keswick had hardly advanced to that happy condition which he fancied he had reached, of being "indulgent toward others," at least under strong provocation:

"KESWICK, 24*th Dec.* 1814.

"DEAR HOGG,—I am truly obliged to you for the solicitude which you express concerning the treatment 'Roderick' may experience in the *Edinburgh Review*, and truly gratified by it, notwithstanding my perfect indifference as to the object in question. But you little know me, if you imagine that any thoughts of fear or favour would make me abstain from speaking publicly of Jeffrey as I think, and as he deserves. I despise his commendation, and I defy his malice. *He* crush the 'Excursion'!!!* Tell him that he might as easily crush Skiddaw. For myself, *popularity* is not the mark I shoot at; if it were, I should not write such poems as 'Roderick;' and Jeffrey can no more stand in my way to *fame* than Tom Thumb could stand in my way in the street. He knows that he has dealt unfairly and maliciously by me; he knows that the world knows it, that his very friends know it, and that if he attacks 'Roderick' as he did 'Madoc' and 'Kehama,' it will be universally imputed to personal ill-will. On the other hand, he cannot commend this poem without the most flagrant inconsistency. This would be confessing that he has wronged me in the former instances; for no man will pretend to say that 'Madoc' does not bear marks of the same hand as 'Roderick;' it has the same character of language, thought, and feeling; it is of the same ore and mint; and if the one poem be bad, the other cannot possibly be otherwise. The irritation of the *nettling* (as you term it), which he has already received [a portion of the letter is torn off and lost]. . . . Whatever part he may take, my conduct towards him will be the same. I consider him a public nuisance, and shall deal with him accordingly.

"Nettling is a gentle term for what he has to undergo. In due season he shall be *scorpioned* and *rattlesnaked*. When I take him in hand it shall be to dissect him alive, and make a preparation of him to be exhibited *in terrorem*, an example to all future pretenders to criticism. He has a forehead of native brass, and I will write upon it with aqua-fortis. I will serve him up to the public like a turkey's gizzard, sliced, scored, peppered, salted, cayenned, grilled, and bedevilled. I will bring him to justice; he shall be executed in prose, and gibbeted in verse.† . . .

. . . . "'Roderick' has made good speed in the world, and ere long I shall send you the poem in a more commodious shape,‡ for Ballantyne is at this time reprinting it. I finished my official ode a few days ago. It is without rhyme, and as unlike other official odes in matter as in form; for its object is to recommend, as the two great objects of policy, general education and extensive colonization. At present I am chiefly occupied upon 'The History of Brazil,' which is in the press—a work of great labour.

"The ladies here all desire to be kindly remembered to you. I have ordered 'The Pilgrims of the Sun,' and we look for it with expectation, which, I am sure, will not be disappointed. God bless you.—Yours very truly,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

A review of "Roderick" appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for June 1815, which, on the whole was favourable, so that the wrath of the Laureate was appeased.

During the earlier period of his Edinburgh career, Hogg had formed the acquaintance of an estimable family in Athole, Mr and Mrs Izett, of Kinnaird House, and he had been in the habit of spending a portion of his time every summer at their hospitable residence. In the summer of 1814, while visiting there, he was seized with a severe cold, which compelled him to prolong his stay with his friends; and Mrs Izett, who took a warm interest in his welfare, suggested that he might turn his

* Jeffrey reviewed Wordsworth's "Excursion" in the *Edinburgh Review* for November 1814, and had been extremely harsh in his criticism.

† In a letter to Mr Grosvenor C. Bedford, dated Keswick, December 22, 1814, Southey thus writes: "Had you not better wait for Jeffrey's attack upon 'Roderick.' I have a most curious letter upon this subject from Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, a worthy fellow, and a man of very extraordinary powers. Living in Edinburgh, he thinks Jeffrey the greatest man in the world—an intellectual Bonaparte, whom nobody and nothing can resist. But Hogg, notwithstanding this, has fallen in liking with me, and is a great admirer of 'Roderick.' And this letter is to request that I will not do anything to *nettle* Jeffrey while he is deliberating concerning 'Roderick,' for he seems favourably disposed towards me! Morbleu! it is a rich letter! Hogg requested that he himself might review it, and gives me an extract from Jeffrey's answer, refusing him. 'I have, as well as you, a great respect for Southey,' he says, 'but he is a most provoking fellow, and at least as conceited as his neighbour Wordsworth.' But he shall be happy to talk to Hogg upon this and other *kindred* subjects, and he should be very glad to give me a lavish allowance of praise, if I would afford him occasion, etc.; but he must do what he thinks his duty, etc.! I laugh to think of the effect my reply will produce upon Hogg. How it will make every bristle to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine!"—*Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, edited by his Son*, vol. iv., p. 93. London: 6 vols. 8vo.

‡ The first edition of "Roderick" was in quarto,—a shape which the Shepherd deemed unsuitable for poetry.

illness to account, by composing a poem, descriptive of the beauties of the surrounding scenery. The hint was sufficient: he commenced a descriptive poem in the Spenserian stanza, which was speedily completed, and given to the world under the title of "Mador of the Moor." It was well received; and the author is correct in asserting that it contains "some of his highest and most fortunate efforts in rhyme." "The Pilgrims of the Sun" was his next poem; it was originally intended as one of a series, to be contained in a poetical work, which he proposed to entitle "Midsummer Night Dreams," but which, on the advice of his friend, Mr James Park of Greenock, he was induced to abandon. From its peculiar strain, this poem had some difficulty in finding a publisher. It was ultimately published by Mr John Murray of London, who liberally recompensed the author. It was well received by the press.

The circle of the Shepherd's literary friends rapidly extended. Lord Byron opened a correspondence with him, and continued to address him in familiar letters, such as were likely to interest a shepherd-bard. Unfortunately, these letters have been lost. Hogg became acquainted with Wordsworth in the summer of 1815, when that poet was on his first visit to Edinburgh. They met at the house, in Queen Street, of the mother of his friend Wilson; and the Shepherd was at once interested and gratified by the intelligent conversation and agreeable manners of the great Lake-poet. They saw much of each other in the city, and afterwards journeyed together to St Mary's Loch; and the Shepherd had the satisfaction of entertaining his distinguished brother-bard with the homely fare of cakes and milk in his father's cottage at Ettrick. Wordsworth afterwards made the journey memorable in his poem of "Yarrow Visited." The poets temporarily separated at Selkirk—Wordsworth having secured the promise of a visit from his friend, at Mount Rydal, prior to his return to Edinburgh. The promise was fulfilled, and the Shepherd had the pleasure of meeting Lloyd, and De Quincey, and his friend Wilson. A portion of the autumn of 1815 was spent by the Shepherd at Elleray. In the letter inviting his visit (dated September 1815), the author of "The Isle of Palms" indicates his opinion of Hogg's literary influence by writing as follows: "If you have occasion soon to write to Murray,* pray introduce something about 'The City of the Plague,' as I shall probably offer him that poem in about a fortnight, or sooner. Of course, I do not *wish* you to say that the poem is utterly worthless. I think that a bold eulogy from you (if immediately administered), would be of service to me; but if you do write about it, do not tell him that I have any intention of offering it to him, but you may say, you hear I am going to offer it to a London bookseller."

The Shepherd's intimacy with the poets had induced him to entertain a somewhat plausible scheme of bettering his finances. He proposed to publish, in a handsome volume, a poem by each of the living bards of Great Britain. For this purpose, he had secured compositions from Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Morehead, Pringle, and some others; and had received promises of contributions from Lord Byron and Samuel Rogers. The plan was frustrated by Scott. He was opposed to his appearing to seek fresh laurels from the labours of others, and positively refused to make a contribution. This sadly mortified the Shepherd,† and entirely altered his plans. He now had recourse to a peculiar method of realising his original intention. In the short period of four weeks, he produced imitations of the more conspicuous bards, which appeared in a volume entitled "The Poetic Mirror." This work was eminently successful, the first edition disappearing in six weeks. The

* Murray of Albemarle Street, the famous publisher.

† Hogg evinced his strong displeasure with Sir Walter for his refusal, by writing him a violent letter, and withdrawing from his society for several months. The kind inquiries which his old benefactor had made regarding him during a severe illness, afterwards led to a complete reconciliation,—the Shepherd apologising by letter for his former rashness, and his illustrious friend telling him "to think no more of the business, and come to breakfast next morning."

imitations of the bards were pronounced perfect, only that of Wordsworth was intentionally a caricature. The Shepherd had been provoked to it by a conceived slight of the Lake-poet, during his visit at Mount Rydal.*

"The Poetic Mirror" appeared in 1816; and in the following year the Shepherd struck out a new path, by publishing two duodecimo volumes of "Dramatic Tales." This work was unsuccessful. In 1813 he had dedicated his "Forest Minstrel" to the Countess of Dalkeith; and this excellent woman, afterwards better known as Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had acknowledged the compliment by a gift of a hundred guineas. The Shepherd was, however, desirous of procuring the means of comfortable self-support, independently of his literary exertions, and had modestly preferred the request that he might receive a small farm in lease on the Buccleuch estates. The request was responded to. The Duchess, who took a deep interest in him, made a request to the Duke, on her death-bed, that something might be done for her protégé. After her decease, the late Charles Duke of Buccleuch gave the Shepherd a life-lease of the farm of Altrive Lake, in Yarrow, at a nominal rent, no portion of which was ever exacted. The Duke subsequently honoured him with his personal friendship, and made him frequently share of his hospitality.

From the time of his abandoning *The Spy*, Hogg had contemplated the publication of a periodical on an extended scale. At length, finding a coadjutor in Mr Thomas Pringle, he explained their united proposal to his friend, Mr Blackwood, the publisher, who approved of the design. Preliminaries were arranged, and the afterwards celebrated *Blackwood's Magazine* took its origin. Hogg was now resident at Altrive, and the editorship was entrusted to Pringle and his literary friend Cleghorn. The vessel had scarcely been launched on the ocean of letters when storms arose; hot disputes occurred between the publisher and the editors, which terminated in the withdrawal of the latter from the concern, and their forming a connection with the *Edinburgh Magazine*, an opposition periodical established by Mr Constable. The combating parties had referred to the Shepherd, who was led to accord his support to Mr Blackwood. He conceived the idea of the "Chaldee Manuscript," as a means of ridiculing the oppositionists. Of this famous satire, the first thirty-seven verses of the first chapter were his own composition, the remaining portion being the joint fabrication of his friends Wilson and Lockhart.† This singular production produced a profound sensation; and though, from the evident personalities and the keenness of the satire, it had to be cancelled, so that a copy in the pages of the magazine is now a rarity, it sufficiently attained the purpose of directing public attention to the new periodical. The "Chaldee Manuscript" appeared in the seventh number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, published in October 1817. To the magazine Hogg continued to be a regular contributor; and, among other interesting compositions, both in prose and verse, he produced in its pages his "Shepherd's Calendar." His connection with this popular periodical is more generally known from the position assigned him in the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*" of Professor Wilson. In those interesting dialogues, the *Shepherd* is represented as a character of marvellous shrewdness and sagacity, whose observations on men and manners, life and literature, uttered, as they are, in the homeliest phrases, contain a deep philosophy and most vigorous criticism. "In wisdom," writes Professor Ferrier, "the Shepherd equals the Socrates of Plato; in humour, he surpasses the Falstaff of Shakespeare; clear and prompt, he might have stood up against Dr Johnson in close and peremptory argument; fertile and copious, he might have rivalled Burke in amplitude of declamation; while his opulent imagination and powers of comical description invest all that he utters, either with a

* *See* Hogg's autobiography, prefixed to the fifth volume of Blackie's 12mo edition of his poems, p. 107.

† *See* the works of Professor Wilson, edited by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, vol. i., p. xvi. Edinburgh: 1855. 8vo.

picturesque mildness or a graphic quaintness peculiarly his own." These remarks, applicable to the Shepherd of the "*Noctes*," would indeed be much overstrained if applied to their prototype; yet it is equally certain that the leading features of the ideal Shepherd were depicted from those of the living Shepherd of Ettrick, by one who knew well how to estimate and appreciate human nature.

On taking possession of his farm of Altrive Lake, which extended to about seventy acres, Hogg built a small cottage on the place, in which he sheltered his aged father, his mother having been called to her rest. In the stocking of the farm, he received very considerable assistance from the profits of a guinea edition of "The Queen's Wake," of which the subscription-list was zealously promoted by Sir Walter Scott. At Altrive he continued literary composition with unabated ardour. In 1817, he published "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," a tale of the period of the Covenant, which attained a considerable measure of popularity. In 1819, he gave to the world the first volume of his "Jacobite Relics," the second volume not appearing till 1821. This work, which bears evidence of extensive research, was favourably received; the notes are very copious, and many of the pieces, which are set to music, have long been popular. His "Winter Evening Tales" appeared in 1820: several of them were composed on the hills in early life.

The worldly circumstances of the Shepherd were such as rendered him abundantly justifiable in entering into the married state. On the 28th April 1820, he espoused Miss Margaret Phillips, the youngest daughter of Mr Phillips, late of Longbridgemoor, in Annandale. By this union he became brother-in-law of his friend Mr James Gray, whose first wife was a sister of Mrs Hogg. At the period of his marriage, from the profits of his writings and his wife's dowry, he was master of nearly a thousand pounds and a well-stocked farm; and increasing annual gains by his writings seemed to augur future independence. But the Shepherd, not perceiving that literature was his forte, resolved to embark further in farming speculations: he took in lease the extensive farm of Mount Benger, adjoining Altrive Lake, expending his entire capital in the stocking. The adventure proved almost ruinous.

The coronation of George IV. was fixed to take place on the 19th of July 1821; and Sir Walter Scott, having resolved to be among the spectators, invited the Shepherd to accompany him to London on the occasion. Through Lord Sidmouth, the Secretary of State, he had procured accommodation for Hogg at the pageant, which his lordship had granted, with the additional favour of inviting both of them to dinner, to meet the Duke of York on the following day. The Shepherd had, however, begun to feel enthusiastic as a farmer, and preferred to attend the sheep-market at St Boswells. For this seeming lack of loyalty, he afterwards made ample compensation: he celebrated the King's visit to Scotland, in August 1822, in "A Masque or Drama," which was published in a separate form. A copy of this production being laid before the King by Sir Walter Scott, Sir Robert Peel, then Secretary of State, received his Majesty's gracious command suitably to acknowledge it. In his official communication, Sir Robert thanked the Shepherd, in the King's name, "for the gratifying proof of his genius and loyalty." It had been Scott's desire to obtain a Civil List pension for the Shepherd, to aid him in his struggles at Mount Benger; and it was with something like hope that he informed him that Sir Robert Peel had expressed himself pleased with his writings. But the pension was never obtained.

Harassed by pecuniary difficulties, Hogg wrote rapidly, with the view of relieving himself. In 1822, he published a new edition of his best poems, in four volumes, for which he received the sum of £200; and in this and the following year, he produced two works of fiction, entitled "The Three Perils of Man" and "The Three Perils of Women," which together yielded him £300. In 1824, he published "The Confes-

sions of a Fanatic;" and, in 1826, he gave to the world his long narrative poem of "Queen Hynde." The last proved unequal to his former poetical efforts. In 1826, Mr J. G. Lockhart proceeded to London to edit the *Quarterly Review*, taking along with him, as his assistant, Robert Hogg, a son of the Shepherd's elder brother. The occasion afforded the poet an opportunity of renewing his correspondence with his old friend, Allan Cunningham. Allan wrote to him as follows:

"27 Lower Belgrave Place, 16*th Feb.* 1826.

"My Dear James,—It required neither present of book, nor friend, nor the recalling of old scenes, to render your letter a most welcome one. You are often present to my heart and fancy, for your genius and your friendliness have secured you a place in both. Your nephew is a fine, modest, and intelligent young man, and is welcome to my house for his own sake as well as yours. Your 'Queen Hynde,' for which I thank you, carries all the vivid marks of your own peculiar cast of genius about her. One of your very happiest little things is in the Souvenir of this season—it is pure and graceful, warm, yet delicate; and we have nought in the language to compare to it, save everybody's 'Kilmeny.' In other portions of verse you have been equalled, and sometimes surpassed; but in scenes which are neither on earth, nor wholly removed from it—where fairies speak, and spiritual creatures act, you are unrivalled.

"Often do I tread back to the foot of old Queensberry,* and meet you coming down amid the sunny rain, as I did some twenty years ago. The little sodded shealing where we sought shelter rises now on my sight—your two dogs (old Hector was one) lie at my feet— the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' is in my hand, for the first time, to be twice read over after sermon, as it really was—poetry, nothing but poetry, is our talk, and we are supremely happy. Or, I shift the scene to Thornhill, and there, whilst the glass goes round, and lads sing and lasses laugh, we turn our discourse on verse, and still our speech is song. Poetry had then a charm for us, which has since been sobered down. I can now meditate without the fever of enthusiasm upon me; yet age to youth owes all or most of its happiest aspirations, and contents itself with purifying and completing the conceptions of early years.

"We are both a little older and a little graver than we were some twenty years ago, when we walked in glory and joy on the side of old Queensberry. My wife is much the same in look as when you saw her in Edinburgh—at least so she seems to me, though five boys and a girl might admonish me of change—of loss of bloom, and abatement of activity. My oldest boy resolves to be a soldier; he is a clever scholar, and his head has been turned by Cæsar. My second and third boys are in Christ's School, and are distinguished in their classes; they climb to the head, and keep their places. The other three are at their mother's knee at home, and have a strong capacity for mirth and mischief.

"I have not destroyed my Scottish poem. I mean to remodel it, and infuse into it something more of the spark of living life. But my pen has of late strayed into the regions of prose. Poetry is too much its own reward; and one cannot always write for a barren smile, and a thriftless clap on the back. We must live; and the white bread and the brown can only be obtained by gross payment. There is no poet and a wife and six children fed now like the prophet Elijah—they are more likely to be devoured by critics than fed by ravens. I cannot hope that Heaven will feed me and mine while I sing. So farewell to song for a season.

"My brother's† want of success has surprised me too. He had a fair share of talent; and, had he cultivated his powers with care, and given himself fair play, his fate would have been different. But he sees nature rather through a curious medium than with the tasteful eye of poetry, and must please himself with the praise of those who love singular and curious things. I have said nothing all this while of Mrs Hogg, though I might have said much, for we hear her household prudence and her good taste often commended. She comes, too, from my own dear country—a good assurance of a capital wife and an affectionate mother. My wife and I send her and you most friendly greetings. We hope to see you both in London during the summer.

"You have written much, but you must write more yet. What say you to a series of poems in your own original way, steeped from end to end in Scottish superstition, but purified from its grossness by your own genius and taste? Do write me soon. I have a good mind to come and commence shepherd beside you, and aid you in making a yearly pastoral *Gazette* in prose and verse for our *ain* native Lowlands. The thing would take.

"The evil news of Sir Walter's losses came on me like an invasion. I wish the world would do for him now what it will do in fifty years, when it puts up his statue in every town—let it lay out its money in purchasing an estate, as the nation did to the Duke of Wellington, and money could never be laid out more worthily.—I remain, dear James, your very faithful friend,

"Allan Cunningham."

* When the Shepherd was tending the flocks of Mr Harkness of Mitchelslack, on the great hill of Queensberry, in Nithsdale, he was visited by Allan Cunningham, then a lad of eighteen, who came to see him, moved with admiration for his genius.—(*See* Memoir of Allan Cunningham, *postea*).

† Thomas Mouncey Cunningham. *See postea.*

One of the parties chiefly aggrieved in the matter of the Chaldee MS. was Thomas Pringle, one of the original editors of *Blackwood*. This ingenious person had lately returned from a period of residence in Southern Africa, and established himself in London as secretary to the Slave Abolition Society, and as a man of letters. Forgetting past differences, he invited the Shepherd, in the following letter, to aid him in certain literary enterprises:

"LONDON, *May* 19, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote you a hasty note some time ago, to solicit your literary aid for the projected work of Mr Fraser. I now address you on behalf of two other friends of mine, who are about to start a new weekly publication, something in the shape of the *Literary Gazette*, to be entitled *The London Review*. The editors are Mr D. L. Richardson, the author of a volume of poems chiefly written in India, and a Mr St John, a young gentleman of very superior talents, whose name has not yet been (so far as I know) before the public, though he has been a contributor to several of the first-rate periodicals. I have no other interest in the work myself than that of a friend and contributor. The editors, knowing that I have the pleasure of your acquaintance, have requested me to solicit your aid to their work, either in verse or prose, and they will consider themselves pledged to pay for any contribution with which you may honour them at the same rate as *Blackwood*. May I hope, my dear sir, that you will, at all events, stretch a point to send them something for their first number, which is to appear in the beginning of June? . . . .

"I always read your '*Noctes*,' and have had many a hearty laugh with them in the interior of Southern Africa; for though I detest *Blackwood's* politics, and regret to see often such fine talents so sadly misapplied (as I see the matter), yet I have never permitted my own political predilections, far less any reminiscences of old magazine squabbles, to blind me to the exuberant flow of genius which pervades and beautifies so many delightful articles in that magazine. . . . . Believe me always, dear Hogg, yours very truly,

"THO. PRINGLE."

A similar request for contributions was made the year following by William Howitt. His letter is interesting, as exhibiting the epistolary style of a popular writer. Howitt, it will be perceived, is a member of the Society of Friends.

"NOTTINGHAM, 12*th mo.*, 20*th*, 1828.

"RESPECTED FRIEND,—Herewith I forward, for thy acceptance, two small volumes, as a trifling testimony of the high estimation in which we have long held thy writings. So great was our desire to see thee when my wife and I were, a few springs ago, making a ramble on foot through some parts of your beautiful country, that nothing but the most contrary winds of circumstance prevented us.

"I am now preparing for the press 'The Book of the Seasons,' a volume of prose and poetry, intended to furnish the lover of nature with a remembrancer, to put him in mind, on the opening of each month, of what he may look for in his garden, or his country walks; a notice of all remarkable in the round of the seasons, and the beautiful in scenery,—of all that is pleasant in rural sights, sounds, customs, and occupations. I hope to make it, if I am favoured with health, in a little time, both a pleasant and original volume, and one which may do its mite towards strengthening and diffusing that healthful love of nature which is so desirable in a great commercial country like this, where our manufacturing population are daily spreading over its face, and cut off themselves from the animating and heart-preserving influence of nature,—are also swallowing up our forests and heaths, those free, and solitary, and picturesque places, which have fostered the soul of poetry in so many of our noble spirits. I quite envy thy residence in so bold and beautiful a region, where the eye and the foot may wander, without being continually offended and obstructed by monotonous hedge-rows, and abominable factories. If thou couldst give, from the ample stores of thy observant mind, a slight sketch or two of anything characteristic of the seasons, in *mountainous* scenery especially, I shall regard them as apples of gold. I am very anxious to learn whether any particular customs or festivities are kept up in the sheep-districts of Scotland at sheep-shearing time, as were wont of old all over England; and where is there a man who could solve such a problem like thyself? I am sensible of the great boldness of my request; but as my object is to promote the love of nature, I am willing to believe that I am not more influenced by such a feeling than thou art. I intend to have the book got out in a handsome manner, and to have it illustrated with woodcuts, by the best artists; being more desirous to give to others that ardent attachment to the beauties of the country that has clung to me from a boy, and for the promotion of which all our real poets are so distinguished, than to realise much profit. Anything that thou couldst send me about your country life, or the impression which the scenery makes upon a poetical mind at different seasons, on your heaths and among your hills, I should be proud to

acknowledge, and should regard as the gems of my book. Whether or not, however, it be practicable or agreeable to thee, I hope to have the pleasure of presenting thee a copy of the work when it is out. Mary requests me to present to thee her respectful regards; and allow me to subscribe myself, with great respect, thy friend,

"W. HOWITT."

In 1829, on the expiry of his lease, Hogg relinquished the farm of Mount Benger, and returned to his former residence at Altrive. Rumour, ever ready to propagate tales of misfortune, had busily circulated the report that, a completely ruined man, he had again betaken himself to literary labours in the capital. In this belief, Mr Tennant, author of "Anster Fair," addressed to him the following characteristic letter, intended, by its good-humoured pleasantries, to soothe him in his contendings with adversity:

"DEVONGROVE, 27*th June* 1829.

"MY DEAR FRIEND JAMES HOGG,—I have never seen, spoken, whispered to, handled, or smelt you, since the King's visit in 1822, when I met you in Edinburgh streets, and inhaled, by juxtaposition, your sweet fraternal breath. How the Fates have since sundered us! How have you been going on, fattening and beautifying from one degree to another of poetical perfection, while I have, under the chilling shade of the Ochil Hills, been dwindling down from one degree of poetical extenuation to another, till at length I am become the very shadow and ghost of literary leanness! I should now wish to see you, and compare you as you are now with what you were in your 'Queen's Wake' days. For this purpose, I would be very fain you would condescend to pay us a visit. I see you, indeed, at times, in the *Literary Journal;* I see you in *Blackwood*, fighting, and reaping a harvest of beautiful black eyes from the fists of Professor John Wilson. I see you in songs, in ballads, in calendars. I see you in the postern of time long elapsed. I see you in the looking-glass of my own facetious and song-recalling memory—but I should wish to see you in the real, visible, palpable, smellable beauty of your own person, standing before me in my own house, at my own fireside, in all the halo of your poetical radiance! Come over, then, if possible, my dear Shepherd, and stay a night or two with us. You may tarry with your friend, Mr Bald, one afternoon or so by the way, and explore the half-forgotten treasures of the Shakespeare cellars*—but you may rest yourself under the shadow of the Ochil Hills a longer space, and enjoy the beauties of our scenery, and, such as it is, the fulness of our hospitality, which, believe me, will be spouted out upon you freely and rejoicingly.

"To be serious in speech, I really wish you would take a trip up this way some time during the summer. I understand you are settled in Edinburgh, and in that thought have now addressed you. If I am wrong, write me. Indeed, write me at any rate, as I would wish again to see your fist at least, though the Fates should forbid my seeing your person here. But I think you would find some pleasure in visiting again your Alloa friends, to say nothing of the happiness we should have in seeing you at Devongrove. . . . . Be sure to write to me now, James, in answer to this; and believe me to be, ever most sincerely yours,

"WM. TENNANT."

The Shepherd's next literary undertaking was an edition of Burns, published at Glasgow. In this task he had an able coadjutor in the poet Motherwell. In 1831, he published a collected edition of his songs, which received a wide circulation. On account of some difference with Blackwood, he proceeded in December of that year to London, with the view of effecting an arrangement for the republication of his whole works. His reception in the metropolis was worthy of his fame: he was courted by all the literary circles, and fêted at the tables of the nobility. A great festival, attended by nearly two hundred persons, including noblemen, members of Parliament, and men of letters, was given him in Freemason's Hall, on the anniversary of the birthday of Burns. The duties of chairman were discharged by Sir John Malcolm, who had the Shepherd on his right hand, and two sons of Burns on his left. After dinner, the Shepherd brewed punch in the punch-bowl of Burns, which was brought to the banquet by its owner, Mr Archibald Hastie, M.P. for Paisley. He obtained a

* The Shakespeare Club of Alloa, which is here referred to, took its origin early in the century—being composed of admirers of the illustrious dramatist, and lovers of general literature in that place. The anniversary meeting was usually held on the 23d April, generally supposed to be the birthday of the poet. The Shepherd was laureate of the club, and was present at many of the meetings. On these occasions he shared the hospitality of Mr Alexander Bald of Craigward Cottage—"the Father of the Club," and one of his own attached literary friends

publisher for his works in the person of Mr James Cochrane, an enterprising bookseller in Pall Mall, who issued the first volume of the series on the 31st of March 1832, under the designation of the "Altrive Tales." By the unexpected failure of the publisher, the series did not proceed, so that the Shepherd derived no substantial advantage from his London visit.

Recent reverses had somewhat depressed his literary ardour; and, though his immediate embarrassments were handsomely relieved by private subscriptions and a donation from the Literary Fund, he felt indisposed vigorously to renew his literary labours. He did not reappear as an author till 1834, when he published a volume of essays on religion and morals, under the title of "Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding." This work was issued from the establishment of Mr James Fraser, of Regent Street. In the May number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1834, he again appeared before the public in the celebrated *Noctes*, which had been discontinued for upwards of two years, owing to his misunderstanding with Mr Blackwood. On this subject we are privileged to publish the following letter, addressed to him by Professor Wilson:

"*30th April.*

"My Dear Mr Hogg,—After frequent reflection on the estrangement that has so long subsisted between those who used to be such good friends, I have felt convinced that I ought to put an end to it on my own responsibility. Without, therefore, asking either you or Mr Blackwood, I have written a '*Noctes*,' in which my dear Shepherd again appears. I hope you will think I have done right. I intend to write six within the year; and it is just, and no more than just, that you should receive five guineas a sheet. Enclosed is that sum for No. I. of the new series.

"If you will, instead of writing long tales, for which at present there is no room, write a 'Series of Letters to Christopher North,' or, 'Flowers and Weeds from the Forest,' or, 'My Life at Altrive,' embodying your opinions and sentiments on all things, *angling*, shooting, curling, &c., &c., in an easy characteristic style, it will be easy for you to add £50 per annum to the £50 which you will receive for your '*Noctes*.' I hope you will do so.

"I have taken upon myself a responsibility which nothing but the sincerest friendship could have induced me to do. You may be angry; you may misjudge my motives; yet hardly can I think it. Let the painful in the past be forgotten, and no allusion ever made to it; and for the future, I shall do all I can to prevent anything happening that can be disagreeable to your feelings.—With kind regards to Mrs Hogg and family, I am ever most sincerely and affectionately yours,

"John Wilson."

During the summer after his return from London, Hogg received what he accounted his greatest literary honour. He was entertained at a public dinner, attended by many of the distinguished literary characters both of Scotland and the sister kingdom. The dinner took place at Peebles, the chair being occupied by Professor Wilson. In reply to the toast of his health, he pleasantly remarked, that he had courted fame on the hill-side and in the city; and now, when he looked around and saw so many distinguished individuals met together on his account, he could exclaim, that surely he had found it at last!

The career of the Bard of Ettrick was drawing to a close. His firm and well-built frame was beginning to surrender under the load of anxiety, as well as the pressure of years. Subsequent to his return from London, a perceptible change had occurred in his constitution, yet he seldom complained; and, even as late as April 1835, he gave to the world evidence of mental vigour, by publishing a work in three volumes, under the title of "Montrose Tales." This proved to be his last publication. The symptoms of decline rapidly increased; and, though he ventured to proceed, as was his usual habit, to the moors in the month of August, he could hardly enjoy the pleasures of a sportsman. He became decidedly worse in the month of October, and was at length obliged to confine himself to bed. After a severe illness of four weeks, he died on the 21st of November, "departing this life," writes William Laidlaw, "as

calmly, and, to appearance, with as little pain, as if he had fallen asleep, in his grey plaid, on the side of the moorland rill." He had attained his sixty-fifth year.

The funeral was numerously attended. Professor Wilson stood uncovered at the grave after the rest of the company had retired, and consecrated by his tears the green sod of his friend's last resting-place. With the exception of Burns and Sir Walter Scott, never did Scottish bard receive more tributes to his memory. He had had some variance with Wordsworth; but this venerable poet, forgetting the past, became the first to lament his departure. The following verses from his pen appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 12th of December:

"When first descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide,
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

"When last along its banks I wander'd,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathway,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

"The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death, upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes.

* * * * *

"No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughter'd youth or love-lorn maid,
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead!"

Within two bow-shots of the place where lately stood the cottage of his birth, the remains of James Hogg are interred in the churchyard of Ettrick. At the grave a plain tombstone to his memory was erected by his widow. "When the dark clouds of winter," writes Mr Scott Riddell, "pass away from the crest of Ettrick-pen, and the summits of the nearer-lying mountains, which surround the scene of his repose, and the yellow gowan opens its bosom by the banks of the mountain stream, to welcome the lights and shadows of the spring returning over the land, many are the wild daisies which adorn the turf that covers the remains of THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD. And a verse of one of the songs of his early days, bright and blissful as they were, is thus strikingly verified, when he says:

'Flow my Ettrick! it was thee
Into my life that first did drop me;
Thee I'll sing, and when I dee,
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
Pausing swains will say, and weep,
Here our Shepherd lies asleep.'"

In 1858, it occurred to the editor of this work to propose the erection of a public monument to the great Shepherd, in the Forest of Ettrick. The proposal being cordially entertained, the sum of £400 was subscribed. The amount was sufficient to raise an elegant monumental statue of the poet, on a beautiful site, by the margin of St Mary's Lake. The monument was inaugurated on the 28th of June 1860, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. At a banquet provided on the occasion to the subscribers and their friends by the owner of the site, the merits of the Shepherd were portrayed by those who had enjoyed his personal intimacy, and were familiar with his writings. The poet's statue, elegantly sculptured by Mr Andrew

Currie, a native of Ettrick Forest, represents the bard seated on an oak root, and in the attitude of contemplation. The figure rests on a pedestal, about ten feet in height, adorned with appropriate inscriptions and emblems.

Hogg was, in youth, particularly good-looking. A severe illness somewhat changed the form of his features. His countenance* presented the peculiarity of a straight cheek-bone; his forehead was capacious and elevated, and his eye remarkable for its vivacity. His hair, in advanced life, became dark brown, mixed with grey. He was rather above the middle height, and was well built; his chest was broad, his shoulders square, and his limbs well rounded. He disliked foppery, but was always neat in his apparel: on holidays he wore a suit of black. Forty years old ere he began to mix in the circles of polished life, he never attained a knowledge of the world and its ways: in all his transactions he retained the simplicity of the pastoral character. His Autobiography is the most amusing in the language: never before did man of letters so minutely reveal the history of his foibles. He was benevolent; the homeless wanderer was sure of shelter under his roof, and the poor of some provision by the way. Towards his aged parents his affection was of the most devoted kind. Hospitable even to a fault, every visitor received his kindly welcome, and his visitors were more numerous than those of any other man of letters in the land.† Fond of conviviality, he loved the intercourse of congenial minds: the voice of friendship was always more precious to him than the claims of business. He was possessed of a good musical ear, and loved to sing the ballads of his youth, with several of his own songs; and the enthusiasm with which he sung compensated for the somewhat discordant nature of his voice. A night with the Shepherd was an event to be remembered. He was zealous in the cause of education: he built a school at Altrive, and partly endowed a schoolmaster, for the benefit of the district. A Jacobite as respected the past, he was in the present a devoted loyalist; he had shuddered at the atrocities of the French Revolution, and apprehended danger from precipitate reform; his politics were strictly conservative. He was earnest on the subject of religion, and regular in his attendance upon Divine ordinances. When a shepherd, he had been in the habit of conducting worship in the family during the absence or indisposition of his employer, and he was careful in impressing the sacredness of the duty upon his own children. During his London visit, he prepared and printed a small book of prayers and hymns for the use of his family, which he dedicated to them as a New Year's gift. These prayers are eminently devotional, and all his hymns breathe the language of fervency and faith.

It is the lot of men of genius to suffer from the shafts of calumny and detraction. The reputation of James Hogg has thus bled. Much has been said to his prejudice by those who understood not the simple nature of his character, and were incapable of forming an estimate of the principles of his life. He has been accused‡ of doing an injury to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, one of his best benefactors; to which it might be a sufficient reply, that he was incapable of perpetrating an ungenerous act. But how stands the fact? Hogg strained his utmost efforts to do honour to the dust of his illustrious friend! He published reminiscences of him in a small volume, and in such terms as the following did he pronounce his eulogy: "He had a clear head as well as a benevolent heart; was a good man, an anxiously kind husband, an indulgent parent, and a sincere, forgiving friend; a just judge, and a punctual correspondent.

* Hogg used to say that his face was "out of all rule of drawing," as an apology for artists, who so generally failed in transferring a correct representation of him to canvas. There were at least four oil-paintings of the poet: the first executed by Nicholson in 1817, for Mr Grieve; the second by Sir John Watson Gordon for Mr Blackwood; the third by a London artist for Allan Cunningham; and the fourth by Mr James Scott of Edinburgh, for the poet himself.

† *See* "Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan." 1844.

‡ *See* Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott."

. . . . . Such is the man we have lost, and such a man we shall never see again. He was truly an extraordinary man,—the greatest man in the world."* Was ever more panegyrical language used in biography? But Hogg ventured to publish his recollections of his friend, instead of supplying them for the larger biography; perhaps some connexion may be traced between this fact and the indignation of Scott's literary executor! Possessed, withal, of a genial temper, he was sensitive of affront, and keen in his expressions of displeasure; he had his hot outbursts of anger with Wilson and Wordsworth, and even with Scott, on account of supposed slights, but his resentment speedily subsided, and each readily forgave him. He was somewhat vain of his celebrity, but what shepherd had not been vain of such achievements?

Next to Robert Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd is unquestionably the most distinguished of Scottish bards, sprung from the ranks of the people: in the region of the supernatural he stands alone. A child of the forest, nursed amidst the wilds and tutored among the solitudes of nature, his strong and vigorous imagination had received impressions from the mountain, the cataract, the torrent, and the wilderness, and was filled with pictures and images of the mysterious, which those scenes were calculated to awaken. "Living for years in solitude," writes Professor Wilson,† "he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs, the brooks, the caves, the hills, and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky, that to him came in place of those human affections, from whose indulgence he was debarred by the necessities that kept him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain top. The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed his youth inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairy-land, till, as he lay musing in his lonely shieling, the world of phantasy seemed, in the clear depths of his imagination, a lovelier reflection of that of nature, like the hills and heavens more softly shining in the water of his native lake." Hogg was in his element, as he revelled amid the supernatural, and luxuriated in the realms of faëry: the mysterious gloom of superstition was lit up into brilliancy by the potent wand of his enchantment, and before the splendour of his genius. His ballad of "Kilmeny," in the "Queen's Wake," is the emanation of a poetical mind evidently of the most gifted order; never did bard conceive a finer fairy tale, or painter portray a picture of purer or more spiritual and exquisite sweetness. "The Witch of Fife," another ballad in the "Wake," has scarcely a parallel in wild unearthliness and terror; and we know not if sentiments more spiritual or sublime are to be found in any poetry than in some passages of "The Pilgrims of the Sun." His ballads and songs are sweet and musical, and replete with pathos and pastoral dignity. Though he had written only "When the kye comes hame," and "Flora Macdonald's Lament," his claims to an honoured place in the temple of Song had been unquestioned. As a prose-writer, he does not stand high: many of his tales are interesting in their details, but they are often disfigured by a rugged coarseness; yet his pastoral experiences in the "Shepherd's Calendar" will continue to find readers while a love for rural habits, and the arts of pastoral life, finds a dwelling in the Scottish heart.

Of the Shepherd, it has been recorded by one‡ who knew him well, that at the time of his death he had certainly the youngest heart of all who had ever attained his age: he was possessed of a buoyancy which misfortune might depress, but could not subdue. To the close of his career, he rejoiced in the sports and exercises of his youth; in his best days he had, in the games of leaping and running, been usually victorious in the annual competitions at Eskdalemuir; in his advanced years, he was constituted judge at the annual Scottish games at Innerleithen. A sportsman, he

* "The Domestic Memoirs and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott, by James Hogg," p. 118. Glasgow, 1834. 16mo. † *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. iv., p. 521. ‡ Mr H. S. Riddell.

was famous alike on the moor and by the river; the report of his musket was familiar on his native hills; and hardly a stream in south or north but had yielded him their finny brood. By young authors he was frequently consulted, and he entered with enthusiasm into their concerns; many poets ushered their volumes into the world under his kindly patronage. He had his weaker points; but his worth and genius were such as to extort the reluctant testimony of one who was latterly an avowed antagonist, that he was "the most remarkable man that ever wore the *maud* of a shepherd."*

Hogg left a widow and five young children. For their benefit the public raised a considerable sum by subscription, and the Duke of Buccleuch bestowed on Mrs Hogg an annuity of forty pounds. In November 1853, the editor of this work, ascertaining that Mrs Hogg did not enjoy any pension from the State, brought her claims under the notice of the Premier, Lord Aberdeen. A memorial to his lordship was cordially subscribed by upwards of forty eminent persons, including the late Earl of Eglinton, the present Lord Justice-General, Lord Neaves, Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., Sir Adam Ferguson, the Right Hon. Sir John M'Neill, Sir John Watson Gordon, Sir George Harvey, Sir Noel Paton, and Alfred Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate. Presented to the Premier by the present Earl of Dalhousie, the memorial was favourably entertained, and Mrs Hogg received a civil-list pension of £50. Lord Palmerston subsequently bestowed a pension of £40 on the poet's eldest daughter. Mrs Hogg still survives: she resides at Linlithgow.

Shortly after the Shepherd's death, a uniform edition of his more esteemed works was issued by the Messrs Blackie of Glasgow, in eleven duodecimo volumes; and more recently, the same enterprising publishers have reproduced his works in two elegant octavo volumes, accompanied with a Memoir of the Poet's Life and Writings, from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Thomson.

* Mr J. G. Lockhart.

DONALD MACDONALD.

AIR—"*Woo'd, and married, and a'.*"

My name it is Donald Macdonald,
I leeve in the Highlands sae grand;
I ha'e follow'd our banner, and will do,
Wherever my master* has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava';
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa':
Brogues an' brochin an' a';
Brochin an' brogues an' a';
An' is nae her very weel aff,
Wi' her brogues and brochin an' a'?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?—
To tell it I dinna think shame;
Poor lad! he cam' to us but barely,
An' reckon'd our mountains his hame.
'Twas true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.
Sword an' buckler an' a',
Buckler an' sword an' a';
Now for George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' O, I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gi'e up the possession,
We'll soon ha'e to force them again;
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
Though it were my finishing blow,
He aye may depend on Macdonald,
Wi' his Hielanders a' in a row:
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an' a';
Depend upon Donald Macdonald,
His knees an' elbows an' a'.

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer should grane;
I laugh when I think how we'd gall him
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garny
We'd rattle him off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
An' sing him—"Lochaber no more!"
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

* This is the term by which the Highlander was wont to designate his lawful prince. The word "maker," which appears in former editions of the song, was accidentally printed in the first edition, and the Shepherd never had the confidence to alter it.

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,
An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
An' sae is Macleod an' Mackay;
An' I, their gude-brither Macdonald,
Shall ne'er be the last in the fray!
Brogues an' brochin an' a',
Brochin an' brogues an' a';
An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'.

FLORA MACDONALD'S FAREWELL.*

FAR over yon hills of the heather sae green,
An' down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung,
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
An' aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she sung,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young,
Farëweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The moorcock that craws on the brows of Ben-Connal,
He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he!
The conflict is past, and our name is no more—
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue;
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow!

* Was composed to an air handed me by the late lamented Neil Gow, junior. He said it was an ancient Skye air, but afterwards told me it was his own. When I first heard the song sung by Mr Morison, I never was so agreeably astonished—I could hardly believe my senses that I had made so good a song without knowing it.—*Hogg.*

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

CAM' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry,
Saw ye our lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie?

I ha'e but ae son, my gallant young Donald;
But if I had ten they should follow Glengary!
Health to M'Donnell and gallant Clan-Ronald—
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave M'Intosh, he shall fly to the field with them,
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! etc.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore!
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!
Ronald and Donald, drive on, wi' the broad claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie?

RISE! RISE! LOWLAND AND HIGHLAND MEN.

RISE! rise! Lowland and Highland men;
Bald sire and beardless son, each come, and early:
Rise! rise! mainland and island men,
Belt on your broadswords and fight for Prince Charlie!
Down from the mountain steep,
Up from the valley deep,
Out from the clachan, the bothy, and shieling;
Bugle and battle-drum
Bid chief and vassal come;
Loudly on bagpipes the pibroch are pealing.
Rise! rise! etc.

Men of the mountains! descendants of heroes!
Heirs of the fame and the hills of your fathers—
Say, shall the Sassenach southron not fear us,
When fierce to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers?
Long on the trophied walls
Of our ancestral halls
Rust hath been blunting the armour of Albin:
Seize, then, ye mountain Macs,
Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Breadalbine.
Rise! rise! etc.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
When did the bonnet blue crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart!
Follow your hero, the rightful, the royal.
Come, Chief of Clanronald,
And gallant M'Donald;
Come Lovat, Lochiel, with the Grant, and the Gordon;
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man;
Musket on shoulder, and thigh the broad sword on!

Rise! rise! Lowland and Highland men,
Bald sire and beardless son, each come, and early;
Rise! rise! mainland and island men,
Belt on your broad swords and fight for Prince Charlie!

THE SKYLARK.*

Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Bless'd in thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and mountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

* For the fine original air, *see* Purdie's "Border Garland."—*Hogg.*

CALEDONIA.*

Caledonia! thou land of the mountain and rock,
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind—
Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,
Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind:
Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren thy glens,
Though bleak thy dun islands appear,
Yet kind are the hearts, and undaunted the clans,
That roam on the mountains so drear!

A foe from abroad, or a tyrant at home,
Could never thy ardour restrain;
The marshall'd array of imperial Rome
Essay'd thy proud spirit in vain!
Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,
Of genius unshackled and free,
The Muses have left all the vales of the south,
My loved Caledonia, for thee!

Sweet land of the bay and the wild-winding deeps,
Where loveliness slumbers at even,
While far in the depth of the blue water sleeps,
A calm little motionless heaven!
Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,
Of the storm, and the proud-rolling wave—
Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,
And the land of my forefathers' grave!

O, JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE!

Air—"*Over the Border.*"

O my lassie, our joy to complete again,
Meet me again i' the gloamin', my dearie;
Low down in the dell let us meet again—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!
Come, when the wee bat flits silent and eiry,
Come, when the pale face o' Nature looks weary,
Love be thy sure defence,
Beauty and innocence—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

Sweetly blaw the haw an' the rowan tree,
Wild roses speck our thicket sae breery;
Still, still will our walk in the greenwood be—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!
List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,
List when the beetle-bee's bugle comes near ye,
Then come with fairy haste,
Light foot and beating breast—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

Far, far will the bogle and brownie be,
Beauty an' truth, they darena come near it;
Kind love is the tie of our unity,
A' maun love it, an' a' maun revere it.

* An appropriate air has been composed for this song by Mr Walter Burns, which has been arranged with symphonies and accompaniments for the pianoforte by Mr Edward Salter.

'Tis love maks the sang o' the woodland sae cheery;
Love gars a' Nature look bonnie that's near ye;
That maks the rose sae sweet,
Cowslip an' violet—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.*

AIR—"*Shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.*"

COME all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreadin' birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, etc.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Doops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, etc.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame, etc.

Then since all Nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha would prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk,
When the kye comes hame!

MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

Could this ill warld ha'e been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies might ha'e lived
Retired from a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the waefu' case
That man maun ha'e this crazing crony;
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?
Oh, had she no been made sae bonny!

I might ha'e roam'd wi' cheerfu' mind,
Nae sin or sorrow to betide me,
As careless as the wandering wind,
As happy as the lamb beside me.
I might ha'e screw'd my tunefu' pegs,
And caroll'd mountain airs fu' gaily,
Had we but wanted a' the Megs
Wi' glossy e'en sae dark and wily.

I saw the danger, fear'd the dart,
The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
And gat the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green,
O' wild witch-notes it has nae ony,
Sin' e'er I saw that gawky quean,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

THE WOMEN FOLK.*

O SARELY may I rue the day
I fancied first the womenkind;
For aye sinsyne I ne'er can ha'e
Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind!

* In the title and chorus of this favourite pastoral song, I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, than a Scottish phrase so common, that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way, "When the kye come hame," when a tailor, scratching his head, said, "It was a terrible affectit way that!" I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again.—*Hogg.*

* The air of this song is my own. It was first set to music by Heather, and most beautifully set, too. It was afterwards set by Dewar, whether with the same accompaniments or not, I have forgot. It is my own favourite humorous song when forced by ladies to sing against my will, which too frequently happens; and notwithstanding my wood-notes wild, it will never be sung by any so well again.—For the air, *see* the "Border Garland."—*Hogg.*

They ha'e plagued my heart, an' pleased my e'e,
An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,
But aye, for a' their witchery,
The pawky things I lo'e them still.
O, the women folk! O, the women folk!
But they ha'e been the wreck o' me;
O, weary fa' the women folk,
For they winna let a body be!

I ha'e thought an' thought, but darena tell,
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,
I've lo'ed them better than mysel,
I've tried again to like them ill.
Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
To comprehend what nae man can;
When he has done what man can do,
He'll end at last where he began.
O, the women folk! etc.

That they ha'e gentle forms an' meet,
A man wi' half a look may see;
An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
An' waving curls aboon the bree;
An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,
An' e'en sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
Wad lure the laverock frae the clud—
But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair!
O, the women folk! etc.

Even but this night, nae farther gane,
The date is neither lost nor lang,
I tak ye witness, ilka ane,
How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
Their point they've carried, right or wrang,
Without a reason, rhyme, or law,
An' forced a man to sing a sang,
That ne'er could sing a verse ava'.
O, the women folk! O, the women folk!
But they ha'e been the wreck o' me;
O, weary fa' the women folk,
For they winna let a body be!

M'LEAN'S WELCOME.*

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
And though you be weary,
We'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie,
And his loyal train.
We'll bring down the track deer,
We'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb from the bracken,
And doe from the glen,
The salt sea we'll harry,
And bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy
And curd from the penn.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the sea, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
And you shall drink freely
The dews of Glen-sheerly,
That stream in the starlight
When kings do not ken;
And deep be your meed
Of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire,
And his friend The M'Lean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
If aught will invite you,
Or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen,
All ranged on the heather,
With bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores,
Three hundred and ten!

THE STUARTS OF APPIN.

I sing of a land that was famous of yore.
The land of green Appin, the ward of the flood,
Where every grey cairn that broods o'er the shore,
Marks grave of the royal, the valiant, or good.
The land where the strains of grey Ossian were framed,
The land of fair Selma, the reign of Fingal,
And late of a race, that with tears must be named—
The noble Clan-Stuart, the bravest of all.
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin!
The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin—
Their glory is o'er,
For the clan is no more,
And the Sassenach sings on the hills of green Appin.

In spite of the Campbells, their might and renown,
And all the proud piles of Glenorchy and Lorn,
While one of the Stuarts held claim on the crown,
His banner full boldly by Appin was borne,
And ne'er fell the Campbells in check or trepan,
In all their Whig efforts their power to renew,
But still on the Stuarts of Appin they ran,
To wreak their proud wrath on the brave and the few.
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, etc.

* I versified this song at Meggernie Castle, in Glen-Lyon, from a scrap of prose said to be the translation, *verbatim*, of a Gaelic song, and to a Gaelic air, sung by one of the sweetest singers and most accomplished and angelic beings of the human race. But, alas! earthly happiness is not always the lot of those who, in our erring estimation, most deserve it. She is now no more, and many a strain have I poured to her memory. The air is arranged by Smith.—*See* the "Scottish Minstrel." —*Hogg.*

In the year of the Graham, while in oceans of blood,
The fields of the Campbells were gallantly flowing,
It was then that the Stuarts the foremost still stood,
And paid back a share of the debt they were owing.
O, proud Inverlochy! O, day of renown!
Since first the sun rose o'er the peaks of Cruachin,
Was ne'er such a host by valour o'erthrown,
Was ne'er such a day for the Stuarts of Appin.
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, etc.

And ne'er for the crown of the Stuarts was fought
One battle on vale, or on mountain deer-trodden,
But dearly to Appin the glory was bought,
And, dearest of all, on the field of Culloden!
Lament, O, Glen-Creran, Glen-Duror, Ardshiel,
High offspring of heroes who conquer'd were never,
For the deeds of your fathers no bard shall reveal,
And the bold Clan of Stuart must perish for ever!
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, etc.

Clan-Chattan is broken, the Seaforth bends low,
The sun of Clan-Ranald is sinking in labour;
Glencoe, and Clan Donnachie, where are they now?
And where is bold Keppoch, the lord of Lochaber?
All gone with the house they supported!—laid low,
While dogs of the south their bold life-blood were lapping,
Trod down by a proud and merciless foe—
The brave are all gone with the Stuarts of Appin!
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, etc.

They are gone! they are gone! the redoubted, the brave,
The sea-breezes lone o'er their relics are sighing;
Dark weeds of oblivion shroud many a grave,
Where the unconquer'd foes of the Campbells are lying.
But, long as the grey hairs wave over this brow,
And earthly emotions my spirit are wrapping,
My old heart with tides of regret shall o'erflow,
And bleed for the fall of the Stuarts of Appin.
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin!
The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin!
Their glory is o'er,
For their star is no more,
And the green grass waves over the heroes of Appin!

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.*

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie cam' to our toon,
The young Chevalier.
An' Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
His face shone like the day;
I grat to see the lad come back
That had been lang away.
An' Charlie is my darling, etc.

Then ilka bonny lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
Our King shall ha'e his ain again,
An' Charlie is the man:
For Charlie is my darling, etc.

Out ow'r yon moory mountain,
An' down the craggy glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing,
But Charlie an' his men.
An' Charlie he's my darling, etc.

Our Highland hearts are true an' leal,
An' glow without a stain;
Our Highland swords are metal keen,
An' Charlie he's our ain.
An' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS.

Air—"*Paddy's Wedding.*"

I lately lived in quiet ease,
An' never wish'd to marry, O!
But when I saw my Peggy's face,
I felt a sad quandary, O!
Though wild as ony Athol deer,
She has trepann'd me fairly, O!
Her cherry cheeks an' e'en sae clear
Torment me late an' early, O!
O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness,
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his business!

To tell my feats this single week,
Would mak' a daft-like diary, O!
I drave my cart outow'r a dike,
My horses in a miry, O!
I wear my stockings white an' blue,
My love's sae fierce an' fiery, O!
I drill the land that I should plough,
An' plough the drills entirely, O!
O, love, love, love! etc.

* Altered at the request of a lady who sang it sweetly, and published in the "Jacobite Relics."—*Hogg.*

Ae morning, by the dawn o' day,
I rose to theek the stable, O!
I keust my coat an' plied away
As fast as I was able, O!
I wrought that morning out an' out,
As I'd been redding fire, O!
When I had done an' look'd about,
Gude faith, it was the byre, O!
O, love, love, love! etc.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget,
The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't
Has pierced me through an' through the heart,
An' plagues me wi' the prinklin' o't.
I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
I tried to drown't wi' drinkin' o't,
I tried wi' sport to drive't away,
But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.
O, love, love, love! etc.

Nae man can tell what pains I prove,
Or how severe my pliskie, O!
I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love
Than e'er I was wi' whisky, O!
For love has raked me fore an' aft,
I scarce can lift a leggie, O!
I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,
An' soon I'll dee for Peggy, O!
O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness,
It winna let a puir body
Gang about his business!

O, WEEL BEFA' THE MAIDEN GAY.*

O, WEEL befa' the maiden gay,
In cottage, bught, or penn,
An' weel befa' the bonny May
That wons in yonder glen;
Wha lo'es the modest truth sae weel,
Wha's aye kind, an' aye sae leal,
An' pure as blooming asphodel
Amang sae mony men.
O, weel befa' the bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen!

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
Along the gloaming lee;
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
Come pealing frae the tree;
To see the lambkins lightsome race—
The speckled kid in wanton chase—
The young deer cower in lonely place,
Deep in her flowing den;
But sweeter far the bonny face
That smiles in yonder glen!

O, had it no' been for the blush
O' maiden's virgin flame,
Dear beauty never had been known,
An' never had a name;
But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
Was modell'd by an angel's frame,
The power o' beauty reigns supreme
O'er a' the sons o' men;
But deadliest far the sacred flame
Burns in a lonely glen!

There's beauty in the violet's vest—
There's hinney in the haw—
There's dew within the rose's breast,
The sweetest o' them a'.
The sun will rise an' set again,
An' lace wi' burning gowd the main—
The rainbow bend outow'r the plain,
Sae lovely to the ken;
But lovelier far the bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen!

THE FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND.

AIR—"*The Blue Bells of Scotland.*"

WHAT are the flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel—
The lovely flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel?
The thistle's purple bonnet,
And bonny heather-bell,
O, they're the flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel!

Though England eyes her roses
With pride she'll ne'er forego,
The rose has oft been trodden
By foot of haughty foe;
But the thistle in her bonnet blue
Still nods outow'r the fell,
And dares the proudest foeman
To tread the heather-bell.

For the wee bit leaf o' Ireland,
Alack and well a-day!
For ilka hand is free to pu'
An' steal the gem away.
But the thistle in her bonnet blue
Still bobs aboon them a';
At her the bravest darena blink,
Or gi'e his mou' a thraw.

Up wi' the flowers o' Scotland,
The emblems o' the free,
Their guardians for a thousand years,
Their guardians still we'll be.

* This song was written at Elleray, Mr Wilson's seat in Westmoreland, where a number of my very best things were written. There was a system of competition went on there, the most delightful that I ever engaged in. Mr Wilson and I had a "Queen's Wake" every wet day—a fair set-to who should write the best poem between breakfast and dinner, and, if I am any judge, these friendly competitions produced several of our best poems, if not the best ever written on the same subjects before. Mr Wilson, as well as Southey and Wordsworth, had all of them a way of singing out their poetry in a loud sonorous key, which was very impressive, but perfectly ludicrous. Wilson, at that period, composed all his poetry by going over it in that sounding strain; and in our daily competitions, although our rooms were not immediately adjoining, I always overheard what progress he was making. When he came upon any grand idea, he opened upon it full swell, with all the energy of a fine fox-hound on a hot trail. If I heard many of these vehement aspirations, they weakened my hands and discouraged my heart, and I often said to myself, "Gude faith, it's a' ower wi' me for this day!" When we went over the poems together in the evening, I was always anxious to learn what parts of the poem had excited the sublime breathings which I had heard at a distance, but he never could tell me.—*Hogg.*

A foe had better brave the deil
Within his reeky cell,
Than our thistle's purple bonnet,
Or bonny heather-bell.

LASS, AN' YE L'OE ME, TELL ME NOW.*

"AFORE the muircock begin to craw,
Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now,
The bonniest thing that ever ye saw,
For I canna come every night to woo."
"The gowden broom is bonny to see,
An' sae is the milk-white flower o' the haw,
The daisy's wee freenge is sweet on the lea,
But the bud of the rose is the bonniest of a'."

"Now, wae light on a' your flow'ry chat,
Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now;
It's no the thing that I would be at,
An' I canna come every night to woo!"
'The lamb is bonny upon the brae,
The leveret friskin' o'er the knowe,
The bird is bonny upon the tree—
But which is the dearest of a' to you?"

"The thing that I lo'e best of a',
Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now;
The dearest thing that ever I saw,
Though I canna come every night to woo,
Is the kindly smile that beams on me,
Whenever a gentle hand I press,
And the wily blink frae the dark-blue e'e
Of a dear, dear lassie that they ca' Bess."

"Aha! young man, but I cou'dna see,
What I lo'e best I'll tell you now,
The compliment that ye sought frae me,
Though ye canna come every night to woo;
Yet I would rather hae frae you
A kindly look, an' a word witha'
Than a' the flowers o' the forest pu',
Than a' the lads that ever I saw."

"Then, dear, dear Bessie, you shall be mine,
Sin' a' the truth ye ha'e tauld me now,
Our hearts an' fortunes we'll entwine,
An' I'll aye come every night to woo;
For O, I canna descrive to thee
The feeling o' love's and nature's law,
How dear this world appears to me
Wi' Bessie, my ain for good an' for a'!"

PULL AWAY, JOLLY BOYS!

HERE we go upon the tide,
Pull away, jolly boys!
With heaven for our guide,
Pull away!
Here's a weather-beaten tar,
Britain's glory still his star,
He has borne her thunders far,
Pull away, jolly boys!
To your gallant men-of-war,
Pull away!

We've with Nelson plough'd the main,
Pull away, jolly boys!
Now his signal flies again,
Pull away!
Brave hearts, then let us go
To drub the haughty foe,
Who once again shall know,
Pull away, gallant boys!
That our backs we never show,
Pull away!

We have fought and we have sped,
Pull away, gallant boys!
Where the rolling wave was red,
Pull away!
We've stood many a mighty shock,
Like the thunder-stricken oak,
We've been bent but never broke,
Pull away, gallant boys!
We ne'er brook'd a foreign yoke,
Pull away!

Here we go upon the deep,
Pull away, gallant boys!
O'er the ocean let us sweep,
Pull away!
Round the earth our glory rings,
At the thought my bosom springs,
That whene'er our pennant swings,
Pull away, gallant boys!
Of the ocean we're the kings,
Pull away!

AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S NANNY.

THE daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonny;
But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!
O, my Nanny!
My dear little Nanny!
My sweet little niddlety noddlety Nanny!
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!

Ae day she came out, wi' a rosy blush,
To milk her twa kye, sae couthy and canny;
I cower'd me down at the back o' the bush,
To watch the air o' my bonny Nanny!
O, my Nanny! etc.

The looks that stray'd o'er nature away
Frae bonny blue een sae mild an' mellow,
Saw naething sae sweet in nature's array,
Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow,
O, my Nanny! etc.

My heart lay beating the flowery green,
In quaking, quivering agitation;
An' the tears cam' tricklin' down frae my een,
Wi' perfect love an' wi' admiration.
O, my Nanny! etc.

There's mony a joy in this warld below,
An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny;

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* This song was suggested to the Shepherd by the words adapted to the formerly popular air, "Lass, gin ye lo'e me"—beginning, "I hae laid a herring in saut."

But of all the pleasures I ever can know,
There's nane like the love o' my bonny Nanny!
O, my Nanny!
My dear little Nanny,
My sweet little niddlety noddlety Nanny!
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!

THE AULD HIGHLANDMAN.

HERSELL pe auchty years and twa,
Te twenty-tird o' May, man;
She twell amang te Heelan hills,
Ayont the reefer Spey, man.
Tat year tey foucht the Sherra-muir,
She first peheld the licht, man;
Tey shot my father in tat stoure—
A plaguit, vexin' spite, man.

I've feucht in Scotland here at hame,
In France and Shermanie, man;
And cot tree tespurt pluddy oons,
Beyond te 'Lantic sea, man.
But wae licht on te nasty cun,
Tat ever she pe porn, man;
Phile koot klymore te tristle caird,
Her leaves pe never torn, man.

Ae tay I shot, and shot, and shot,
Phane'er it cam my turn, man;
Put a' te force tat I could gie,
Te powter wadna purn, man.
A filty loon cam wi' his cun,
Resolvt to too me harm, man;
And wi' te tirk upon her nose,
Ke me a pluddy arm, man.

I flang my cun wi' a' my micht,
And felt his nepour teit, man;
Tan drew my swort, and at a straik
Hewt aff ee haf o's heit, man.
Be vain to tell o' a' my tricks;
My oons pe nae tiscrace, man;
Ter no pe yin pehint my pack,
Ter a' pefore my face, man.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

O, WHAT will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
O, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day—
O, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't,
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee;
And Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
And learnin' fast to pray—
O, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine;
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say—
But, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high,
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise and join the lay—
An' hey! what a day 'twill be
When Maggy gangs away?

AH, PEGGY, SINCE THOUR'T GANE AWAY!*

AH, Peggy! since thou'rt gane away,
An' left me here to languish,
I canna fend anither day
In sic regretfu' anguish.
My mind's the aspen i' the vale,
In ceaseless waving motion;
'Tis like a ship without a sail,
On life's unstable ocean.

I downa bide to see the moon
Blink owre the glen sae clearly;
Aince on a bonnie face she shone—
A face that I lo'ed dearly!
An' when beside yon water clear,
At e'en I'm lanely roaming,
I sigh an' think, if ane was here,
How sweet wad fa' the gloaming!

When I think o' thy cheerfu' smile,
Thy words sae free an' kindly,
Thy pawkie ee's bewitching wile,
The unbidden tear will blind me.
The rose's deepest blushing hue
Thy cheek could eithly borrow,
But ae kiss o' thy cherry mou'
Was worth a year o' sorrow.

Oh! in the slippery paths of love,
Let prudence aye direct thee;
Let virtue every step approve,
An' virtue will respect thee.
To ilka pleasure, every pang,
Alack! I am nae stranger;
An' he wha aince has wander'd wrang
Is best aware o' danger.

May still thy heart be kind an' true,
A' ither maids excelling;
May heaven distil its purest dew
Around thy rural dwelling.
May flow'rets spring an' wild birds sing
Around thee late an' early;
An' oft to thy remembrance bring
The lad that lo'ed thee dearly.

* This song was addressed, in 1811, to Miss Margaret Phillips, who nine years afterwards became the poet's wife.

GANG TO THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

I'LL sing of yon glen of red heather,
An' a dear thing that ca's it her hame,
Wha's a' made o' love-life thegether,
Frae the tie o' the shoe to the kaime,
Love beckons in every sweet motion,
Commanding due homage to gi'e;
But the shrine o' my dearest devotion
Is the bend o' her bonny e'ebree.

I fleech'd an' I pray'd the dear lassie
To gang to the brakens wi' me;
But though neither lordly nor saucy,
Her answer was—"Laith wad I be!
I neither ha'e father nor mither,
Sage counsel or caution to gi'e;
An' prudence has whisper'd me never
To gang to the brakens wi' thee."

"Dear lassie, how can ye upbraid me,
An' try your ain love to beguile?
For ye are the richest young lady
That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile.
Your smile that is blither than ony,
The bend o' your cheerfu' e'ebree,
An' the sweet blinks o' love there sae bonny,
Are five hunder thousand to me!"

She turn'd her around an' said, smiling,
While the tear in her blue e'e shone clear,
"You're welcome, kind sir, to your mailing,
For, O, you have valued it dear:
Gae mak' out the lease, do not linger,
Let the parson indorse the decree;
An' then, for a wave of your finger,
I'll gang to the brakens wi' thee!"

There's joy in the bright blooming feature,
When love lurks in every young line;
There's joy in the beauties of nature,
There's joy in the dance and the wine:
But there 's a delight will ne'er perish,
'Mang pleasures all fleeting and vain,
And that is to love and to cherish
The fond little heart that's our ain!

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

LOCK the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale,
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on,
The Armstrongs are flying,
Their widows are crying,
The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone;
Lock the door, Lariston,—high on the weather gleam,
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky,
Yeoman and carbineer,
Billman and halberdier;
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry.

Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar,
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey,
Hidley and Howard there,
Wandale and Windermere,—
Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay.

Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?
Thou bold Border ranger
Beware of thy danger—
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.

Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous embrace;
"Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!
Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here,
Little know you of our moss-troopers' might,
Lindhope and Sorby true,
Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight!

"I've Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherby,
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array;
Come, all Northumberland,
Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Breaken Tower end shall the fray."
Scowl'd the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddisdale,
Red as the beacon-light tipp'd he the wold;
Many a bold martial eye
Mirror'd that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold!

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior shout,
Lances and halberts in splinters were borne;
Halberd and hauberk then
Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.
See how they wane, the proud files of the Windermere,
Howard—ah! woe to thy hopes of the day!
Hear the wide welkin rend,
While the Scots' shouts ascend,
"Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!"

I HA'E NAEBODY NOW.

I HA'E naebody now, I ha'e naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue e'en;
Wi' the raptured kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happen'd when I was away.

I ha'e naebody now, I ha'e naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even,
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven.
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face
In the morning, that met my eye,
Where are they now, where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens, there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove,
That sharpest degree o' agony
For the child o' their earthly love—
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay,
Then, calmly aneath the hand o' death,
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O, dinna break, my poor auld heart!
Nor at thy loss repine,
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent frae her Father and thine;
Yet I maun mourn, an' I will mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I can follow the sooner away.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroider'd the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom!

How painful the task,
The sad tidings to tell you!
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan
Lies the corpse of your lover!

THE LASS OF DELORAINE.

Still must my pipe lie idly by,
And worldly cares my mind annoy?
Again its softest notes I'll try,
So dear a theme can never cloy.
Last time my mountain harp I strung,
'Twas she inspired the simple strain—
That lovely flower, so sweet and young,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs
Around her ruddy lips that blow;
The flower that in her bosom dies,
Or grass that bends beneath her toe.
Her cheeks, endow'd with powers at will,
The rose's richest shade to drain;
Her eyes, what soft enchantments fill!
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

Let Athol boast her birchen bowers,
And Lomond of her isles so green,
And Windermere her woodland shores,
Our Ettrick boasts a sweeter scene:
For there the evening twilight swells
With many a wild and melting strain;
And there the pride of beauty dwells—
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

If Heaven shall keep her aye as good,
And bonnie as she wont to be,
The world may into Ettrick crowd,
And nature's first perfection see.
Glencoe has drawn the wanderer's eye,
And Staffa in the western main;
These natural wonders ne'er can vie
Wi' the bonnie lass of Deloraine.

May health still cheer her beauteous face,
And round her brow may honour twine,
And Heaven preserve that heart in peace,
Where meekness, love, and beauty join!
But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
And all her griefs shall give me pain;
For never from my soul shall part
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY.

The year is wearing to the wane,
An' day is fading west awa',
Loud raves the torrent an' the rain,
An' dark the cloud comes down the shaw;
But let the tempest tout an' blaw
Upon his loudest winter horn,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a',
We'll maybe meet again the morn!

O, we ha'e wander'd far and wide
O'er Scotia's hills, o'er firth an' fell,
An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd,
An' trimm'd them wi' the heather-bell!
We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,
The hamlet an' the baron's ha',
Now let us take a kind farewell,—
Good night, an' joy be wi' you a'!

Though I was wayward, you were kind,
And sorrow'd when I went astray;
For O, my strains were often wild,
As winds upon a winter day.
If e'er I led you from the way,
Forgi'e your Minstrel aince for a';
A tear fa's wi' his parting lay,—
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!

JAMES MUIRHEAD, D.D.

JAMES MUIRHEAD was born in 1742, in the parish of Buittle, and stewartry of Kirkcudbright. His father, William Muirhead of Logan, was representative of the family of Muirhead, who, for several centuries, were considerable landed proprietors in Galloway. He married on the 12th of January 1741, Miss Anna Lindsay of Crochmore.* The future poet was the first child of the marriage. He studied at the University of Edinburgh. Abandoning the legal profession, which he had originally chosen, he became, in 1769, a licentiate of the Established Church. After a probation of three years, he was ordained to the ministerial charge of Urr, a country parish in the stewartry. In 1794 he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh. Warmly attached to his flock, he ministered at Urr till his death, which took place on the 16th of May 1806.

Dr Muirhead was a person of warm affections and remarkable humour; his scholarship was extensive and varied, and he maintained a correspondence with many of his literary contemporaries. As an author, he is not known to have written aught save the popular ballad of "Bess, the Gawkie," a production which has been pronounced by Allan Cunningham "a song of original merit, lively without extravagance, and gay without grossness,—the simplicity elegant, and the naïveté scarcely rivalled."†

* Marriage Register of Buittle.

† We have frequently had occasion to remark the ignorance of modern editors regarding the authorship of the most popular songs. Every collector of Scottish Song has inserted "Bess, the Gawkie;" but scarcely one of them has correctly stated the authorship. The song has been generally ascribed to an anonymous "Rev. Mr Morehead;" by some to the "Rev. Robert Morehead;" and Allan Cunningham, who states that his father was acquainted with the real author, has described him as the "Rev. William Morehead!"

BESS, THE GAWKIE.

TUNE—"*Bess, the Gawkie.*"

BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say,
"Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
And sport a while wi' Jamie?"
"Ah, na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak' a care,
Nor about Jamie tak' a care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

"For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' mickle blytheness in his face,
Out ower the muir to Maggie.
I wat he ga'e her mony a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleased her wi' this,
'That Bess was but a gawkie.

"'For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll hardly speak;
Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gi'e a score without offence;
Now gi'e me ane into the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.'

"'O Jamie, ye hae monie ta'en,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa when we do meet again;
So ne'er think me a gawkie.'

"'Ah, na, lass, that canna be;
Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,
Or ony thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.'

"But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie."
"O, dear Bess! I hardly knew,
When I cam' by, your gown sae new;
I think you've got it wet wi' dew!"
Quoth she, "That's like a gawkie!

"It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
And tell it to your dawtie."
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cried, "O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang anither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they ga'ed ower the muir they sang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
"Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

MRS AGNES LYON.

A CONTEMPORARY of the Baroness Nairne, of kindred tastes, and of equal indifference to a poetical reputation, was Mrs Agnes Lyon of Glammis. She was the eldest daughter of John Ramsay L'Amy, of Dunkenny, Forfarshire, and was born at Dundee about the commencement of the year 1762. She was celebrated for her beauty, and had numerous suitors for her hand; but she gave the preference to the Rev. Dr James Lyon, minister of Glammis, to whom she was married on the 25th of January 1786. Of a cultivated mind and most lively fancy, she had early improved a taste for versifying, and acquired the habit of readily clothing her thoughts in the language of poetry. She became the mother of ten children; and she relieved the toils of their upbringing, as well as administered to the improvement of their youthful minds, by her occasional exercises in verse. Her four volumes of MS. poetry contain lyrics dated as having been written from the early period of her marriage to nearly the time of her decease. The topics are generally domestic, and her strain is lively and humorous; in pathetic pieces she is tender and singularly touching. Possessed of a correct musical ear, she readily parodied the more popular songs, or adapted words to their airs, with the view of interesting her friends, or producing good humour and happiness in the family circle. She had formed the acquaintance of Neil Gow, the celebrated violinist, and composed, at his particular request, the words to his popular tune "Farewell to Whisky," the only lyric from her pen which has hitherto been published. In all the collections of Scottish song, it appears as anonymous. In the present work, it is printed from a copy in one of her MS. volumes.

Mrs Lyon died on the 14th September 1840, having survived her husband about two years, and seen the greater number of her children carried to the grave. Entirely free of literary ambition, she bequeathed her MSS. to a cousin of the editor of this work, the widow of one of her sons, accompanied by a request that the compositions might not be printed, unless to supply a deficiency in the family funds. Their origin is thus described:

> "Written off-hand, as one may say,
> Perhaps upon a rainy day,
> Perhaps while at the cradle rocking.
> Instead of knitting at a stocking,
> She'd catch a paper, pen, and ink,
> And easily the verses clink.
> Perhaps a headache at a time
> Would make her on her bed recline,
> And rather than be merely idle,
> She'd give her fancy rein and bridle.
> She neither wanted lamp nor oil,
> Nor found composing any toil;
> As for correction's iron wand,
> She never took it in her hand;
> And can, with conscience clear, declare,
> She ne'er neglected house affair,
> Nor put her little babes aside,
> To take on Pegasus a ride.
> Rather let pens and paper flame,
> Than any mother have the shame
> (Except at any *orra time*)
> To spend her hours in making rhyme.

In person, Mrs Lyon was of the middle height, and of a slender form. She had a fair complexion, her eyes were of light blue, and her countenance wore the expression of intelligence. She excelled in conversation; and a retentive memory enabled her

to render available the fruits of extensive reading. In old age, she retained much of the buoyant vivacity of youth, and her whole life was adorned by the most exemplary piety.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKY.*

TUNE—"*Farewell to Whisky.*"

YOU'VE surely heard of famous Neil,
The man who play'd the fiddle weel;
He was a heartsome merry chiel',
And weel he lo'ed the whisky, O!
For e'er since he wore the tartan hose
He dearly liket *Athole brose!*†
And grieved was, you may suppose,
To bid "Farewell to whisky," O!

Alas! says Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And whiles my hame is unco cauld;
I think it makes me blythe and bauld,
A wee drap Highland whisky, O!
But a' the doctors do agree
That whisky's no the drink for me;
I'm fley'd they'll gar me tyne my glee,
By parting me and whisky, O!

But I should mind on "auld lang syne,"
How Paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their mind—
Forbid—like Highland whisky, O!
Whilst I can get good wine and ale,
And find my heart, and fingers hale,
I'll be content, though legs should fail,
And though forbidden whisky, O!

I'll tak' my fiddle in my hand,
And screw its strings whilst they can stand,
And mak' a lamentation grand
For guid auld Highland whisky, O!
Oh! all ye powers of music, come,
For, 'deed, I think I'm mighty glum,
My fiddle-strings will hardly bum,
To say, "Farewell to whisky," O!

* In the author's MS., the following sentences occur prefatory to this song: "Everybody knows Neil Gow. When he was poorly, the physicians forbade him to drink his favourite liquor. The words following were composed, at his particular desire, to a lamentation he had just made." Mrs Lyon became acquainted with Gow when she was a young lady, attending the concerts in Dundee, at which the services of the great violinist were regularly required. The song is very inaccurately printed in some of the collections.

† A beverage composed of honey dissolved in whisky.

WITHIN THE TOWERS OF ANCIENT GLAMMIS.*

TUNE—"*Merry in the Hall.*"

WITHIN the towers of ancient Glammis
Some merry men did dine,
And their host took care they should richly fare
In friendship, wit, and wine.
But they sat too late, and mistook the gate,
(For wine mounts to the brain);
O, 'twas merry in the hall, when the beards wagg'd all;
O, we hope they'll be back again;
We hope they'll be back again!

Sir Walter tapp'd at the parson's door,
To find the proper way,
But he dropt his switch, though there was no ditch,
And on the steps it lay,
So his wife took care of this nice affair,
And she wiped it free from stain;
For the knight was gone, nor the owner known,
So he ne'er got the switch again;
So he ne'er got the switch again.

This wondrous little whip remains
Within the lady's sight,
(She crambo makes, with some mistakes,
But hopes for further light).
So she ne'er will part with this switch so smart,
These thirty years her ain;
Till the knight appear, it must just lie here,
He will ne'er get his switch again;
He will ne'er get his switch again!

* This lively lyrical rhapsody, written in April 1821, celebrates an amusing incident connected with the visit of Sir Walter Scott to the Castle of Glammis, in 1793. Sir Walter was hospitably entertained in the Castle, by Mr Peter Proctor, the factor, in the absence of the noble owner, the Earl of Strathmore, who did not reside in the family mansion; and the conjecture may be hazarded, that he dropt his whip at the manse door on the same evening that he drank an English pint of wine from the *lion beaker* of Glammis, the prototype of the *silver bear* of Tully-Veolan, "the *poculum potatorium* of the valiant baron."—(*See Note* to "Waverley," and Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott.")

ROBERT LOCHORE.

ROBERT LOCHORE was born at Strathaven, in the county of Lanark, on the 7th of July 1762, and, in his thirteenth year, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Glasgow. He early commenced business on his own account. He promoted public improvements in the city, and frequently held public offices of trust. He was founder of the 'Annuity Society,' an institution attended with numerous benefits to the citizens of Glasgow.

Mr Lochore devoted much of his time to private study. He wrote verses with facility, many of his letters to his friends being composed in rhyme. His poetry was of the descriptive order; his lyrical effusions were comparatively rare. Several poetical tales and songs of his youth, contributed to different periodicals, he arranged, about the beginning of the century, in a small volume. The greater number of his compositions remain in MS. in the possession of his family. He died at Glasgow, on the 27th April 1852, in his ninetieth year. Of a buoyant and humorous disposition, he composed verses nearly to the close of his long life; and latterly found pleasure in recording, for the amusement of his family, his recollections of the past. He was a faithful friend and an exemplary Christian.

NOW, JENNY LASS.

TUNE—"*Garryowen.*"

Now, Jenny lass, my bonny bird,
My daddy's dead, an' a' that;
He's snugly laid aneath the yird,
And I'm his heir, an' a' that;
I'm now a laird, an' a' that;
I'm now a laird, an' a' that;
His gear an' land's at my command,
And muckle mair than a' that.

He left me wi' his deein' breath,
A dwallin' house, an' a' that;
A barn, a byre, an' wabs o' claith—
A big peat-stalk, an' a' that.
A mare, a foal, an' a' that;
A mare, a foal, an' a that;
Sax guid fat kye, a cauf forby,
An' twa pet ewes, an' a' that.

A yard, a meadow, lang braid leas,
An' stacks o' corn, an' a' that—
Enclosed weel wi' thorns an' trees,
An' carts, an' cars, an' a' that;
A pleugh, an' graith, an' a' that;
A pleugh, an' graith, an' a' that;
Guid harrows twa, cock, hens, an' a'—
A grecie, too, an' a' that.

I've heaps o' claes for ilka days,
For Sundays, too, an' a' that;
I've bills an' bonds on lairds an' lands,
And siller, gowd, an' a' that.
What think ye, lass, o' a' that?
What think ye, lass, o' a' that?
What want I noo, my dainty doo,
But just a wife to a' that.

Now, Jenny dear, my errand here
Is to seek ye to a' that;
My heart's a' loupin', while I speir
Gin ye'll tak' me, wi' a' that.
Mysel', my gear, an' a' that;
Mysel', my gear, an' a' that;
Come, gie's your loof to be a proof,
Ye'll be a wife to a' that.

Syne Jenny laid her nieve in his—
Said, she'd tak' him wi' a' that;
An' he gi'ed her a hearty kiss,
An' dawted her, an' a' that.
They set a day, an' a' that;
They set a day, an' a' that;
When she'd gang hame to be his dame,
An' haud a rant, an' a' that.

MARRIAGE, AND THE CARE O'T.

TUNE—"*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

QUOTH Rab to Kate, My sonsy dear,
I've woo'd ye mair than half a year,
An' if ye'd wed me, ne'er cou'd speir
Wi' blateness, an' the care o't.
Now to the point: sincere I'm wi't;
Will ye be my half-marrow sweet?
Shake han's, and say a bargain be't,
An' ne'er think on the care o't.

Na, na, quo' Kate, I winna wed,
O' sic a snare I'll aye be rede;
How mony, thochtless, are misled
By marriage, an' the care o't!
A single life's a life o' glee,
A wife ne'er think to mak' o' me,
Frae toil an' sorrow I'll keep free,
An' a' the dool an' care o't.

Weel, weel, said Robin, in reply,
Ye ne'er again shall me deny,
Ye may a toothless maiden die,
For me, I'll tak' nae care o't.
Fareweel, for ever!—aff I hie;—
Sae took his leave without a sigh:
Oh! stop, quo' Kate, I'm yours, I'll try
The married life, an' care o't.

Rab wheel't about, to Kate cam' back,
An' ga'e her mou' a hearty smack,
Syne lengthen'd out a lovin' crack
'Bout marriage, an' the care o't.
Though as she thocht she didna speak,
An' lookit unco mim an' meek,
Yet blythe was she wi' Rab to cleek
In marriage, wi' the care o't.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

JOHN ROBERTSON, author of "The Toom Meal Pock," a humorous song which has long been popular in the west of Scotland, was the son of a grocer in Paisley, where he was born on the 30th November 1767.* He received the most ample education which his native town could afford, and early cultivated a taste for music and drawing. Destined for one of the liberal professions, the unfortunate bankruptcy of his father put a check on his original aspirations. For a period he was engaged as a salesman, till habits of insobriety rendered his services unavailable to his employer. As a last resort, he enlisted in the regiment of local militia; and his qualifications becoming known to the officers, he was employed as regimental schoolmaster. He had written spirited verses in his youth; and though his muse had become mournful, she continued to sing. His end was melancholy: the unfortunate circumstances of his life preyed upon his mind, and he rushed to suicide. He died at Portsmouth, in the beginning of April 1810. A person of much ingenuity and scholarship, Robertson, with ordinary steadiness, would have attained a good position in life.

* Baptismal Register of Paisley.

THE TOOM MEAL POCK.

PRESERVE us a'! what shall we do,
Thir dark, unhallow'd times?
We're surely dreeing penance now,
For some most awfu' crimes.
Sedition daurna now appear
In reality or joke;
For ilka chiel maun mourn wi' me,
O' a hinging, toom meal pock,
And sing, Oh, waes me!

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,
For sport and pastime free;
I seem'd like ane in paradise,
The moments quick did flee.
Like Venuses they all appear'd,
Weel pouther'd were their locks;
'Twas easy dune, when at their hame,
Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.
And sing, Oh, waes me!

How happy pass'd my former days,
Wi' merry heartsome glee;
When smiling Fortune held the cup,
And Peace sat on my knee.
Nae wants had I but were supplied;
My heart wi' joy did knock,
When in the neuk I smiling saw
A gaucie, weel-fill'd pock.
And sing, Oh, waes me!

Speak no ae word about reform,
Nor petition Parliament;
A wiser scheme I'll now propose,
I'm sure ye'll gi'e consent:
Send up a chiel or twa like me,
As a sample o' the flock,
Whose hollow cheeks will be sure proof
O' a hinging, toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh, waes me!

And should a sicht sae ghastly-like,
Wi' rags, and banes, and skin,
Ha'e nae impression on yon folks,
But tell ye'll stand ahin';
O what a contrast will ye shaw,
To the glow'rin' Lunnun folk,
When in St James' ye tak' your stand,
Wi' a hinging, toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh, waes me!

Then rear your head, and glow'r, and stare,
Before yon hills o' beef;
Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
For Scotia's relief.
Tell them ye are the vera best,
Waled frae the fattest flock;
Then raise your arms, and, oh! display
A hinging, toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh, waes me!

ALEXANDER BALFOUR.

ALEXANDER BALFOUR, a poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born in February 1767,* at Guildie, a small hamlet in the parish of Monikie, Forfarshire. His parents were in humble circumstances; and being a twin, he was supported in early life by a friend of the family, from whom he received such a religious training as

* "1767, March 1, William Balfour and Ann Honeyman, in Guildy, had twins, both males, baptized before ye congregation; name, sen. William, jun. Alexander."—*Monikie Register of Births.*

exercised a highly beneficial influence on his future character. He was educated at the parish school, and evidenced precocity by essaying composition in his twelfth year. Apprenticed to a weaver, he soon became disgusted with the loom, and returned home to teach a school in his native parish. During the intervals of leisure he wrote articles for the provincial miscellanies, the *British Chronicle* newspaper, and *The Bee*, published by Dr Anderson. In his 26th year, he became clerk to a sail-cloth manufacturer in Arbroath, and, on the death of his employer, soon afterwards, he entered into partnership with his widow. On her death, in 1800, he assumed another partner. As government-contractors for supplying the navy with canvas, the firm rapidly attained prosperity; and Balfour found abundant leisure for prosecuting his literary studies. He had married in 1794; and deeming a country residence more advantageous for his rising family, he removed, in 1814, to Trottick, within two miles of Dundee, where he assumed the management of the branch of a London house, which for many years had been connected with his own firm. This step was lamentably unfortunate: the house, in which he had embarked his fortune, shared in the commercial disasters of 1815, and was involved in complete bankruptcy. Reduced to a condition of dependence, Balfour accepted the situation of manager of a manufacturing establishment at Balgonie, in Fife. In 1818, he resigned this appointment; and proceeding to Edinburgh, was employed as a clerk in the establishment of Mr Blackwood, the eminent publisher. The close confinement of the counting-house, and the revolution of his fortunes, which pressed heavily upon his mind, were too powerful for his constitution. Symptoms of paralysis began to appear shortly after his removal to the capital; and in October 1819, he was so entirely prostrated, as to require the use of a wheeled chair. His future career was that of a man of letters During the interval which elapsed between his commercial reverses and the period of his physical debility, he prepared a novel, which he had early projected, depicting the trials and sufferings of an unbeneficed preacher. This work appeared in 1819, under the title of "Campbell, or the Scottish Probationer," in three volumes; and though published anonymously, soon led to the discovery and reputation of the author. Towards the close of the same year, he edited the poetical works of his late friend, Richard Gall, to which he supplied an elegant biographical preface. His next separate publication was "The Farmer's Three Daughters," a novel in three volumes. In 1820, he published "Contemplation," with other poems, in one volume octavo; which, favourably received by the press, also added considerably to his fame. A third novel from his pen, entitled "The Smuggler's Cave; or, The Foundling of Glenthorn," appeared in 1823 from the unpropitious Minerva press; it consequently failed to excite much attention. To the *Scots Magazine* he had long been a contributor; and, on the establishment of *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine* in its stead, his assistance was secured by Mr Thomas Pringle, the original editor. His articles, contributed to this periodical during the nine years of its existence, contain matter sufficient to fill three octavo volumes. They are on every variety of theme, but especially on the manners of Scottish rural life, which he has depicted with singular power. Of his numerous contributions in verse, a series, entitled "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register," was published separately in 1825; and this production has been acknowledged as the most successful effort of his muse. It is scarcely inferior to the more celebrated composition of the English poet.

In 1827, on the application of Mr Hume, M.P., a treasury donation of £100 was conferred on Mr Balfour by the Premier, Mr Canning, in consideration of his genius. His last novel, "Highland Mary," in four volumes, was published shortly before his death. To the last, he contributed to the periodical publications. He died, after a short illness, on the 12th September 1829, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Though confined to his wheel-chair for a period of ten years, and otherwise debarred many of the comforts to which in more prosperous circumstances he had been accustomed, Alexander Balfour retained to the close of life his native placidity and gentleness. His countenance wore a perpetual smile. He joined in the amusements of the young, and took delight in the recital of the merry tale and humorous anecdote. A posthumous volume of his writings, under the title of "Weeds and Wild Flowers," was published under the editorial care of Mr D. M. Moir, who has prefixed an interesting memoir. As a lyrical poet, he is not entitled to a first place: his songs are, however, to be remarked for deep and genuine pathos.

THE BONNY LASS O' LEVEN WATER.

THOUGH siller Tweed rin o'er the lea,
An' dark the Dee 'mang Highland heather,
Yet siller Tweed an' drumly Dee
Are not sae dear as Leven Water:
When Nature form'd our favourite isle,
An' a' her sweets began to scatter,
She look'd with fond approving smile,
Alang the banks o' Leven Water.

On flowery braes, at gloamin' grey,
'Tis sweet to scent the primrose springin';
Or through the woodlands green to stray,
In ilka buss the mavis singing':
But sweeter than the woodlands green,
Or primrose painted fair by Nature,
Is she wha smiles, a rural queen,
The bonny lass o' Leven Water!

The sunbeam in the siller dew,
That hangs upon the hawthorn's blossom,
Shines faint beside her e'en sae blue;
An' purer is her spotless bosom.
Her smile wad thaw a hermit's breast;
There's love an' truth in ilka feature;
For her I'm past baith wark an' rest,
The bonny lass o' Leven Water!

But I'm a lad o' laigh degree,
Her purse-proud daddy's dour an' saucy;
An' sair the carle wad scowl on me,
For speakin' to his dawtit lassie:
But were I laird o' Leven's glen,
An' she a humble shepherd's daughter,
I'd kneel, an' court her for my ain,
The bonny lass o' Leven Water!

SLIGHTED LOVE.

The rosebud blushing to the morn,
The snaw white flower that scents the thorn,
When on thy gentle bosom worn,
Were ne'er sae fair as thee, Mary!
How blest was I, a little while,
To deem that bosom free frae guile;
When, fondly sighing, thou wouldst smile;
Yes, sweetly smile on me, Mary!

Though gear was scant, an' friends were few,
My heart was leal, my love was true;
I blest your e'en of heavenly blue,
That glanced sae saft on me, Mary!
But wealth has won your heart frae me;
Yet I maun ever think of thee;
May a' the bliss that gowd can gi'e,
For ever wait on thee, Mary!

For me, nae mair on earth I crave,
But that yon drooping willow wave
Its branches o'er my early grave,
Forgot by love, an' thee, Mary!
An' when that hallow'd spot you tread,
Where wild-flowers bloom above my head,
O look not on my grassy bed,
Lest thou shouldst sigh for me Mary!

GEORGE MACINDOE.

GEORGE MACINDOE, chiefly known as the author of "A Million o' Potatoes," a humorous ballad, in the Scottish language, was born at Partick, near Glasgow, in 1771. He originally followed the occupation of a silk weaver, in Paisley, which he early relinquished for the less irksome duties of a hotel-keeper at Glasgow. His hotel was a corner tenement, at the head of King Street, near St Giles' Church, Trongate; and here a club of young men, with which the poet Campbell was connected, were in the habit of holding weekly meetings. Campbell made a practice of retiring from the noisy society of the club to spend the remainder of the evenings in conversation

with the intelligent host. After conducting the business of hotel-keeper in Glasgow during a period of twenty-one years, Macindoe became insolvent, and was necessitated to abandon the concern. He returned to Paisley and resumed the loom, at the same time adding to his finances by keeping a small change-house, and taking part as an instrumental musician at the local concerts. He excelled in the use of the violin. Ingenious as a mechanic, and skilled in his original employment, he invented a machine for figuring on muslin, for which he received premiums from the City Corporation of Glasgow and the Board of Trustees.

Macindoe was possessed of a lively temperament, and his conversation sparkled with wit and anecdote. His person was handsome, and his open, manly countenance was adorned with bushy locks, which in old age, becoming snowy white, imparted to him a singularly venerable aspect. He claimed no merit as a poet, and only professed to be the writer of "incidental rhymes." In 1805, he published, in a thin duodecimo volume, "Poems and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," which he states in the preface he had laid before the public to gratify "the solicitations of friends." Of the compositions contained in this volume, the ballad entitled "A Million o' Potatoes," and the song we have selected for this work, are alone worthy of preservation. In 1813, he published a second volume of poems and songs, entitled "The Wandering Muse;" and he occasionally contributed lyrics to the local periodicals. He died at Glasgow, on the 19th April 1848, in his seventy-seventh year, leaving a numerous family. His remains were interred at Anderston, Glasgow.

THE BURN TROUT.*

TUNE—"*The gude forgi'e me for leein'.*"

BRITHER Jamie cam west, wi' a braw burn Trout,
An' speir'd how acquaintance were greeing;
He brought it frae Peebles, tied up in a clout,
An' said it wad just be a preeing, a preeing,
An' said it wad just be a preeing.

In the burn that rins by his grandmother's door
This trout had lang been a dweller,
Ae night fell asleep a wee piece frae the shore,
An' was kill'd wi' a stane by the miller, the miller,
An' was kill'd wi' a stane by the miller.

This trout it was gutted an' dried on a nail
That grannie had reested her ham on,
Weel rubbed wi' saut, frae the head to the tail,
An' kipper'd as 't had been a sa'mon, a sa'mon,
An' kipper'd as 't had been a sa'mon.

This trout it was boil'd an' set ben on a plate,
Nae fewer than ten made a feast o't;
The banes and the tail, they were gi'en to the cat.
But we lickit our lips at the rest o't, the rest o't,
But we lickit our lips at the rest o't.

When this trout it was eaten, we were a' like to rive,
Sae ye mauna think it was a wee ane;
May ilk trout in the burn grow muckle an' thrive,
An' Jamie bring west aye a preeing, a preeing,
An' Jamie bring west aye a preeing.

* "Amidst George Macindoe's songs one is distinguished by more clearness and less vulgarity than the rest 'The Burn Trout' was composed on a real incident which it describes, namely, a supper, where the chief dish was a salmon, brought from Peebles to Glasgow by my father, who, when learning his business, as a manufacturer, in the western city, about the end of the century, had formed an acquaintance with the poet."—*Note by Robert Chambers, LL.D.*

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS.

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS was the son of Robert Douglas, a labourer in the village of Strathmiglo, in Fife, where he was born on the 17th June 1771. Early discovering an aptitude for learning, he formed the intention of studying for the ministry—a laudable aspiration checked by the indigence of his parents. Attending school during winter, his summer months were employed in tending cattle; and while so occupied,

he read the Bible in the fields, and with a religious sense remarkable for his years, engaged in daily prayer for the Divine blessing to grant him a saving acquaintance with the record. At the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to a linen weaver in his native village, with whom he afterwards proceeded to Pathhead, near Kirkcaldy. He now sought to acquaint himself with general literature, especially with the British poets; and his literary ardour was stimulated by several companions of kindred inclinations. He returned to Strathmiglo, and while busily plying the shuttle, began to compose verses for his amusement. These compositions were jotted down during intervals of leisure. Happening to quote a stanza to Dr Paterson of Auchtermuchty, his medical attendant, who was struck with its originality, he was induced to submit his MSS. to the inspection of that gentleman. A cordial recommendation to publish his verses was the result; and a large number of subscribers being procured, through the exertions of his medical friend, he appeared, in 1806, as the author of an octavo volume of "Poems," chiefly in the Scottish dialect. The publication yielded a profit of one hundred pounds.

Douglas was possessed of a weakly constitution; he died on the 21st November 1821. He was twice married, and left a widow. A man of devoted piety and amiable dispositions, he had few pretensions as a poet: some of his songs have, however, obtained a more than local celebrity, and one at least seems not undeserving of a place in these pages.

FIFE, AN' A' THE LAND ABOUT IT.*

TUNE—"*Roy's Wife o' Aldivalloch.*"

FIFE, an' a' the land about it,
Fife, an' a' the land about it;
May health, an' peace, an' plenty glad
Fair Fife, an' a' the land about it.

We'll raise the song on highest key,
Through every grove till echo shout it;
The sweet enchantin' theme shall be,
Fair Fife, an' a' the land about it.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, etc.

Her braid an' lang extended vales
Are clad wi' corn, a' wavin' yellow;
Her flocks an' herds crown a' her hills;
Her woods resound wi' music mellow.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, etc.

Her waters pastime sweet afford
To ane an' a' wha like to angle;
The seats o' mony a laird an' lord,
Her plains, as stars the sky, bespangle.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, etc.

In ilka town an' village gay,
Hark! Thrift, her wheel an' loom are usin';
While to an' frae each port an' bay,
See wealthy Commerce briskly cruisin'.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, etc.

Her maids are frugal, modest, fair,
As lilies by her burnies growin':
An' ilka swain may here repair,
Whase heart wi' virt'ous love is glowin'.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, etc.

In peace, her sons like lammies mild,
Are lightsome, friendly, an' engagin';
In war, they're loyal, bauld, an' wild,
As lions roused, an' fiercely ragin'.
Fife, an' a' the land about it, etc.

May auld an' young ha'e meat an' claes;
May wark an' wages aye be plenty;
An' may the sun to latest days
See Fife an' a' her bairnies canty.

Fife, an' a' the land about it,
Fife, an' a' the land about it;
May health, an' peace, an' plenty glad
Fair Fife, an' a' the land about it.

* A song of this title was composed by Robert Fergusson.

WILLIAM M'LAREN.

WILLIAM M'LAREN, a poet of some merit, and an associate and biographer of Robert Tannahill, was born at Paisley about 1772. He began life as a handloom weaver, but was more devoted to the pursuits of literature than the concerns of trade. Possessing a considerable share of poetical talent, he composed several volumes of verses, which

were published by him on his own account, and very frequently to considerable pecuniary advantage. In 1817, he published, in quarto, a poetical tale, entitled "Emma; or, The Cruel Father; and another narrative poem in 1827, under the title of "Isabella; or, The Robbers." Many of his songs and lyrical pieces were contributed to provincial serials. His genius as a poet was exceeded by his skill as a prose writer; he composed in prose with elegance and power. In 1815, he published a memoir of Tannahill—an eloquent and affectionate tribute to the memory of his departed friend—to which is appended an *éloge* on Robert Burns, delivered at an anniversary of that poet's birthday. In 1818, he published, with a memoir, the posthumous poetical works of his relative, the poet Scadlock. His other prose writings consist of pamphlets on a diversity of subjects.

At one period, M'Laren established himself as a manufacturer in Ireland; but, rendering himself obnoxious by the bold expression of his political opinions, he found it necessary to make a hasty departure for Scotland. He latterly opened a change-house in Paisley, and his circumstances became considerably prosperous. He died in 1832, leaving a family. He is remembered as a person of somewhat singular manners, and of undaunted enterprise and decision of character. He was shrewd and well-informed, without much reading; he purchased no books, but was ingenious and successful in recommending his own.

AND DOST THOU SPEAK SINCERE, MY LOVE?

TUNE—"*Lord Gregory.*"

AND dost thou speak sincere, my love!
And must we ever part?
And dost thou unrelenting see
The anguish of my heart?
Have e'er these doating eyes of mine,
One wandering wish express'd?
No; thou alone hast ever been
Companion of my breast.

I saw thy face, angelic fair,
I thought thy form divine,
I sought thy love—I gave my heart,
And hoped to conquer thine.
But, ah! delusive, cruel hope!
Hope now for ever gone!
My Mary keeps the heart I gave,
But with it keeps her own.

When many smiling summer suns
Their silver light has shed,
And wrinkled age her hoary hairs
Waves lightly o'er my head;
Even then, in life's declining hour,
My heart will fondly trace
The beauties of thy lovely form,
And sweetly smiling face.

SAY NOT THE BARD HAST TURN'D OLD.

THOUGH the winter of age wreathes her snow on his head,
And the blooming effulgence of summer has fled,
Though the voice, that was sweet as the harp's softest string,
Be tremulous, and low as the zephyrs of spring,
Yet say not the Bard has turn'd old.

Though the casket that holds the rich jewel we prize
Attracts not the gaze of inquisitive eyes;
Yet the gem that's within may be lovely and bright
As the smiles of the morn, or the stars of the night;
Then say not the Bard has turn'd old.

When the tapers burn clear, and the goblet shines bright,
In the hall of his chief, on a festival night,
I have smiled at the glance of his rapturous eye,
While the brim of the goblet laugh'd back in reply;
Then say not the Bard has turn'd old.

When he sings of the valorous deeds that were done,
By his clan or his chief, in the days that are gone,
His strains then are various—now rapid, now slow,
As he mourns for the dead or exults o'er the foe;
Then say not the Bard has turn'd old.

When summer in gaudy profusion is dress'd,
And the dew-drop hangs clear on the violet's breast,
I list with delight to his rapturous strain,
While the borrowing echo returns it again;
Then say not the Bard has turn'd old.

But not summer's profusion alone can inspire
His soul in the song, or his hand on the lyre,
But rapid his numbers and wilder they flow,
When the wintry winds rave o'er his mountains of snow;
Then say not the Bard has turn'd old.

I have seen him elate when the black clouds were riven,
Terrific and wild, by the thunder of heaven,
And smile at the billows that angrily rave,
Incessant and deep o'er the mariner's grave;
Then say not the Bard has turn'd old.

When the eye that expresses the warmth of his heart,
Shall fail the benevolent wish to impart—
When his blood shall be cold as the wintry wave,
And silent his harp as the gloom of the grave,
Then say that the Bard has turn'd old.

HAMILTON PAUL.

A MAN of fine intellect, a poet, and an elegant writer, Hamilton Paul has claims to remembrance. On the 10th April 1773,* he was born in a small cottage on the banks of Girvan Water, in the parish of Dailly, and county of Ayr. In the same dwelling, Hugh Ainslie, another Scottish bard, was afterwards born. Receiving his elementary education at the parish school, he became a student in the University of Glasgow. Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," was a college contemporary; and their mutual love of poetry drew them closely to each other. They competed for academical rewards offered for the best compositions in verse, till frequent adjudication as to the equality of their merits induced them to forbear contesting on the same subjects. At least on one occasion the verses of Paul were preferred to those of the Bard of Hope. The following lines, exhibiting a specimen of his poetical powers at this period, are from a translation of Claudian's "Epithalamium on the Marriage of Honorius and Maria," for which, in the Latin class, he gained a prize along with his friend:

"Maria, now the maid of heavenly charms,
Decreed to bless the youthful monarch's arms;
Inflames Augustus with unwonted fires,
And in his breast awakens new desires.
In love a novice, while his bosom glows
With restless heat, the cause he scarcely knows:
The rural pastimes suited to his age,
His late delight, no more his care engage;
No more he wills to give his steed the reins
In eager chase, and urge him o'er the plains;
No more he joys to bend the twanging bow,
To hurl the javelin, or the dart to throw;
His alter'd thoughts to other objects rove,
To wounds inflicted by the god of love.
How oft, expressive of the inward smart,
Did groans convulsive issue from his heart!
How oft did blushes own the sacred flame,
How oft his hand unbidden wrote her name!
Now presents worthy of the plighted fair,
And nuptial robes his busy train prepare—
Robes wherewith Livia was herself attired,
And those bright dames that to the beds aspired
Of emperors. Yet the celestial maid
Requires no earthly ornamental aid
To give her faultless form a single grace,
Or add one charm to her bewitching face."

The circumstances of the young poets were far from affluent. Campbell particularly felt the pressure of poverty. He came hastily one morning to the lodgings

* "1773, Hamilton, son lawful to John Paul at Bargenny, born 10th April, and baptized 15th."—*Baptismal Register of Dailly.*

of his friend to request his opinion of some verses; they were immediately printed, and the copies sold to his fellow-students for a halfpenny each. So Paul sometimes told his friends, quoting the following lines as all he could remember of the production:

"Loud shriek'd afar the angry sprite,
That rode upon the storm of night,
And loud the waves were heard to roar
That lash'd on Jura's rocky shore."

After several sessions of attendance at college, Paul became tutor to a family in Argyllshire, and Campbell obtained a similar situation in the island of Mull. They entered into a humorous correspondence in prose and verse. "Your verses on the 'Unfortunate Lady,'" writes Campbell to his friend, "I read with sweet pleasure; for their is a joy in grief, when peace dwelleth in the breast of the sad. . . . . Morose as I am in judging of poetry, I could find nothing inelegant in the whole piece. I hope you will in your next (since you are such a master of the plaintive) send me some verses consolatory to a hermit; for my sequestered situation sometimes stamps a firm belief on my mind that I am actually an anchorite. In return for your welcome poetical effusion, I have nothing at present but a chorus of the Jepthes of Buchanan, written soon after my arrival in Mull:

"Glassy Jordan, smooth meandering
Jacob's grassy meads between,
Lo! thy waters, gently wandering,
Lave thy valleys rich and green.

"When the winter, keenly show'ring,
Strips fair Salem's holy shade,
Then thy current, broader flowing,
Lingers 'mid the leafless glade.

"When, O! when shall light returning
Gild the melancholy gloom,
And the golden star of morning
Jordan's solemn vault illume?

"When shall Freedom's holy charmer
Cheer my long benighted soul?
When shall Israel, proud in armour,
Burst the tyrant's base control?" etc.

"The similarity of the measure with that of your last made me think of sending you this piece. I am much hurried at present with my comedy, the 'Clouds of Aristophanes.' I have already finished my translation of the Choephorœ of Æschylus. I dreamt a dream about your being before Parnassus upon your trial for sedition and contumacy. I thought Thalia, Clio, etc., addressed you. 'Their speeches shall be nonsensified into rhyme, and shall be part of some other scrawl from your affectionate friend, "THOMAS THE HERMIT."

In another epistle, Campbell threatens to "send a formal message to the kind nymphs of Parnassus, telling them that, whereas Hamilton Paul, their favourite and admired laureate of the north, has been heard to express his admiration of certain nymphs in a certain place; and that the said Hamilton Paul has ungratefully and feloniously neglected to speak with due reverence of the ladies of Helicon; that said Hamilton Paul shall be deprived of all aid in future from these goddesses, and be sent to draw his inspiration from the dry fountain of earthly beauty; and that, furthermore, all the favours taken from the said Hamilton Paul shall accrue to the informer and petitioner!"

After two years' residence in the Highlands, both the poets returned to Glasgow

to resume their academical studies: Campbell to qualify himself as a man of letters, and Paul to prepare for the ministry of the Scottish Church. "It would have been impossible, even during the last years of their college life," writes Mr Deans,* "to have predicted which of the two students would ultimately arrive at the greatest eminence. They were both excellent classical scholars; they were both ingenious poets; and Campbell does not appear to have surpassed his companion either in his original pieces or his translations; they both exhibited great versatility of talent; they were both playful and witty; and seem to have been possessed of great facilities in sport. During his latter years, when detailing the history of those joyous days, Mr Paul dwelt on them with peculiar delight, and seemed animated with youthful emotion when recalling the curious frolics and innocent and singular adventures in which Campbell and he had performed a principal part."

While resident at Inverary, Mr Paul wrote several poems, which were much approved by his correspondent. Among these, a ballad entitled "The Maid of Inverary," in honour of Lady Charlotte Campbell, afterwards Lady Bury, was set to music, and made the subject of elaborate criticism. On his return to the university, he composed with redoubled ardour, contributing verses on every variety of topic to the newspapers and periodicals. Several of his pieces, attracting the notice of some of the professors, received their warm commendation.

Obtaining license to preach, the poet returned to his native county. During a probation of thirteen years, he was assistant to six parish ministers, and tutor in five different families. He became joint-proprietor and editor of the *Ayr Advertiser*, which he conducted for a period of three years. At Ayr he was a member of every literary circle; was connected with every club; chaplain to every society; a speaker at every meeting; the poet of every curious occurrence; and the welcome guest at every table. Besides editing his newspaper, he gave private instructions in languages, and preached on Sabbath. His metrical productions became widely known, and his songs were sung at the cottage hearths of the district. His presence at the social meeting was the sure indication of a prevalent good humour.

In 1813, Mr Paul attained the summit of his professional ambition: he was ordained to the pastoral office in the united parishes of Broughton, Glenholm, and Kilbucho, in Peeblesshire. Amidst due attention to his clerical duties, he still found leisure to engage in literary pursuits, and continued to contribute to the public journals both in prose and poetry. Of the poet Burns he was an enthusiastic admirer. He was laureate of the "Burns' Allowa' Club," and of the Glasgow Ayrshire Friendly Society, whose annual meetings were held on the Bard's anniversary; and the odes which he composed for these annual assemblages attracted wide and warm admiration. He therefore recommended himself as a suitable editor of the works of Burns, when a new edition was contemplated by Messrs Wilson & M'Cormick, booksellers in Ayr. In the performance of his editorial task, he was led, in an attempt to palliate the immoralities of Burns, to make some indiscreet allusions respecting his own clerical brethren. For this imprudence he narrowly escaped censure from the ecclesiastical courts. His memoir, though commended by Professor Wilson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, was severely censured by Dr Andrew Thomson in the *Christian Instructor*.

The pastoral parish of Broughton was in many respects suited for a person of Hamilton Paul's peculiar temperament and habits: in a more conspicuous position his talents might have shone with more brilliancy; but, after the burst of enthusiasm in his youth was past, he loved seclusion, and modestly sought the shade. No man

* We are indebted to Mr W. Deans, author of a "History of the Ottoman Empire," for much of the information contained in this memoir. Mr Deans was personally acquainted with Mr Hamilton Paul.

was less conscious of his powers, or attached less value to his literary performances.* Of his numerous poetical compositions, each was the work of a sitting, or had been uttered impromptu; and, unless secured by a friend, they were commonly laid aside never to be recollected. As a clergyman, he retained, during a lengthened incumbency, the respect and affection of his flock, chiefly, it may be remarked, from the acceptability of his private services, and the warmth and kindliness of his dispositions. His pulpit discourses were elegantly composed, and largely impressed with originality and learning, but were somewhat imperfectly pervaded with those clear and evangelical views of Divine truth which are best calculated to edify a Christian audience. In private society, he was universally beloved. "His society," writes Mr Deans, "was courted by the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned. In every company he was alike kind, affable, and unostentatious; as a companion, he was the most engaging of men; he was the best story-teller of his day." His power of humour was unbounded; he had a joke for every occasion, a *bon-mot* for every adventure. He had eminent power of satire when he chose to wield it; but he generally blended the complimentary with the pungent, and lessened the keenness of censure by the good humour of its utterance. His anecdotes are familiar over a wide district, and many of his witty sayings have become proverbial. He was abundantly hospitable, and had even suffered embarrassments from its injudicious exercise; still he was always able, as he used to say,

"To invite the wanderer to the gate,
And spread the couch of rest."

He died on the 28th of February 1854, in the eighty-first year of his age.

In appearance, Hamilton Paul presented a handsome person, tall and erect; his countenance was regular and pleasant; and his eyes, which were partially concealed by overhanging eye-lashes, beamed with humour and intelligence. In conversation he particularly excelled, evincing on every topic the fruits of extensive reading and reflection. He was readily moved by the pathetic; at the most joyous hour, a melancholy incident would move him into tears. The tenderness of his heart was frequently imparted to his verses, which are distinguished for simplicity and smoothness.

* "He never took any credit to himself," communicates his friend, Mr H. S. Riddell, "from the widely-known circumstance of his having carried off the prize from Campbell. He said that Campbell was at that period a very young man, much younger than he, and had much less experience in composition than himself."

HELEN GRAY.

Fair are the fleecy flocks that feed
On yonder heath-clad hills,
Where wild meandering crystal Tweed
Collects his glassy rills.
And sweet the buds that scent the air,
And deck the breast of May;
But none of these are sweet or fair,
Compared to Helen Gray.

You see in Helen's face so mild,
And in her bashful mien,
The winning softness of the child,
The blushes of fifteen.
The witching smile, when prone to go
Arrests me, bids me stay;
Nor joy, nor comfort can I know,
When 'reft of Helen Gray.

I little thought the dark-brown moors,
The dusky mountain's shade,
Down which the wasting torrent pours,
Conceal'd so sweet a maid;
When sudden started from the plain
A sylvan scene and gay,
Where, pride of all the virgin train,
I first saw Helen Gray.

* * * * *

May never Envy's venom'd breath,
Blight thee, thou tender flower!
And may thy head ne'er droop beneath
Affliction's chilling shower!
Though I, the victim of distress,
Must wander far away;
Yet, till my dying hour, I'll bless
The name of Helen Gray.

THE BONNIE LASS OF BARR.

Of streams that down the valley run,
Or through the meadow glide,
Or glitter to the summer sun,
The Stinshar* is the pride.

* The English pronouncing the name of this river *Stinkar*, induced the poet Burns to change it to Lugar.

'Tis not his banks of verdant hue,
Though famed they be afar;
Nor grassy hill, nor mountain blue,
Nor flower bedropt with diamond dew;
'Tis she that chiefly charms the view,
The bonnie lass of Barr.

When rose the lark on early wing,
The vernal tide to hail;
When daisies deck'd the breast of spring,
I sought her native vale.
The beam that gilds the evening sky,
And brighter morning star
That tells the king of day is nigh
With mimic splendour vainly try
To reach the lustre of thine eye,
Thou bonnie lass of Barr.

The sun behind yon misty isle,
Did sweetly set yestreen;
But not his parting dewy smile
Could match the smile of Jean.
Her bosom swell'd with gentle woe,
Mine strove with tender war.
On Stinshar's banks, while wild-woods grow,
While rivers to the ocean flow,
With love of thee my heart shall glow,
Thou bonnie lass of Barr.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Robert Tannahill was born at Paisley on the 3d of June 1774.* His father, James Tannahill, a silk-gauze weaver, married Janet Pollock, daughter of Matthew Pollock, owner of the small property of Boghall, near Beith; their family consisted of six sons and one daughter, of whom the future poet was the fourth child. On his mother's side he inherited a poetical temperament: she was herself endowed with strong natural sagacity, and her maternal uncle, Hugh Brodie of Langcroft, a small landowner in Lochwinnoch, evidenced poetic powers by composing "A Speech in Verse upon Husbandry."† When a mere youth, Tannahill wrote verses; and being unable, from a weakness in one of his limbs to join in the active sports of his school-fellows, he sought amusement by composing riddles in rhyme for their solution.

Along with poetry, Tannahill early cultivated the kindred arts of music and song. A mere youth, he occasionally earned the payment of ten shillings for playing on the fife at the Greenock parades; he afterwards became eminent for his skill in the use of the flute. Having completed his education at school, which consisted of instruction in the elementary branches, he became apprenticed to a cotton-weaver. Collecting old or obscure airs, he began to adapt to them suitable words, which he jotted down as they occurred, upon a rude writing-desk he had attached to his loom. His spare hours were spent in the general improvement of his mind. For a period of two years at the commencement of the century, he prosecuted his handicraft occupation at Bolton in England. Returning to Paisley in the spring of 1802, he was offered the situation of overseer of a manufacturing establishment, but he preferred to resume the labours of the loom.

Hitherto Tannahill had not dreamed of becoming known as a song-writer: he cultivated his gift to relieve the monotony of an unintellectual occupation, and the usual auditor of his lays was his younger brother Matthew, who for some years was his companion in the workshop. The acquaintance of Robert Archibald Smith, the celebrated musical composer, which he was now fortunate in obtaining, was the means of stimulating his Muse to higher efforts. Smith was at this period resident in Paisley; and along with one Ross, a teacher of music from Aberdeen, he set several of Tannahill's best songs to music. In 1805, our poet was invited to become

* "June 1774, Robert, lawful son to James Tannahill, weaver, and Janet Polick, born 3d, baptized 5th."—*Paisley Register of Births and Baptisms.*

† *See* Semple's "Continuation of Crawford's History of Renfrewshire," p. 116.

a contributor to a leading metropolitan periodical, and two years afterwards he published a volume of "Poems and Songs." Of this work, a large impression was sold, and a number of the songs obtained celebrity. Encouraged by R. A. Smith and others, who, attracted by his fame, came to visit him, Tannahill began to court reputation as a song-writer; he composed new songs and re-wrote with attention those which he had already published. Some of these compositions he hoped would be accepted by his correspondent, Mr George Thomson, for his collection, and the others he expected would find a publisher in the famous bookselling firm of Constable and Co. The failure of both these schemes—for Constable's hands were full, and Thomson exhibited his wonted "fastidiousness"—deeply affected the sensitive bard. A temporary relief to his disappointed expectations was occasioned by a visit which, in the spring of 1810, he received from James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who made a journey to Paisley expressly to form his acquaintance. The poets spent a night together; and in the morning Tannahill accompanied the Shepherd half-way to Glasgow. Their parting was memorable: "Farewell," said Tannahill, as he grasped the Shepherd's hand, "we shall never meet again! Farewell, I shall never see you more!"

The visit of the Ettrick Bard proved only an interlude amidst the depression which had permanently settled on the mind of poor Tannahill. The intercourse of admiring friends became burdensome to him; and he stated to his brother Matthew his determination either to leave Paisley for a sequestered locality, or to canvass the country for subscribers to a new edition of his poems. Meanwhile, his person became emaciated, and he complained to his brother that he experienced a prickling sensation in the head. During a visit to a friend in Glasgow, he exhibited symptoms of insanity. On his return home, he complained of illness, and took to bed in his mother's house. He was visited by three of his brothers on the evening of the same day, and they left him about ten o'clock, when he appeared sufficiently composed. Returning about two hours afterwards to inquire for him, and for their mother, who lay sick in the next apartment, they found their brother's bed empty, and discovered that he had gone out. Arousing the neighbours, they made an immediate search, and at length they discovered the poet's lifeless body at a deep spot of the neighbouring brook. Tannahill terminated his own life on the 17th May 1810, at the age of thirty-six.

The victim of disappointments which his sensitive temperament could not endure, Tannahill was naturally of an easy and cheerful disposition. As a child, his exemplary behaviour was so conspicuous, that mothers were satisfied of their children's safety if they learned that they were in company with "*Bob* Tannahill." Inoffensive in his own dispositions, he entertained every respect for the feelings of others. He enjoyed the intercourse of particular friends, but avoided general society; in company, he seldom talked, and only with a neighbour; he shunned the acquaintance of persons of rank, because he disliked patronage, and dreaded superciliousness. His conversation was simple; he possessed, but seldom used, considerable powers of satire; but he applied his keenest shafts of sarcasm against the votaries of cruelty. In performing acts of kindness he took delight, but he was scrupulous of accepting favours; he was strong in the love of independence, and had saved twenty pounds at the period of his death. His general appearance did not indicate intellectual superiority; his countenance was calm and meditative, his eyes were grey, and his hair a light-brown. In person, he was under the middle size. Not ambitious of general learning, he confined his reading chiefly to poetry. His poems are inferior to his songs: of the latter will be found admirers while the Scottish language is sung or understood. Abounding in genuine sweetness and graceful simplicity, they are

pervaded by the gentlest pathos. Rich in description of beautiful landscapes, they softly tell the tale of man's affection and woman's love.*

* Tannahill was believed never to have entertained particular affection towards any of the fair sex. We have ascertained that, at different periods, he paid court to two females of his own rank. The first of these was Jean King, sister of his friend John King, one of the minor poets of Paisley; she afterwards married a person of the name of Pinkerton; and her son, Mr James Pinkerton, printer, Paisley, has frequently heard her refer to the fear she had entertained lest "Rob would write a song about her." His next sweetheart was Mary Allan, sister of the poet Robert Allan. This estimable woman was a sad mourner on the poet's death, and for many years wept aloud when her deceased lover was made the subject of conversation in her presence. Twenty years ago she emigrated to America. Some verses addressed to her by the poet she retained with the fondest affection. Many particulars contained in this sketch we received from the poet's brother, Mr Matthew Tannahill. That respectable person died about 1860.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.*

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd with sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

* "Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane" was published in 1808, and has since received an uncommon measure of popularity. The music, so suitable to the words, was composed by R. A. Smith. In the "Harp of Renfrewshire" (p. xxxvi.), Mr Smith remarks that the song was at first composed in two stanzas, the third being added subsequently. "The Promethean fire," says Mr Smith, "must have been burning but *lownly*, when such common-place ideas could be written, after the song had been so finely wound up with the beautiful apostrophe to the mavis, 'Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening.'" The heroine of the song was formerly a matter of speculation; many a "Jessie" had the credit assigned to her; and passengers by the old stage-coaches between Perth and the south, on passing through Dunblane, had pointed out to them, by the drivers, the house of Jessie's birth. One writer (in the *Musical Magazine*, for May 1835) records that he had actually been introduced at Dunblane to the individual Jessie, then an elderly female, of an appearance the reverse of prepossessing! Unfortunately for the curious in such inquiries, the heroine existed only in the imagination of the poet; he never was at Dunblane, which, if he had been, he would have discovered that the sun could not there be seen setting "o'er the lofty Benlomond." Mr Matthew Tannahill informed the editor that the song was composed to supplant an old one, entitled, "Bob o' Dumblane."

LOUDOUN'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.*

AIR—"*Lord Moira's Welcome to Scotland.*"

LOUDOUN'S bonnie woods and braes,
I maun lea' them a', lassie;
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
Wald gi'e Britons law, lassie?
Wha would shun the field of danger?
Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes
Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle Hope shall soothe thy waes,
When I am far awa', lassie.

"Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie,
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields of war,
When Vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie."

* Tannahill wrote this song in honour of the Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, and the Countess of Loudoun, to whom his Lordship had been lately married, when he was called abroad in the service of his country.

O! resume thy wonted smile!
O! suppress thy fears, lassie!
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie;
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie;
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudoun's flowery lea, lassie.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.*

FAR lone amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonny,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And 's scarcely seen by ony;
Sae sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean,
There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion:—
Let Fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurell'd favours many;
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

YON BURN SIDE.†

AIR—"*The Brier-Bush.*"

WE'LL meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,
Where the bushes form a cosie den, on yon burn side;
Though the broomy knowes be green,
And there we may be seen,
Yet we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en down by yon burn side.

I'll lead you to the birken bower, on yon burn side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burn side;
There the busy prying eye,
Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,
While in ither's arms they lie, down by yon burn side.

Awa', ye rude, unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn side;
There fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murm'ring stream,
And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' goud, on yon burn side,
And gloamin' draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn side;
Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll through the fields alane,
There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean, down by yon burn side.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.*

AIR—"*Bonny Dundee.*"

KEEN blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw:
The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they ha'e marched my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.

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* This song was written on a young lady, whom a friend of the author met at Ardentinny, a retired spot on the margin of Loch Long.

† The poet and one of his particular friends, Charles Marshall, had met one evening in a tavern, kept by Tom Buchanan, near the cross of Paisley. The evening was enlivened by song-singing; and the landlord, who was present, sung the old song, beginning, "There grows a bonny brier-bush," which he did with effect. On their way home together, Marshall remarked that the words of the landlord's song were vastly inferior to the tune, and humorously suggested the following burlesque parody of the first stanza:

"There's mony a dainty cabbage-stock in our kail-yard,
There's mony a dainty cabbage-stock in our kail-yard,
They were set by Charlie Marshall,
And pu'd by Nannie Laird,
Yet there's mony a dainty cabbage-stock in our kail-yard."

He added that Tannahill would do well to compose suitable words for the music. The hint sufficed; the friends met after a fortnight's interval, when the poet produced and read the song of "Yon burn side." It immediately became popular.

* The Braes of Gleniffer are a tract of hilly ground, to the south of Paisley. They are otherwise known as Stanley Braes.

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae;
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry winds swellin',
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
For, O, gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan',
The dark days o' winter were summer to me!

THROUGH CROCKSTON CASTLE'S LANELY WA'S.*

AIR—"*Crockston Castle.*"

THROUGH Crockston Castle's lanely wa's
The wintry wind howls wild and dreary;
Though mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
Yet I ha'e vow'd to meet my Mary.
Yes, Mary, though the winds should rave
Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep,
Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure;
But I will ford the whirling deep,
That roars between me and my treasure.
Yes, Mary, though the torrent rave,
Wi' jealous spite, to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie;
But when the lonesome way is past,
I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary!
Yes, Mary, though stern winter rave,
With a' his storms, to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

* The ruin of Crockston Castle is situated on the brow of a gentle eminence, about three miles south-east of Paisley. The Castle, in the twelfth century, was possessed by a Norman family, of the name of Croc; it passed, in the following century, by the marriage of the heiress, into a younger branch of the House of Stewart, who were afterwards ennobled as Earls of Lennox. According to tradition, Queen Mary and Lord Darnley occasionally resided in the castle; and it is reported that the unfortunate princess witnessed from its walls the fall of her fortunes at the battle of Langside. Crockston Castle is now in the possession of Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

AIR—"*The Three Carls o' Buchanan.*"

LET us go, lassie, go
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blaeberries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling;
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheiling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns,
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

MY BONNY YOUNG LADDIE.

OUR bonny Scots lads, in their green tartan plaids,
Their blue-belted bonnets, and feathers sae braw,
Rank'd up on the green, were fair to be seen,
But my bonnie young laddie was fairest of a'.
His cheeks were as red as the sweet heather-bell,
Or the red western cloud looking down on the snaw,
His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,
And the e'en o' the lasses were fix'd on him a'.

My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day,
When torn frae my bosom they march'd him awa',
He bade me farewell, he cried "O be leal,"
And his red cheeks were wet wi' the tears that did fa'.
Ah! Harry, my love, tho' thou ne'er shou'dst return,
Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn,
And memory shall fade, like the leaf on the tree,
Ere my heart spare ae thought on anither but thee.

YE DEAR ROMANTIC SHADES.

AIR—"*Mrs Hamilton of Wishaw's Strathspey.*"

Far from the giddy court of mirth
Where sick'ning follies reign,
By Levern banks I wander forth
To hail each sylvan scene.
All hail, ye dear romantic shades!
Ye banks, ye woods, and sunny glades!
Here oft the musing poet treads
In nature's riches great,
Contrasts the country with the town,
Makes nature's beauties all his own,
And, borne on Fancy's wings, looks down
On empty pride and state.

By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
Or sober evening grey,
I'll often quit the dinsome town,
By Levern banks to stray!
Or from the upland's mossy brow,
Enjoy the fancy-pleasing view
Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,
A sweetly varied scene!
Give riches to the miser's care;
Let Folly shine in Fashion's glare;
Give me the wealth of peace and health,
With all their happy train.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

AIR—"*Lord Balgonie's Favourite.*"

GLOOMY winter's now awa',
Saft the westling breezes blaw,
'Mang the birks of Stanley-shaw,
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O!
Sweet the crawflower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O!

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythely spend the gowden day,
'Midst joys that never weary, O!
Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery, O!

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O!
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O!

O! ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

AIR—"*Sleepy Maggie.*"

O! ARE ye sleeping, Maggie?
O! are ye sleeping, Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warloch craigie.

Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carry;*
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.
O! are ye sleeping, Maggie? etc.

Fearful soughs the bourtree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary,
Loud the iron yate does clank,
And cry of howlets makes me eerie.
O! are ye sleeping, Maggie? etc.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady!
O! are ye sleeping, Maggie? etc.

She opt the door, she let him in,
He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie:
"Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye."

Now, since ye're waking, Maggie!
Now, since ye're waking, Maggie!
What care I for howlet's cry,
For bourtree bank, or warloch craigie?

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

AIR—"*Clean Pea-strae.*"

When John and me were married,
Our hading was but sma',
For my minnie, canker't carling,
Wou'd gi'e us nocht ava';
I wair't my fee wi' canny care,
As far as it wou'd gae,
But weel I wat, our bridal bed
Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' working late and early,
We're come to what ye see,
For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eydent aye were we.
The lowe of love made labour light;
I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
When kind ye cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blows gay on cairny brae,
As weel's in birken shaw,
And love will lowe in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha';
Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Tho' ye should make your bridal bed
Of clean pease-strae.

NOW, WINTER WI' HIS CLOUDY BROW.

AIR—"*Forneth House.*"

Now Winter, wi' his cloudy brow,
Is far ayont yon mountains;
And Spring beholds her azure sky
Reflected in the fountains:

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* This expression commonly means, the direction in which the clouds are carried by the wind, but it is here used to denote the firmament.

Now, on the budding slaethorn bank
She spreads her early blossom,
And wooes the mirly-breasted birds
To nestle in her bosom.

But lately a' was clad wi' snaw,
Sae darksome, dull, and drearie;
Now laverocks sing to hail the spring,
And Nature all is cheerie.
Then let us leave the town, my love,
And seek our country dwelling,
Where waving woods, and spreading flowers,
On every side are smiling.

We'll tread again the daisied green,
Where first your beauty moved me;
We'll trace again the woodland scene,
Where first ye own'd ye loved me;
We soon will view the roses blaw
In a' the charms of fancy,
For doubly dear those pleasures a',
When shared with thee, my Nancy.

THE DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O!

GAELIC AIR—"*Mor nian a Ghibarlan.*"

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O!
Happy were the days when we herded thegether, O!
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O!
And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O!

But, ah! waes me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O!
The laird's wys'd awa' my braw Highland laddie, O!
Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O!
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O!

The blaeberry banks now are lonesome and dreary, O!
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O!
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O!
The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O!

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen;
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen;
He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steeps sae giddy, O!
Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O!

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel, my doggie, O!
Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O!
Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammie and my daddie, O!
I will leave you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O!

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

AIR—"*Maids of Arrochar.*"

THOU dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
To me thou can'st never give pleasure again;
My brave Caledonians lie down on the lea,
And thy streams are deep ting'd with the blood of the slain.
Ah! base-hearted Treach'ry has doom'd our undoing,
My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of Ruin,
And Freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!
Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave.
But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder—
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

AIR—"*The Shepherd's Son.*"

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to fa';
The pairtricks doun the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca';
Now loud and clear the blackbirds' sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
To charm the ling'ring day.
While weary yeldrins seem to wail,
Their little nestlings torn;
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The floxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry—
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

AIR—"*The Auld Wife o' the glen.*"

YE'LL a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet;
'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade;
And at kirk or at market, or bridals, I ween,
A braw, gaucier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle blackboyd,
It was slouch'd just a kening on either hand side;
Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue,
It had something o' baith, as a body may trew.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for aught that I saw,
Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava';
Tho' the haill parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
Tho' in life a' the warld beside it were fools;
Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that will miss't.

AH! SHEELAH, THOU'RT MY DARLING.

AIR—"*Nancy Verney.*"

AH! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
The golden image of my heart,
How cheerless seems this morning—
It brings the hour when we must part;
Tho' doom'd to cross the ocean,
And face the proud insulting foe,
Thou hast my soul's devotion—
My heart is thine where'er I go:
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
My heart is thine where'er I go.

When toss'd upon the billow,
And angry tempests round me blow,
Let not the gloomy willow
O'ershade thy lovely lily brow;
But mind the seaman's story,
Sweet William and his charming Sue;
I'll soon return with glory,
And, like sweet William, wed thee too:
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
My heart is thine where'er I go.

Think on our days of pleasure
While wandering by the Shannon side,
When summer days gave leisure
To stray amidst their flow'ry pride;
And while thy faithful lover
Is far upon the stormy main,
Think, when the wars are over,
These golden days shall come again:
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
These golden days shall come again.

Farewell, ye lofty mountains,
Your flow'ry wilds we wont to rove;
Ye woody glens and fountains,
The dear retreats of mutual love.
Alas! we now must sever—
O Sheelah, to thy vows be true!
My heart is thine for ever—
One fond embrace, and then adieu:
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
One fond embrace, and then adieu.

BARROCHAN JEAN.*

AIR—"*Johnnie M'Gill.*"

'TIS haena ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?
And haena ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?
How death and starvation came o'er the haill nation,
She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky e'en.

The lads and the lasses were deeing in dizzens,
The tane kill'd wi' love, and the tither wi' spleen;
The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the mawing,
A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean!

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,
Sic coming and ganging there never was seen;
The comers were cheerie, the gangers were blearie,
Despairing or hoping for Barrochan Jean!

The carlines at hame were a' girning and graning,
The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till e'en;
They gat naething for crowdy, but runts boil'd to sowdie,
For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean!

The doctors declared it was past their describing,
The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin;
But they lookit sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,
I was sure they were deeing for Barrochan Jean!

* Writing to his friend Barr, on the 24th December 1809, Tannahill remarks:—"You will, no doubt, have frequently observed how much some old people are given to magnify the occurrences of their young days. 'Barrochan Jean' was written on hearing an old grannie, in Lochwinnoch parish, relating a story something similar to the subject of the song; perhaps I have heightened her colouring a little."

The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking,
Yet a' wadna slockin' the drouth i' their skin;
A' around the peat-stacks, and alangst the dyke-backs,
E'en the winds were a sighing, "Sweet Barrochan Jean!"

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
Kirkyards o' their sward were a' howkit fu' clean;
Dead lovers were packit like herrin in barrels,
Sic thousands were deeing for Barrochan Jean!

But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glen Brodie,
The grass owre their graffs is now bonnie and green,
He sta' the proud heart of our wanton young lady,
And spoil'd a' the charm o' her twa pawky e'en.

GREEN INISMORE.

AIR—"*The Leitrim County.*"

How light is my heart as I journey along,
Now my perilous service is o'er;
I think on sweet home, and I carol a song,
In remembrance of her I adore:
How sad was the hour when I bade her adieu!
Her tears spoke her grief, tho' her words were but few;
She hung on my bosom, and sighed, O, be true,
When you're far from the green Inismore!

Ah! Eveleen, my love! hadst thou seen this fond breast,
How, at parting, it bled to its core,
Thou hadst there seen thine image so deeply imprest,
That thou ne'er couldst have doubted me more.
For my king and my country undaunted I fought,
And brav'd all the hardships of war as I ought;
But the day never rose saw thee strange to my thought,
Since I left thee in green Inismore.

Ye dear native mountains that tow'r on my view,
What joys to my mind ye restore!
The past happy scenes of my life ye renew,
And ye ne'er seem'd so charming before.
In the rapture of fancy already I spy
My kindred and friends crowding round me with joy;
But my Eveleen, sweet girl, there's a far dearer tie,
Binds this heart to the green Inismore.

O, ROW THEE IN MY HIGHLAND PLAID!

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go
Where the hills are clad with snow;
Where, beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring
Will gar a' our plantin's ring,
Soon our bonny heather braes
Will put on their summer claes;
On the mountain's sunny side,
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,
Busks the glens in leafy bowers,
Then we'll seek the caller shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed;
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonny boat,
Skim the loch in canty glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine;
Lowland lads ha'e mair of art,
A' my boast's an honest heart.
Whilk shall ever be my pride;—
O, row thee in my Highland plaid!

"Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart would break at our fareweel;
Lang your love has made me fain;
Take me—take me for your ain!"
Across the Firth, away they glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

BONNY WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.*

THOU bonny wood of Craigie lea!
Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea!
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,
And a' the sweets that ane can wish,
Frae Nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
The cooshat croodles am'rously,
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.
Thou bonny wood, etc.

* Craigie Lea is situated a short distance to the north-west of Paisley.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O, in pity, let them be!
Thou bonny wood, etc.

When winter blaws in sleety showers
Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonny bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.
Thou bonny wood, etc.

Though Fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;
The happy hours I'll ever mind,
That I, in youth, ha'e spent in thee.
Thou bonny wood, etc.

DESPAIRING MARY.

Mary, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?
See a' around you the flowers sweetly blaw;
Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw.
"How can this heart ever mair think of pleasure,
Summer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane;
Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

"This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!
I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,
Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break.
Sighing for him, I lie down in the evening,
Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;
Spent are my days a' in secret repining,
Peace to this bosom can never return.

"Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam;
Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
But fled are those joys like a fleet-passing dream.
Cruel Remembrance! ah! why wilt thou wreck me?
Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown!
Cruel Remembrance! in pity forsake me,
Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown.

MOLLY, MY DEAR.

The harvest is o'er, and the lads are so funny,
Their hearts lined with love, and their pockets with money;
From morning to night 'tis "My jewel, my honey!
Och, go to the north with me, Molly, my dear!"

Young Dermot holds on with his sweet botheration,
And swears there's only one flow'r in the nation:
"Thou rose of the Shannon, thou pink of creation,
Och, go to the north with me, Molly, my dear!"

"The sun courts thy smiles as he sinks in the ocean,
The moon to thy charms veils her face in devotion,
And I, my poor self, och! so rich in my notion,
Would pay down the world for sweet Molly, my dear."

Tho' Thady can match all the lads with his blarney,
And sings me love songs of the lakes of Kilarney,
In worth from my Dermot he's twenty miles journey,
My heart bids me tell him I'll ne'er be his dear.

PEGGY O'RAFFERTY.

Air—"*Paddy O'Rafferty.*"

O could I fly like the green-coated fairy,
I'd skip o'er the ocean to dear Tipperary,
Where all the young fellows are blythesome and merry,
While here I lament my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.
How could I bear in my bosom to leave her;
In absence I think her more lovely than ever,
With thoughts of her beauty I'm all in a fever,
Since others may woo my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

Scotland, thy lasses are modest and bonny,
But here ev'ry Jenny has got her own Johnny;
A'tho' I might call them my jewel and honey,
My heart is at home with sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.
Wistful I think on my dear native mountains,
Their green shady glens, and their crystalline fountains,
And ceaseless I heave the deep sigh of repentance
That ever I left my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

Fortune, 'twas thine all the light foolish notion,
That led me to rove o'er the wide-rolling ocean;
But what now to me all thy hopes of promotion,
Since I am so far from sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.
Grant me as many thirteens as will carry me
Down thro' the country, and over the ferry,
I'll hie me straight home into dear Tipperary,
And never more leave my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY.*

AIR—"*Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.*"

THE weary sun's gaen down the west,
The birds sit nodding on the tree;
All nature now prepares for rest,
But rest prepared there's none for me.
The trumpet sounds to war's alarms,
The drums they beat, the fifes they play:
Come, Mary, cheer me wi' thy charms,
For the morn I will be far away.

Good night, and joy—good night, and joy,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a';
For since its so that I must go,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!

I grieve to leave my comrades dear,
I mourn to leave my native shore—
To leave my aged parents here,
And the bonnie lass whom I adore.
But tender thoughts maun now be hush'd,
When danger calls I must obey;
The transport waits us on the coast,
And the morn I will be far away.
Good night, and joy, etc.

Adieu, dear Scotia's sea-beat coast!
Though bleak and drear thy mountains be,
When on the heaving ocean tost,
I'll cast a wishful look to thee!
And now, dear Mary, fare thee well,
May Providence thy guardian be!
Or in the camp, or on the field,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee!
Good night, and joy, etc.

* From Mr Matthew Tannahill we received a copy of this song of his gifted brother. It has been printed, through the favour of Mr M. Tannahill, in the "Book of Scottish Song."

HENRY DUNCAN, D.D.

DR HENRY DUNCAN, the founder of Savings' Banks, and the promoter of various schemes of social economy, we are enabled to record among the contributors to Caledonian minstrelsy. He was descended through both parents from a succession of respectable clergymen of the Scottish Church. His father, George Duncan, was minister of Lochrutton in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and the subject of this memoir was born in the manse of that parish, on the 8th October 1774. After a period of training at home under a private tutor, he was sent to the Academy of Dumfries to complete his preparation for the University. At the age of fourteen, he entered as a student the United College of St Andrews, but after an attendance of two years at that seat of learning, he was induced, on the invitation of his relative, Dr Currie, to proceed to Liverpool, there to prepare himself for a mercantile profession, by occupying a situation in the banking office of Messrs Heywood. After a trial of three years, he found the avocations of business decidedly uncongenial, and firmly resolved to follow the profession of his progenitors, by studying for the ministry of the Church of Scotland. He had already afforded evidence of ability to grapple with questions of controversial theology, by printing a tract against the errors of Socinianism, which, published anonymously, attracted in the city of Liverpool much attention from the originality with which the usual arguments were illustrated and enforced. Of the concluding five years of his academical course, the first and two last were spent at the University of Edinburgh, the other two at that of Glasgow. In 1797, he was enrolled as a member of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh, and there took his turn in debate with Henry Brougham, Francis Horner, Lord Henry Petty, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, and other young men of genius, who then adorned the academic halls of the Scottish capital. With John Leyden, William Gillespie, afterwards minister of Kells, and Robert Lundie the future minister of Kelso, he formed habits of particular intimacy. From the Presbytery of Dumfries, he obtained license as a probationer in the spring of 1798, and he thereafter accepted the situation of tutor in the family of Colonel Erskine, afrerwards Earl of Mar, who then resided at Dalhonzie, near Crieff. In this post he distinguished himself by inducing the inhabi-

tants of the district to take up arms in the defence of the country, during the excitement which then prevailed respecting an invasion. In the spring of 1799, the parishes of Lochmaben and Ruthwell, both in the gift of the Earl of Mansfield, became simultaneously vacant, and the choice of them was accorded to Mr Duncan by the noble patron. He preferred Ruthwell, and was ordained to the charge of that parish on the 19th September.

In preferring the parish of Ruthwell to the better position and wider field of ministerial usefulness presented at Lochmaben, Mr Duncan was influenced by the consideration, that the population of the former parish was such as would enable him to extend the pastoral superintendence to every individual of his flock. In this respect he realised his wishes; but not content with efficiently discharging the more sacred duties of a parochial clergyman, he sought with devoted assiduity, the amelioration of the physical condition of his people. Relieving an immediate destitution in the parish, by a supply of Indian corn brought on his own adventure, he was led to devise means of preventing the recurrence of any similar period of depression. With this intention, he established two friendly societies in the place, and afterwards a local bank for the savings of the industrious. The latter proved the parent of those admirable institutions for the working classes, known as *Savings' Banks*, which hav since become so numerous throughout Europe and the United States of America. The Ruthwell Savings' Bank was established in 1810. Numerous difficulties attended the early operation of the system, on its general adoption throughout the country, but these were obviated and removed by the skill and promptitude of the ingenious projector. At one period his correspondence on the subject cost him in postages an annual expenditure of one hundred pounds, a sum nearly equal to half the yearly emoluments of his parochial cure. The Act of Parliament establishing Savings' Banks in Scotland, which was passed in July 1819, was procured through his indomitable exertions, and likewise the Act of 1835, providing for the better regulation of these institutions.

At Ruthwell, Dr Duncan introduced the system of popular lectures on science, which has since been adopted by Mechanics' Institutes. Further to extend the benefits of popular instruction and entertainment, he edited a series of tracts entitled "The Scottish Cheap Repository," one of the first of those periodicals devoted to the moral improvement of the people. A narrative designated "The Cottager's Fireside," which he originally contributed to this series, was afterwards published separately, and commanded a wide circulation. In 1809, Dr Duncan originated the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, a weekly newspaper which he conducted during the first seven years of its existence. He was a frequent contributor to "The Christian Instructor," and wrote the articles "Blair" and "Blacklock" for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. At the request of Lord Brougham, he composed two treatises on Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies, for publication by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." In 1819, he published the "Young Country Weaver," a tale calculated to disseminate just political views among the manufacturing classes; and in 1826 a tale of the times of the Covenant in three volumes, with the title of "William Douglas, or the Scottish Exiles." Deeply interested in the question of Slave Emancipation, he contributed a series of letters on the subject to the *Dumfries Courier*, which, afterwards published in the form of a pamphlet, excited no inconsiderable attention. His most valuable and successful publication, the "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons" appeared in 1836–7 in four duodecimo volumes.

As a man of science, the name of Dr Duncan is associated with the discovery of footprints of four-footed animals in the New Red-Sandstone. He made this curious geological discovery in a quarry at Corncockle-muir, about fifteen miles distant from

his parochial manse. In 1823, he received the degree of D.D. from the University of St Andrews. In 1839, he was raised to the Moderator's chair in the General Assembly. In church politics, he had early espoused liberal opinions; at the Disruption in 1843, he resigned his charge and united himself to the Free Church. He continued to minister in the parish of Ruthwell, till the appointment of an assistant and successor a short time before his decease. Revisiting the scene of his ministerial labours after a brief absence, he was struck with paralysis while conducting service at a prayer-meeting, and two days afterwards expired. He died at Comlongon, the residence of his brother-in-law Mr Philips, on the 12th February 1846, and his remains were committed to the churchyard of Ruthwell, in which he had ministered during an incumbency of upwards of forty-six years.

Dr Duncan was twice married; first in 1804, to Miss Craig, the only surviving daughter of his predecessor; and secondly in 1836, to Mrs Lundie, the relict of his friend Mr Lundie, minister of Kelso. His memoirs have been published by his son, the late Rev. George John C. Duncan, of London. A man of fine intellect, varied scholarship, and highly benevolent dispositions, Dr Duncan was beloved alike by his parishioners and his gifted contemporaries. Pious and exemplary as became his profession, he was expert in business, and was largely endowed with an inventive genius. Though hitherto scarcely known as a poet, he wrote verses so early as his eleventh year, which are described by his biographer as having "evinced a maturity of taste, a refinement of thought, and an ease of diction which astonished and delighted his friends," and the specimens of his more mature lyrical compositions which we have been privileged to publish from his MSS. are such as to induce some regret that they were not sooner given to the public.

CURLING SONG.

THE music o' the year is hush'd
In bonny glen and shaw, man;
And winter spreads o'er nature dead
A winding sheet o' snaw, man.
O'er burn and loch, the warlock frost,
A crystal brig has laid, man;
The wild geese screaming wi' surprise,
The ice-bound wave ha'e fled, man.

Up, curler, frae your bed sae warm,
And leave your coaxing wife, man;
Gae get your besom, tramps, and stanes,
And join the friendly strife, man.
For on the water's face are met,
Wi' mony a merry joke, man,
The tenant and his jolly laird,
The pastor and his flock, man.

The rink is swept, the tees are mark'd,
The bonspiel is begun, man;
The ice is true, the stanes are keen,
Huzza for glorious fun, man!
The skips are standing at the tee,
To guide the eager game, man;
Hush, not a word, but mark the broom,
And tak' a steady aim, man.

There draw a shot, there lay a guard,
And here beside him lie, man;
Now let him feel a gamester's hand,
Now in his bosom die, man;

Then fill the port, and block the ice,
We sit upon the tee, man;
Now tak' this in-ring, sharp and neat,
And mak' their winner flee, man.

How stands the game? It's eight and eight,
Now for the winning shot, man;
Draw slow and sure, and tak' your aim,
I'll sweep you to the spot, man.
The stane is thrown, it glides along,
The besoms ply it in, man;
Wi' twisting back the player stands,
And eager breathless grin, man.

A moment's silence, still as death,
Pervades the anxious thrang, man,
When sudden bursts the victor's shout,
With holla's loud and lang, man.
Triumphant besoms wave in air,
And friendly banters fly, man;
Whilst, cold and hungry, to the inn,
Wi' eager steps they hie, man.

Now fill ae bumper, fill but ane,
And drink wi' social glee, man,
May curlers on life's slippery rink,
Frae cruel rubs be free, man;
Or should a treacherous bias lead
Their erring course ajee, man,
Some friendly in-ring may they meet,
To guide them to the tee, man.

THE RUTHWELL VOLUNTEERS.*

HARK! the martial drums resound,
Valiant brothers, welcome all,
Crowd the royal standard round,
'Tis your injured country's call.
See, see, the robbers come,
Ruin seize the ruthless foe;
For your altars, for your homes,
Heroes, lay the tyrants low!

He whom dastard fears abash,
He was born to be a slave—
Let him feel the despot's lash,
And sink inglorious to the grave.
See, see, etc.

He who spurns a coward's life,
He whose bosom freedom warms,
Let him share the glorious strife,
We 'll take the hero to our arms.
See, see, etc.

Spirits of the valiant dead,
Who fought and bled at Freedom's call,
In the path you dared to tread,
We, your sons, will stand or fall.
See, see, etc.

Bending from your airy halls,
Turn on us a guardian eye—
Lead where Fame or Honour calls,
And teach to conquer or to die!
See, see, etc.

EXILED FAR FROM SCENES OF PLEASURE.

TUNE—"*Blythe, Blythe and Merry was she.*"

EXILED far from scenes of pleasure,
Love sincere and friendship true,
Sad I mark the moon's pale radiance,
Trembling in the midnight dew.

Sad and lonely, sad and lonely,
Musing on the tints decay,
On the maid I love so dearly,
And on pleasure's fleeting day.

Bright the moonbeams when we parted,
Mark'd the solemn midnight hour,
Clothing with a robe of silver
Hill, and dale, and shady bower.

Then our mutual faith we plighted,
Vows of true love to repeat,
Lonely oft the pale orb watching,
At this hour to lovers sweet.

On thy silent face, with fondness,
Let me gaze, fair queen of night,
For my Annie's tears of sorrow
Sparkle in thy soften'd light.

When I think my Annie views thee,
Dearly do I love thy rays,
For the distance that divides us
Seems to vanish as I gaze.

* Written in 1805, when the nation was apprehending an invasion from France.

THE ROOF OF STRAW.

I ASK no lordling's titled name,
Nor miser's hoarded store;
I ask to live with those I love,
Contented though I 'm poor.
From joyless pomp and heartless mirth
I gladly will withdraw,
And hide me in this lowly vale,
Beneath my roof of straw.

To hear my Nancy's lips pronounce
A husband's cherish'd name,
To press my children to my heart
Are titles, wealth, and fame.
Let kings and conquerors delight
To hold the world in awe,
Be mine to find content and peace
Beneath my roof of straw.

When round the winters warm fireside
We meet with social joy,
The glance of love to every heart
Shall speak from every eye.
More lovely far such scenes of bliss
Than monarch ever saw,
Even angels might delight to dwell
Beneath my roof of straw.

THOU KEN'ST, MARY HAY.

TUNE—"*Bonny Mary Hay.*"

THOU ken'st, Mary Hay, that I loe thee weel,
My ain auld wife sae canty and leal,
Then what gars thee stand wi' the tear in thine e'e,
And look aye sae wae, when thou look'st at me?

Dost thou miss, Mary Hay, the saft bloom o' my cheek,
And the hair curling round it, sae gentie and sleek?
For the snaw 's on my head, and the roses are gane,
Since that day o' days I first ca'd thee my ain.

But though, Mary Hay, my auld e'en be grown dim,
An' age, wi' its frost, maks cauld every limb,
My heart, thou kens weel, has nae cauldness for thee,
For simmer returns at the blink o' thine e'e.

The miser hauds firmer and firmer his gold,
The ivy sticks close to the tree when it 's old,
And still thou grow'st dearer to me, Mary Hay,
As a' else turns eerie, and life wears away.

We maun part, Mary Hay, when our journey is done,
But I 'll meet thee again in the bright world aboon,
Then what gars thee stand wi' the tear in thine e'e,
And look aye sae wae when thou look'st at me?

ROBERT ALLAN.

Robert Allan was the son of a respectable flax-dresser in the village of Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire. The third of a family of ten children, he was born on the 4th of November 1774. Inheriting a taste for music, he early evinced talent in the composition of song, which was afterwards fostered by the encouragement of Tannahill and Robert Archibald Smith. With Tannahill he lived on terms of the most cordial friendship. A muslin weaver in his native place, he composed many of his best verses at the loom. He was an extensive contributor to the "Scottish Minstrel," published by R. A. Smith, his songs being set to music by the editor. In 1820, a number of his songs appeared in the "Harp of Renfrewshire." His only separate volume was published in 1836, under the editorial revision of Robert Burns Hardy, teacher of elocution in Glasgow.

In his more advanced years, Allan, who was naturally of good and benevolent dispositions, became peculiarly irritable; he fancied that his merits as a poet had been overlooked, and the feeling preyed deeply upon his mind. He entertained extreme political opinions, and conceived a dislike to his native country, which he deemed had not sufficiently estimated his genius. Much in opposition to the wishes of his friends, he sailed for New York in his 67th year. He survived the passage only six days; he died at New York on the 1st June 1841.

Robert Allan is entitled to an honourable position as a writer of Scottish song; all his lyrics evince a correct appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and of the pure and elevated in sentiment.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, MY SWEET BETTY.

Blink over the burn, my sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn, love, to me;
O, lang ha'e I look'd, my dear Betty,
To get but a blink o' thine e'e.
The birds are a' sporting around us,
And sweetly they sing on the tree;
But the voice o' my bonnie sweet Betty,
I trow, is far dearer to me.

The ringlets, my lovely young Betty,
That wave o'er thy bonnie e'ebree,
I'll twine wi' the flowers o' the mountain,
That blossom sae sweetly, like thee.
Then come o'er the burn, my sweet Betty,
Come over the burn, love, to me;
O, sweet is the bliss, my dear Betty,
To live in the blink o' thine e'e.

COME AWA, HIE AWA.

Air—"*Haud awa frae me, Donald.*"

Come awa, hie awa,
Come and be mine ain, lassie;
Row thee in my tartan plaid,
An' fear nae wintry rain, lassie.
A gowden brooch, and siller belt,
Wi' faithfu' heart, I'll gie, lassie,
Gin ye will lea' your Lawland hame,
For Highland hills wi' me, lassie.
Come awa, etc.

A bonnie bower shall be thy hame,
And drest in silken sheen, lassie,
Ye'll be the fairest in the ha',
And gayest on the green, lassie.
Come awa, etc.

ANSWER.

Haud awa, bide away,
Haud awa frae me, Donald;
What care I for a' your wealth,
And a' that ye can gie, Donald?

I wadna lea' my Lowland lad
For a' your gowd and gear, Donald;
Sae tak' your plaid, an' o'er the hill,
An' stay nae langer here, Donald.
Haud awa, etc.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,
I lo'e but him alane, Donald,
And in bonnie Scotland's isle,
Like him there is nane, Donald.
Haud awa, etc.

He wears nae plaid, or tartan hose,
Nor garters at his knee, Donald;
But oh, he wears a faithfu' heart,
And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.

Sae haud awa, bide awa,
Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;
I wadna break my Jamie's heart,
To be a Highland queen, Donald.

ON THEE, ELIZA, DWELL MY THOUGHTS.

AIR—"*In yon garden fine and gay.*"

ON thee, Eliza, dwell my thoughts,
While straying was the moon's pale beam;
At midnight, in my wand'ring sleep,
I see thy form in fancy's dream.

I see thee in the rosy morn,
Approach as loose-robed beauty's queen;
The morning smiles, but thou art lost,
Too soon is fled the sylvan scene.

Still fancy fondly dwells on thee,
And adds another day of care;
What bliss were mine could fancy paint
Thee true, as she can paint thee fair!

O fly, ye dear deceitful dreams!
Ye silken cords that bind the heart;—
Canst thou, Eliza, these entwine,
And smile and triumph in the smart?

TO A LINNET.

AIR—"*M'Gilchrist's Lament.*"

CHAUNT no more thy roundelay,
Lovely minstrel of the grove,
Charm no more the hours away,
With thine artless tale of love;
Chaunt no more thy roundelay,
Sad it steals upon mine ear;
Leave, O leave thy leafy spray,
Till the smiling morn appear.

Light of heart, thou quitt'st thy song,
As the welkin's shadows low'r;
Whilst the beetle wheels along,
Humming to the twilight hour.
Not like thee I quit the scene
To enjoy night's balmy dream;
Not like thee I wake again,
Smiling with the morning beam.

THE PRIMROSE IS BONNY IN SPRING.

AIR—"*The Banks of Eswal.*"

THE primrose is bonnie in spring,
And the rose it is sweet in June;
It's bonnie where leaves are green
I' the sunny afternoon.

It's bonnie when the sun gaes down,
An' glints on the hoary knowe;
It's bonnie to see the cloud
Sae red in the dazzling lowe.

When the night is a' sae calm,
An' comes the sweet twilight gloom,
Oh! it cheers my heart to meet
My lassie amang the broom.
When the birds in bush and brake,
Do quit their blythe e'ening sang;
Oh! what an hour to sit
The gay gowden links amang.

THE BONNIE LASS O' WOODHOUSELEE.

AIR—"*Hey the rantin' Murray's Ha'.*"

THE sun blinks sweetly on yon shaw,
But sweeter far on Woodhouselee,
And dear I like his setting beam
For sake o' ane sae dear to me.
It was na simmer's fairy scenes,
In a' their charming luxury,
But Beauty's sel' that won my heart,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

Sae winnin' was her witchin' smile,
Sae piercin' was her coal-black e'e,
Sae sairly wounded was my heart,
That had na wist sic ills to dree;
In vain I strave in beauty's chains,
I cou'd na keep my fancy free,
She gat my heart sae in her thrall,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

The bonnie knowes, sae yellow a',
Where aft is heard the hum of bee,
The meadow green, and breezy hill,
Where lambkins sport sae merrilie,
May charm the weary, wand'rin' swain,
When e'enin' sun dips in the sea,
But a' my heart, baith e'en and morn,
Is wi' the lass o' Woodhouselee.

The flowers that kiss the wimplin' burn,
And dew-clad gowans on the lea,
The water-lily on the lake,
Are but sweet emblems a' of thee;
And while in simmer smiles they bloom,
Sae lovely, and sae fair to see,
I'll woo their sweets, e'en for thy sake,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

THE SUN IS SETTING ON SWEET GLENGARRY.

THE sun is setting on sweet Glengarry,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
O bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Doun yon glen ye never will weary,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Birds are singing fu' blythe and cheery,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Bonnie lassie, on bank sae briery,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

In yonder glen there's naething to fear ye,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Ye canna be sad, ye canna be eerie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

The water is wimpling by fu' clearly,
The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;
Oh! ye sall ever be my dearie,
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

HER HAIR WAS LIKE THE CROMLA MIST.

GAELIC AIR.

HER hair was like the Cromla mist,
When evening sun beams from the west,
Bright was the eye of Morna;
When beauty wept the warrior's fall,
Then low and dark was Fingal's hall,
Sad was the lovely Morna.

O! lovely was the blue-eyed maid
That sung peace to the warrior's shade,
But none so fair as Morna.
The hallow'd tears bedew'd the brake,
That waved beside dark Orna's lake,
Where wander'd lovely Morna.

Sad was the hoary minstrel's song,
That died the rustling heath among,
Where sat the lovely Morna;
It slumber'd on the placid wave,
It echoed through the warrior's cave,
And sigh'd again to Morna.

The hero's plumes were lowly laid;
In Fingal's hall each blue-eyed maid
Sang peace and rest to Morna;
The harp's wild strain was past and gone,
No more it whisper'd to the moan
Of lovely, dying Morna.

O LEEZE ME ON THE BONNIE LASS.

AIR—"*Hodgart's Delight.*"

O LEEZE me on the bonnie lass
That I lo'e best o' a';
O leeze me on my Marion,
The pride o' Lockershaw.
O weel I like my Marion,
For love blinks in her e'e,
And she has vow'd a solemn vow,
She lo'es na ane but me.

The flowers grow bonnie on the bank,
Where doun the waters fa';
The birds sing bonnie in the bower,
Where red, red roses blaw.

An' there wi' blythe and lightsome heart,
When day has closed his e'e,
I wander wi' my Marion,
Wha lo'es na ane but me.

Sic luve as mine an' Marion's,
O, may it never fa'!
But blume aye like the fairest flower,
That grows in Lockershaw.
My Marion I will ne'er forget
Until the day I dee,
For she has vow'd a solemn vow,
She lo'es na ane but me.

QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

HIGHLAND BOAT-AIR

PUT off, put off, and row with speed,
For now 's the time, and the hour of need!
To oars, to oars, and trim the bark,
Nor Scotland's queen be a warder's mark!
Yon light that plays round the castle's moat
Is only the warder's random shot!
Put off, put off, and row with speed,
For now is the time, and the hour of need!

Those pond'rous keys* shall the kelpies keep,
And lodge in their caverns dark and deep;
Nor shall Lochleven's towers or hall,
Hold thee, our lovely lady, in thrall;
Or be the haunt of traitors, sold,
While Scotland has hands and hearts so bold;
Then, steersmen, steersmen, on with speed,
For now is the time, and the hour of need!

Hark! the alarum-bell hath rung,
And the warder's voice hath treason sung;
The echoes to the falconet's roar,
Chime softly to the dashing oar.
Let town, and hall, and battlements gleam,
We steer by the light of the tapers' beam;
For Scotland and Mary, on with speed,
Now, now is the time, and the hour of need!

WHEN CHARLIE TO THE HIGHLANDS CAME.

AIR—"*The bonnie Mill-dams o' Balgonie.*"

WHEN Charlie to the Highlands came,
It was a' joy and gladness,
We trow'd na that our hearts sae soon
Wad broken be wi' sadness.

Oh! why did Heaven sae on us frown,
And break our hearts wi' sorrow;
Oh! it will never smile again,
And bring a gladsome morrow!

Our dwellings, and our outlay gear,
Lie smoking, and in ruin;
Our bravest youths, like mountain deer,
The foe is oft pursuing.

* The keys here alluded to were, at a recent period, found in the lake.

Our home is now the barren rock,
As if by Heaven forsaken;
Our shelter and our canopy,
The heather and the bracken.

Oh! we maun wander far and near,
And foreign lands maun hide in;
Our bonnie glens we lo'ed sae dear,
We daurna langer bide in.

LORD RONALD CAME TO HIS LADY'S BOWER.

Lord Ronald came to his lady's bower,
When the moon was in her wane;
Lord Ronald came, at a late, late hour,
And to her bower is gane.
He saftly stept in his sandal shoon,
And saftly laid him doun;
"It's late, it's late," quoth Ellenore,
"Sin ye maun wauken soon.

"Lord Ronald, stay till the early cock
Shall flap his siller wing,
An' saftly ye maun ope the gate,
An' loose the silken string."
"O Ellenore, my fairest fair,
O Ellenore, my bride!
How can ye fear when my merry men a'
Are on the mountain side."

The moon was hid, the night was sped,
But Ellenore's heart was wae;
She heard the cock flap his siller wing,
An' she watch'd the morning ray:
"Rise up, rise up, Lord Ronald, dear,
The mornin' opes its e'e;
Oh, speed thee to thy father's tower,
And safe, safe may thou be."

But there was a page, a little fause page,
Lord Ronald did espy,
An' he has told his baron all,
Where the hind and hart did lie.
"It is na for thee, but thine, Lord Ronald,
Thy father's deeds o' weir;
But since the hart has come to my faul',
His blood shall dim my spear."

Lord Ronald kiss'd fair Ellenore,
And press'd her lily hand;
Sic a comely knight and comely dame
Ne'er met in wedlock's band:
But the baron watch'd, as he rais'd the latch,
And kiss'd again his bride;
And with his spear, in deadly ire,
He pierc'd Lord Ronald's side.

The life-blood fled frae fair Ellenore's cheek,
She look'd all wan and ghast;
She lean'd her down by Lord Ronald's side,
An' the blood was rinnin' fast.
She kiss'd his lip o' the deadlie hue,
But his life she couldna stay;
Her bosom throbb'd ae deadlie throb,
An' their spirits baith fled away.

THE LOVELY MAID OF ORMADALE.

Air—"*Highland Lassie.*"

When sets the sun o'er Lomond's height,
To blaze upon the western wave;
When peace and love possess the grove,
And echo sleeps within the cave;
Led by love's soft endearing charms,
I stray the pathless winding vale,
And hail the hour that gives to me
The lovely maid of Ormadale.

Her eyes outshine the star of night,
Her cheeks the morning's rosy hue;
And pure as flower in summer shade,
Low bending in the pearly dew:
Nor flower sae fair and lovely pure,
Shall fate's dark wintry winds assail;
As angel-smile she aye will be
Dear to the bowers of Ormadale.

Let fortune soothe the heart of care,
And wealth to all its votaries give;
Be mine the rosy smile of love,
And in its blissful arms to live.
I would resign fair India's wealth,
And sweet Arabia's spicy gale,
For balmy eve and Scotian bower,
With thee, loved maid of Ormadale.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

There grew in bonnie Scotland
A thistle and a brier,
And aye they twined and clasp'd,
Like sisters, kind and dear.
The rose it was sae bonnie,
It could ilk bosom charm;
The thistle spread its thorny leaf,
To keep the rose frae harm.

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith ear' and late;
He water'd it, and fann'd it,
And wove it with his fate;
And the leal hearts of Scotland
Pray'd it might never fa',
The thistle was sae bonny green,
The rose sae like the snaw.

But the weird sisters sat
Where Hope's fair emblems grew;
They drapt a drap upon the rose
O' bitter, blasting dew;
And aye they twined the mystic thread,—
But ere their task was done,
The snaw-white shade it disappear'd,
And wither'd in the sun!

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith ear' an' late;
He water'd it, and fann'd it,
And wove it with his fate;
But the thistle tap it wither'd,
Winds bore it far awa',
And Scotland's heart was broken,
For the rose sae like the snaw!

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—*"The Martyr's Grave."*

THERE's nae Covenant now, lassie!
There's nae Covenant now!
The Solemn League and Covenant
Are a' broken through!
There's nae Renwick now, lassie,
There's nae gude Cargill,
Nor holy Sabbath preaching
Upon the Martyrs' Hill!

It's naething but a sword, lassie!
A bluidy, bluidy ane!
Waving owre poor Scotland,
For her rebellious sin.
Scotland 's a' wrang, lassie,
Scotland 's a' wrang—
It's neither to the hill nor glen,
Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyrs' Hill's forsaken
In simmer's dusk sae calm;
There's nae gathering now, lassie,
To sing the e'ening psalm!
But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,
Aboon the warrior's cairn;
An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,
Aneath the waving fern!

BONNIE LASSIE.

BONNIE lassie, blythesome lassie,
Sweet's the sparkling o' thine e'e;
Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,
Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

Fondly wooing, fondly sueing,
Let me love, nor love in vain;
Fate shall never fond hearts sever,
Hearts still bound by true love's chain.

Fancy dreaming, hope bright beaming,
Shall each day life's feast renew;
Ours the treasure, ours the pleasure,
Still to live and love more true.

Mirth and folly, joys unholy,
Never shall our thoughts employ;
Smiles inviting, hearts uniting,
Love and bliss without alloy.

Bonnie lassie, blythesome lassie,
Sweet's the sparkling o' thine e'e;
Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,
Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

ANDREW MERCER.

ANDREW MERCER was born at Selkirk, in 1775. By his father, who was a respectable tradesman, he was destined for the pulpit of the Secession Church. He became a student at the University of Edinburgh, in 1790, and was the class-fellow and friend of John Leyden, and of Dr Alexander Murray, the future philologist. At the house of Dr Robert Anderson, he formed the intimacy of Thomas Campbell; he also numbered among his early associates Thomas Brown and Mungo Park. Abandoning theological study, he cultivated a taste for the fine arts; and he endeavoured to establish himself in the capital in the twofold capacity of a miniature-painter, and a man of letters. With respect to both avocations, he proved unfortunate. In 1804, a periodical entitled the *North British Magazine* was originated and supported by his friends, on his behalf; but the publication terminated at the end of thirteen months. At a subsequent period, he removed to Dunfermline, where he engaged in teaching, and in drawing patterns for the manufacturers. In 1828, he published a "History of Dunfermline," in a duodecimo volume; and, at an interval of ten years, a volume of poems, entitled "Summer Months among the Mountains." A man of considerable ingenuity and scholarship, he lacked steadiness of application. His latter years were clouded by poverty. He died at Dunfermline on the 11th of June 1842, in his 67th year.

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

WHEN the fair one and the dear one—
Her lover by her side—
Strays or sits as fancy flits,
Where yellow streamlets glide;
Gleams illuming—flowers perfuming
Where'er her footsteps rove;
Time beguiling with her smiling,
Oh! that's the hour of love.

When the fair one and the dear one,
Amid a moonlight scene,
Where grove and glade, and light and shade,
Are all around serene;
Heaves the soft sigh of ecstasy,
While coos the turtle-dove,
And in soft strains appeals—complains,
Oh! that's the hour of love.

Should the fair one and the dear one
The sigh of pity lend
For human woe, that presses low
A stranger or a friend,
Tears descending, sweetly blending,
As down her cheeks they rove;
Beauty's charms in pity's arms—
Oh! that's the hour of love.

When the fair one and the dear one
Appears in morning dreams,
In flowing vest by fancy drest,
And all the angel beams;
The heavenly mien, and look serene,
Confess her from above;
While rising sighs and dewy eyes
Say, that's the hour of love!

JOHN LEYDEN, M.D.

JOHN LEYDEN was born in September 1775,* at Denholm, a hamlet in the parish of Cavers, Roxburghshire. His ancestors, for several generations, were farmers, but his father followed the humble occupation of a shepherd. Of four brothers and two sisters, John was the eldest. About a year after his birth, his father removed to Henlawshiel, a solitary cottage,† about three miles from Denholm, on the margin of the heath stretching down from the "stormy Ruberslaw." He received the rudiments of knowledge from his paternal grandmother; and discovering a remarkable aptitude for learning, his father determined to afford him the advantages of a liberal education. He was sent to the parish school of Kirkton, and afterwards placed under the tutorship of a Cameronian clergyman, who was reputed as a scholar. In 1790, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he soon acquired distinction for his classical attainments. His last session of college attendance was spent at St Andrews, where he became a tutor. By the Presbytery of St Andrews, in May 1798, he was licensed as a probationer of the Scottish Church. On obtaining his license, he returned to the capital, where his reputation as a scholar had secured him many friends. He now accepted the editorship of the *Scots Magazine*, to which he had formerly been a contributor, and otherwise employed himself in literary pursuits. In 1799, he published, in a duodecimo volume, "An Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Central Africa, at the Close of the Eighteenth Century." "The Complaynt of Scotland," a curious political treatise of the sixteenth century next appeared under his editorial care, with an ingenious introduction, and notes. In 1801, he contributed the ballad of "The Elf-king," to Lewis' "Tales of Wonder;" and, about the same period, wrote several ballads for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The dissertation on "Fairy Superstition," in the second volume of the latter work, slightly altered by Scott, proceeded from his pen. In 1802, he edited a small volume, entitled, "Scottish Descriptive Poems," consisting of a new edition of Wilson's "Clyde," and a reprint of "Albania,"—a curious poem, in blank verse, by an anonymous writer of the beginning of the eighteenth century.

A wide circle of influential friends were earnestly desirous of his promotion. In 1800, the opposition of the aged incumbent prevented his appointment as assistant and successor in the ministerial charge of his native parish. A proposal to appoint him Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh also failed. He now resolved to proceed to Africa, to explore the interior, under the auspices of the African Association; but some of his friends meanwhile procured him an appointment as a surgeon in the East India Company's establishment at Madras. During his course at the University, he had attended some of the medical classes; and he now resumed

* "Anno 1775, September 8th, baptized a child to John Leyden, in Denholm, named John."—*Register of Baptisms of Cavers Parish.* A pencil entry following the father's name, describes the mother as "Isabel Scott." The precise day of the poet's birth is unknown.

† We have visited the spot. Not a vestige of the cottage remains. A wilder and more desolate locality hardly ever nourished the youthful imagination of a poet.

the study of medicine, with such an amount of success, that in six weeks he qualified himself for a surgeon's diploma. About the same time, the degree of M.D. was conferred on him by the University of St Andrews.

Before his departure for the East, Leyden finished his longest poem, the "Scenes of Infancy," the publication of which he entrusted to his friend, Dr Thomas Brown. His last winter in Britain he passed in London, enjoying the society of many distinguished men of letters, to whom he was introduced by his former friend, Mr Richard Heber. He sailed for India* on the 7th April 1803, and arrived at Madras on the 19th August. In Hindostan, his talents and extraordinary capabilities in forming an acquaintance with the native tongues gained him numerous friends. He was successively appointed surgeon to the commissioners for surveying the provinces in Mysore, recently conquered from Tippoo Sultan; professor of Hindostan in the College of Calcutta; judge of the twenty-four pargunnahs of Calcutta; a commissioner of the Court of Requests in Calcutta; and assay-master of the mint. His literary services being required by the Governor-General, he left Calcutta for Madras, and afterwards proceeded along with the army in the expedition against Java. On the capture of the town of Batavia, having gone to examine the library of the place, in which he expected to find some curious Indian MSS., he caught a malignant fever from the tainted air of the apartment. He survived only three days, terminating a life of much promise, on the 28th of August 1811, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

In John Leyden an unconquerable perseverance was united to remarkable native genius, and a memory of singular retentiveness. Eminent as a linguist, he was an able and accurate philologist; in a knowledge of the many languages of India he stood unrivalled. During his residence in the East he published a "Dissertation on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations," in the tenth volume of the "Asiatic Researches," and he left numerous MSS. on subjects connected with oriental learning. He was early a votary of the Muse; and, in youth, was familiar with the older Scottish bards. In April 1795, he appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Magazine* as author of an elegy "On the Death of a Sister;" and subsequently became a regular contributor of verses to the periodicals of the capital. His more esteemed poetical productions are the "Scenes of Infancy," and the ballads which he composed for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Of the latter, the supernatural machinery is singularly striking: in the former poem, much smooth and elegant versification is combined with powerful and vigorous description. There are, indeed, occasional repetitions and numerous digressions; but amidst these marks of hasty composition, every sentence bears evidence of a masculine intellect and powerful imagination. His lyrical effusions are pervaded with simplicity and tenderness.

Like some other sons of genius, Leyden was of rather eccentric habits. He affected to despise artificial manners; and, though frequenting polished circles in Edinburgh, then in London, afterwards in Madras and Calcutta, he persevered in an indomitable aversion to the use of the English tongue, which he so well knew how to write with precision and power. He spoke the broadest provincial Scotch with singular pertinacity. His voice was extremely dissonant, but, seemingly unconscious of the defect, he talked loud; and if engaged in debate, raised his voice to a pitch which frequently proved more powerful than the strength of his argument. He was dogmatical in maintaining his opinions, and prone to monopolise conversation: his gesticulations were awkward and even offensive. Peculiar as were his habits, few of the distinguished persons who sought his acquaintance ever desired to renounce his

* Leyden was assisted in his outfit for India by Sir Walter Scott and Sydney Smith, the latter contributing forty pounds. (*See* "Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith," by his daughter, Lady Holland, vol. i. p. 21. London: 1855. 2 vols. 8vo.)

friendship.* In his domestic habits he was temperate often to abstinence; he was frugal, but not mean—careful, but not penurious. He was generous towards his aged parents, was deeply imbued with a sense of religion, and was the foe of vice in every form. He was of a slight figure, and of middle stature; his countenance was peculiarly expressive of intelligence. His hair was auburn, his eyes dark, and his complexion clear and sanguine. He was considerably robust, and took delight in practising gymnastics; he desired fame, not less for feats of running and leaping, than in the sedate pursuits of literature. His premature death was the subject of general lamentation. In the "Lord of the Isles," Scott introduced the following stanza in tribute to his memory:

"His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains."

Some years ago an elegant monument to the memory of the poet was erected, by public subscription, at Denholm, his native village. The last corrected edition of his poetical works was published at Kelso in 1858, under the editorial care of Mr Robert White.

* Thomas Campbell was one of Leyden's early literary friends; they had quarrelled, but continued to respect each other's talents. The following anecdote is recorded by Sir Walter Scott in his diary: "When I repeated 'Hohenlinden' to Leyden, he said, 'Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithful as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer: 'Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation.'"—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

THE RETURN AFTER ABSENCE.

Oh! the breeze of the mountain is soothing and sweet,
Warm breathing of love, and the friends we shall meet;
And the rocks of the desert, so rough when we roam,
Seem soft, soft as silk, on the dear path of home;
The white waves of the Jeikon, that foam through their speed,
Seem scarcely to reach to the girth of my steed.

Rejoice, O Bokhara, and flourish for aye!
Thy King comes to meet thee, and long shall he stay.
Our King is our moon, and Bokhara our skies,
Where soon that fair light of the heavens shall arise—
Bokhara our orchard, the cypress our king,
In Bokhara's fair orchard soon destined to spring.

LAMENT FOR RAMA.

From the Bengali.

I warn you, fair maidens, to wail and to sigh,
For Rama, our Rama, to greenwood must fly;
Then hasten, come hasten, to see his array,
Ayud'hya is dark when our chief goes away.

All the people are flocking to see him pass by;
They are silent and sad, with the tear in their eye:
From the fish in the streamlets a broken sigh heaves,
And the birds of the forest lament from the leaves.

His fine locks are matted, no raiment has he,
For the wood, save a girdle of bark from the tree;
And of all his gay splendour you naught may behold,
Save his bow and his quiver, and ear-rings of gold.

Oh! we thought to have seen him in royal array
Before his proud squadrons his banners display,
And the voice of the people exulting to own
Their sovereign assuming the purple and crown;
But the time has gone by, my hope is despair,—
One maiden perfidious has wrought all my care.

Our light is departing, and darkness returns,
Like a lamp half-extinguished, and lonely it burns;
Faith fades from the age, nor can honour remain,
And fame is delusive, and glory is vain.

TO AURELIA.*

One kind kiss, my love, before
We bid a long adieu!
Ah! let not this fond heart deplore
Thy cold cheek's pallid hue.

One soft, sweet smile before I go!
That fancy may repeat,
And whisper, 'mid the sighs of woe,
My love, we yet shall meet.

* Aurelia is supposed to have been Miss Janet Brown, sister of the afterwards celebrated Dr Thomas Brown. She is alluded to by Leyden in his "Scenes of Infancy."

One dear embrace, and then we part—
We part to meet no more!
I bear a sad and lonely heart
To pine on India's shore.

A heart that once has loved like mine,
No second love can know!
A heart that once has throbb'd with thine,
Must other love forego.

JAMES SCADLOCK.

James Scadlock, a poet of considerable power, and an associate of Tannahill, was born at Paisley on the 7th October 1775. His father, an operative weaver, was a person of considerable shrewdness; and the poet M'Laren, who became his biographer, was his uterine brother. Apprenticed to the loom, he renounced weaving in the course of a year, and thereafter was employed in the establishment of a bookbinder. At the age of nineteen he entered on an indenture of seven years to a firm of copperplate engravers at Ferenize. He had early been inclined to verse-making, and, having formed the acquaintance of Tannahill, he was led to cultivate with ardour his native predilection. He likewise stimulated his ingenious friend to higher and more ambitious efforts in poetry. Accomplished in the elegant arts of drawing and painting, Scadlock began the study of classical literature and the modern languages. A general stagnation of trade, which threw him out of employment, checked his aspirations in learning. After an interval, attended with some privations, he heard of a professional opening at Perth, which he proceeded to occupy. He returned to Paisley, after the absence of one year; and, having married in 1808, his attention became more concentrated in domestic concerns. He died of fever on the 4th July 1818, leaving a family of four children.

Scadlock was an upright member of society, a sincere friend, a benevolent neighbour, and an intelligent companion. In the performance of his religious duties he was regular and exemplary. Desirous of excelling in conversation, he was prone to evince an undue formality of expression. His poetry, occasionally deficient in power, is uniformly distinguished for smoothness of versification.

ALONG BY LEVERN STREAM SO CLEAR.*

Along by Levern stream so clear,
When Spring adorns the infant year,
And music charms the list'ning ear,
I'll wander with my Mary,
My bonny blooming Mary;
Not Spring itself to me is dear,
When absent from my Mary.

When Summer's sun pours on my head
His sultry rays, I'll seek the shade,
Unseen upon a primrose bed
I'll sit with little Mary,
My bonny blooming Mary,
Where fragrant flowers around are spread,
To charm my little Mary.

She's mild's the sun through April shower
That glances on the leafy bower,
She's sweet as Flora's fav'rite flower,
My bonny little Mary,
My blooming little Mary;
Give me but her, no other dower
I'll ask with little Mary.

Should fickle fortune frown on me,
And leave me bare's the naked tree,
Possess'd of her, how rich I'd be,
My lovely little Mary,
My bonny blooming Mary;
From gloomy care and sorrow free,
I'd ever keep my Mary.

* Set to music by R. A. Smith.

HARK, HARK, THE SKYLARK SINGING.

Welsh Air—"*The rising of the Lark.*"

Hark, hark, the skylark singing,
While the early clouds are bringing
Fragrance on their wings;
Still, still on high he's soaring,
Through the liquid haze exploring,
Fainter now he sings.
Where the purple dawn is breaking,
Fast approaches morning's ray,
From his wings the dew he's shaking,
As he joyful hails the day,
While Echo, from his slumbers waking,
Imitates his lay!

See, see the ruddy morning,
With his blushing locks adorning
Mountain, wood, and vale;

Clear, clear the dew-drop's glancing,
As the rising sun's advancing
O'er the eastern hill;
Now the distant summits clearing,
As the vapours steal their way,
And his heath-clad breast's appearing
Tinged with Phœbus' golden ray,
Far down the glen the blackbird's cheering
Morning with her lay.

Come, then, let us be straying,
Where the hazel boughs are playing
O'er yon summits grey;
Mild now the breeze is blowing,
And the crystal streamlet's flowing
Gently on its way.
On its banks the wild rose springing
Welcomes in the sunny ray,
Wet with dew its head is hinging,
Bending low the prickly spray;
Then haste, my love, while birds are singing
To the newborn day.

OCTOBER WINDS.

AIR—"*Oh, my love's bonnie.*"

OCTOBER winds, wi' biting breath,
Now nip the leaves that's yellow fading;
Nae gowan's glint upon the green,
Alas! they're co'er'd wi' winter's cleading.
As through the woods I musing gang,
Nae birdies cheer me frae the bushes,
Save little robin's lanely sang,
Wild warbling where the burnie gushes.

The sun is jogging down the brae,
Dimly through the mist he's shining,
And cranreugh hoar creeps o'er the grass,
As Day resigns his throne to E'ening.
Oft let me walk at twilight grey
To view the face of dying nature,
Till Spring again, wi' mantle green,
Delights the heart o' ilka creature.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

ALEXANDER BOSWELL was the eldest son of James Boswell, the celebrated biographer of Dr Johnson, and grandson of Lord Auchinleck, one of the senators of the College of Justice. He was born on the 9th October 1775. His mother, a daughter of Sir Walter Montgomery, Bart., of Lainshaw, was a woman of superior intelligence, and of agreeable and dignified manners. Along with his only brother James, he received his education at Westminster School and the University of Oxford. In 1795, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the paternal estate of Auchinleck. He now made the tour of Europe, and on his return took up his residence in the family mansion.

Inheriting his father's love of literature, and deriving from his mother a taste for elegant accomplishments, Alexander Boswell diligently applied himself to the cultivation of his mind, by an examination of the stores of the famous "Auchinleck Library." From his youth he had been ardent in his admiration of Burns, and had written verses for the amusement of his friends. A wooer of the lyric Muse, many of his lays rapidly obtained circulation, and were sung with a gusto not inferior to that inspired by the songs of the Bard of Coila. In 1803 he published, without his name, in a thin octavo volume, "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," and subsequently contributed a number of lyrics of various merit to the Musical Collection of Mr George Thomson, and Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology." Several other poetical works proceeded from his pen. In 1803, shortly after the appearance of his songs, he published a ballad entitled "The Spirit of Tintoc; or, Johnnie Bell and the Kelpie," with notes, 16 pp. 8vo: Mundell & Son, Edinburgh. This performance, in which are humorously related the adventures of a drunken tailor with the brownies and other denizens of the unseen world, on the summit of Tintoc Hill, was followed in 1810 by another amusing poem, bearing the title of "Edinburgh; or, the Ancient Royalty, a Sketch of Former Manners, with Notes by Simon Gray." In this poem, the changes which had occurred in the habits of the citizens of Edinburgh are portrayed in a colloquy between an old farmer and his city friend. In 1811 appeared "Clan-Alpin's Vow, a Fragment," with the author's name prefixed. This production, founded upon a horrible tragedy connected with the history of the Clan Macgregor, proved one of the most popular of the author's works; it was reprinted in 1817, by Bentley & Son, London. His future publications may be simply enume-

rated; they were generally issued from a printing press which he established in the mansion of Auchinleck. In 1812 he printed, for private circulation, a poetical fragment entitled "Sir Albon," intended to burlesque the peculiar style and rythm of Sir Walter Scott; in 1815, "The Tyrant's Fall," a poem on the battle of Waterloo; in 1816, "Skeldon Haughs; or, the Sow is Flitted," a tale in verse, founded on an old Ayrshire tradition; and in the same year another poetical tale, after the manner of Allan Ramsay's "Monk and Miller's Wife," entitled, "The Woo'-creel; or, the Bull o' Bashun." From his printing office at Auchinleck, besides his poetical tales and pasquinades, he issued many curious and interesting works, chiefly reprints of scarce tracts on different subjects, preserved in the Auchinleck Library. Of these the most remarkable was the disputation between John Knox and Quentin Kennedy, at Maybole, in 1562, of which the only copy then known to exist was deposited in his paternal library.*

Amidst his devotedness to the pursuits of elegant literature, Mr Boswell bestowed much attention on public affairs. He was M.P. for the county of Ayr; and though silent in the House of Commons, was otherwise indefatigable in maintaining his political sentiments. He supported strict conservative principles, and was not without the apprehension of civil disturbance through the impetuosity of the advocates of reform. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry, he was painstaking in the training of his troops; the corps afterwards acknowledging his services by the presentation of a testimonial. In 1821, his zeal for the public interest was rewarded by a Baronetcy.

One of the most substantial of Sir Alexander's patriotic achievements was the erection of an elegant monument to Robert Burns on the banks of the Doon. The mode in which the object was accomplished is sufficiently interesting. Along with a friend who warmly approved of the design, Sir Alexander advertised in the public prints that a meeting would be held at Ayr, on a particular day, to take into consideration the proposal of rearing a monument to the national bard. The day and hour arrived, but, save the projectors, not a single individual attended. Nothing disheartened, Sir Alexander took the chair, and his friend proceeded to act as clerk, resolutions were proposed, seconded, and recorded, thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting separated. These resolutions being printed and circulated, were the means of raising, by public subscription, the sum of nearly two thousand pounds for the erection of the monument. Sir Alexander laid the foundation stone on the 25th of January 1820.

The literary and patriotic career of Sir Alexander Boswell was brought to a sudden termination. Prone to indulge a strong natural tendency for sarcasm, especially against his political opponents, he published, in a Glasgow newspaper, a severe poetical pasquinade against Mr James Stuart, younger of Dunearn, a leading member of the Liberal party in Edinburgh. The discovery of the authorship was followed by a challenge from Mr Stuart, which being accepted, the hostile parties met near the village of Auchtertool, in Fife. Sir Alexander fell, the ball from the pistol of his antagonist having entered near the root of his neck on the right side. He was immediately carried to Balmuto, a seat of his ancestors in the vicinity, where he expired the following day. The duel took place on the 26th March 1822.

The remains of the deceased Baronet were solemnly deposited in the family vault of Auchinleck. In personal appearance, Sir Alexander presented a powerful muscular figure; in society, he was fond of anecdote and humour. In his youth he was keen on the turf and in field sports; he subsequently found his chief entertainment in literary avocations. As a poet, he had been better known if his efforts had been of a

* Another copy has since been discovered.

less fragmentary character. The general tendency of his Muse was drollery, but some of his lyrics are sufficiently touching.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang;
I spier'd at neighbour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's they I see?
Quoth he, Ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel'
Thinks himsel' cunning' as the deil,
And here they cam' awa' to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' ill-lined skull, but back weel clade,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And papped on his knee:
Quoth he, My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my e'en!
Though ne'er a beauty he had seen
But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up
Wi' bawsint naig and siller whup;
Cried—There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie it to a tree.
What's gowd to me? I've wealth o' lan',
Bestow on ane o' worth your han':
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' bleth'rin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab;
O ilka ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee;
Accounts he owed through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
But now he thought to clout his goun
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washin' tubs,
A fool came neist; but life has rubs;
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he:
He danced up squintin' through a glass,
And grinn'd, i' faith, a bonnie lass!
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,
The sodger not to strut sae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig;
The fool he cried, Te-hee!
I kenn'd that I could never fail!
But she pinn'd the dishclout to his tail,
And soused him frae the water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie came, a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence,
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel',
And here his suit he press'd sae weel
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.*

* The last stanza does not appear in the original version of the song; it is here added from Allan Cunningham's collection. The idea of the song, Cunningham remarks, was probably suggested to the author by an old fragment, which still lives among the peasantry:

"And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
My Jenny had, my Jenny had,
A' that e'er my Jenny had,
Was ae bawbee.

There's your plack and my plack,
And your plack and my plack,
And my plack and your plack,
And Jenny's bawbee.

We'll put it in the pint stoup,
The pint stoup, the pint stoup,
We'll put it in the pint stoup,
And birl't a' three."

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.*

AT Willie's weddin' o' the green,
The lasses, bonnie witches,
Were busked out in aprons clean,
And snaw-white Sunday mutches;
Auld Mysie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock wad na believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

In ilka country dance and reel
Wi' her he wad be babbin';
When she sat down, then he sat down,
And till her wad be gabbin';
Where'er she gaed, or butt or ben,
The coof wad never leave her,
Aye cacklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.

Quoth he, my lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither,
Ye've bonnie e'en, and, gif ye're kind,
I needna court anither!
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried "pheugh,"
And bade the coof no deave her,
Syne crack'd her thumb, and lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

* The origin of the air is somewhat amusing. The Rev. Mr Gardner, minister of Birse, in Aberdeenshire, known for his humour and musical talents, was one evening playing on his Cremona the notes of an air he had previously jotted down, when a curious scene arrested his attention in the courtyard of the manse. His man "Jock," who had lately been a weaver in the neighbouring village, had rudely declined to wipe the minister's shoes, as requested by Mrs Gardner, when the enraged matron, snatching a culinary utensil, administered a hearty drubbing to the shoulders of the impudent boor, and compelled him to execute her orders. The minister witnessing the proceeding from the window, was highly diverted, and gave the air he had just completed the title of "Jenny Dang the Weaver." This incident is said to have occurred in the year 1746.

THE LASS O' ISLA.

"AH, Mary, sweetest maid, farewell!
My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck;
Heaven guard you, love, and heal your heart,
Though mine, alas, alas! maun break."

"Dearest lad, what ills betide?
Is Willie to his love untrue!
Engaged the morn to be his bride,
Ah! hae ye, hae ye, ta'en the rue?"

"Ye canna wear a ragged gown,
Or beggar wed wi' nought ava;
My kye are drown'd, my house is down,
My last sheep lies aneath the snaw."

"Tell na me o' storm or flood,
Or sheep a' smoor'd ayont the hill;
For Willie's sake I Willie lo'ed,
Though poor, ye are my Willie still."

"Ye canna thole the wind and rain,
Or wander friendless far frae hame;
Cheer, cheer your heart, some other swain
Will soon blot out lost Willie's name."

"I'll tak' my bundle in my hand,
An' wipe the dew-drop frae my e'e;
I'll wander wi' ye ower the land;
I'll venture wi' ye ower the sea."

"Forgi'e me, love, 'twas all a snare;
My flocks are safe, we needna part;
I'd forfeit them and ten times mair
To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart."

"How could ye wi' my feelings sport,
Or doubt a heart sae warm and true?
I maist could wish ye mischief for't,
But canna wish ought ill to you."

TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.*

Taste life's glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly-fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,
He seeks for thorns, and finds his share,
Whilst violets to the passing air
Unheeded shed their blossoms.
Taste life's, etc.

When tim'rous Nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Then, ah! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,
The sun shines forth at even.
Taste life's, etc.

How spleen with envy anxious flies,
And meek content, in humble guise,
Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise,
Which golden fruits shall yield him.
Taste life's, etc.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distress'd,
There sweet contentment builds her nest,
And flutters round his bosom.
Taste life's, etc.

* These verses, which form a translation of *Freut euch des Libens*, were written at Leipsig in 1795, when the author was on his continental tour. He was then in his twentieth year.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.
Taste life's, etc.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,
E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay,
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.
Taste life's, etc.

Of life she is the fairest band,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand,
Thus, onward to a better land,
Man journeys light and cheerly.
Taste life's, etc.

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a',
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart;
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw;
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain;
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore;
Wha show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wand'rer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be cantie, but be gude and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see ye shine;
I'll see ye triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'!

OLD AND NEW TIMES.*

Air—"*Kellyburn Braes.*"

Hech! what a change hae we now in this town!
The lads a' sae braw, the lasses sae glancin',
Folk maun be dizzie gaun aye in the roun',
For deil a haet's done now for feastin' and dancin'.

Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller pock,
When ilka bit laddie maun hae his bit staigie;
But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock,
But trotted about upon honest shank's naigie.

* Contributed to the fourth volume of Mr George Thomson's Collection.

Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste,
Barely a mullin for mice or for rattens;
The thrifty housewife to the flesh-market paced,
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folk were as good then, and friends were as leal,
Though coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a-cantrin';
Right air we were tell't by the housemaid or chiel',
Sir, an' ye please, here's your lass and a lantern.

The town may be clouted and pierc'd, till it meets
A' neebours benorth and besouth, without haltin';
Brigs may be biggit ower lums and ower streets,
The Nor' Loch itsel' heaped heigh as the Calton.

But whar is true friendship, and whar will you see
A' that is gude, honest, modest, and thrifty?
Tak' grey hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,
And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

AIR—"*Bannocks o' Barley Meal.*"

ARGYLE is my name, and you may think it strange
To live at a court, and yet never to change;
To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,
The good of the land's the sole motive I know.

The foes of my country and king I have faced,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;
I've done what I could for my country's weal,
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you!
For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife;
For myself, I seek peace and an innocent life:
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene,
With Maggie, my love, in her rockley o' green;
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,
While she shares my bannock o' barley meal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his king, as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—
O! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.
I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place;
I long for the smile of each welcoming face;
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast 's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.*

* This song was contributed by Sir Alexander Boswell to the third volume of Thomson's Collection. It is not wholly original, but an improved version of former words to the same air, which are understood to be the composition of John Campbell, the celebrated Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, who died on the 4th October 1743.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE was born at the manse of Kells, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, on the 18th February 1776. His father, John Gillespie, minister of Kells, was an intimate friend of Robert Burns; and likewise an early patron of John Low, the author of "Mary's Dream." Receiving the rudiments of education at the parish school, William proceeded, in 1792, to the University of Edinburgh, to prosecute his studies for the Church. Obtaining license as a probationer, he was, in 1801, ordained assistant and successor to his father, on whose death, in 1806, he succeeded to the full benefits of the charge. Inheriting from his father an elegant turn of mind and a devotedness to literary composition, he was induced to publish, in his twenty-ninth year, an allegorical poem, entitled "The Progress of Refinement." A higher effort from his pen appeared in 1815, under the title of "Consolation, and other Poems." This volume, which abounds in vigorous sentiment and rich poetical description, evincing on the part of the author a high appreciation of the beauties of nature, considerably extended his reputation. He formed habits of intimacy with many of his poetical contemporaries, by whom he was beloved for the amenity of his disposition. He largely contributed to various periodicals, especially the agricultural journals, and was a zealous member of the Highland Society of Scotland.

In July 1825, Mr Gillespie espoused Miss Charlotte Hoggan. Soon after this event, he was attacked with erysipelas—a complaint which, resulting in general inflammation, terminated his promising career on the 15th of October, in his fiftieth

year. The following lyrics evince fancy and deep pathos, causing a regret that the author did not more amply devote himself to the composition of songs.

THE HIGHLANDER.*

From the climes of the sun, all war-worn and weary,
The Highlander sped to his youthful abode;
Fair visions of home cheer'd the desert so dreary,
Though fierce was the noon-beam, and steep was the road.

Till spent with the march that still lengthen'd before him,
He stopp'd by the way in a sylvan retreat;
The light shady boughs of the birch-tree wav'd o'er him,
The stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

He sunk to repose where the red heaths are blended,
On dreams of his childhood his fancy past o'er;
But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended,
The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him,
Though war launch'd her thunder in fury to kill;
Now the Angel of Death in the desert has found him,
And stretch'd him in peace by the stream of the hill.

Pale Autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,
The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest;
And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,
And moistens the heath-bell that weeps on his breast.

* Many years ago, a poor Highland soldier, on his return to his native hills, fatigued, as was supposed, by the length of the march and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch tree on the solitary road of Lowran, that winds along the margin of Loch Ken, in Galloway. Here he was found dead; and this incident forms the subject of these verses.—*Note by the Author.* "The Highlander" is set to a Gaelic air in the fifth volume of R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel."

ELLEN.

The moon shone in fits,
And the tempest was roaring,
The Storm Spirit shriek'd,
And the fierce rain was pouring;
Alone in her chamber,
Fair Ellen sat sighing,
The tapers burn'd dim,
And the embers were dying.

"The drawbridge is down,
That spans the wide river;
Can tempests divide,
Whom death cannot sever?
Unclosed is the gate,
And those arms long to fold thee,
'Tis midnight, my love;
O say, what can hold thee?"

But scarce flew her words,
When the bridge reft asunder,
The horseman was crossing,
'Mid lightning and thunder,
And loud was the yell,
As he plunged in the billow,
The maid knew it well,
As she sprang from her pillow.

She scream'd o'er the wall,
But no help was beside her;
And thrice to her view
Rose the horse and his rider.
She gazed at the moon,
But the dark cloud pass'd over;
She plunged in the stream,
And she sank to her lover.

Say, what is that flame,
O'er the midnight deep beaming?
And whose are those forms,
In the wan moonlight gleaming?
That flame gilds the wave,
Which their pale corses cover;
And those forms are the ghosts
Of the maid and her lover.

THOMAS MOUNSEY CUNNINGHAM.

Thomas Mounsey Cunningham, an elder brother of Allan Cunningham, is entitled to commemoration among the song-writers of his country. His ancestors were lords of that district of Ayrshire which still bears their family name; and a small inheritance in that country, which belonged to his more immediate progenitors, was lost to the name and race by the head of the family having espoused the cause and joined

the army of the Marquis of Montrose. For several generations his forefathers were farmers at Gogar, in the parish of Ratho, Midlothian. John Cunningham, his father, was born at Gogar on the 26th March 1743, whence he removed in his twenty-third year to fill the situation of land-steward on the estate of Lumley, in the parish of Chester, and county of Durham. He next became overseer on the property of Mr Mounsey of Rammerscales, near Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire. He married Elizabeth Harley, a lady of good connections and of elegant personal accomplishments, and with the view of acquiring a more decided independence in his new condition, took in lease the farm of Culfaud in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Of a family of ten, Thomas was the second son; he was born at Culfaud on the 25th June 1776. During his infancy, the farming speculations of his father proved unfortunate, and the lease of Culfaud was abandoned. Returning to his former occupation as a land-steward, John Cunningham was employed in succession by the proprietors of Barncaillie and Collieston, and latterly by Mr Miller of Dalswinton.

Thomas was educated at the village-school of Kellieston, and subsequently at the academy of Dumfries. The circumstances of his parents required that he should choose a manual profession; and he was apprenticed by his own desire to a neighbouring millwright. It was during his intervals of leisure, while acquiring a knowledge of this laborious occupation, that he first essayed the composition of verses; he submitted his poems to his father, who mingled judicious criticism with words of encouragement. "The Har'st Home," one of his earliest pieces of merit, was privileged with insertion in the series of "Poetry, Original and Selected," published by Brash and Reid, booksellers in Glasgow. Proceeding to England in 1797, he entered the workshop of a millwright in Rotherham. Under the same employer he afterwards pursued his craft at King's Lynn; in 1800 he removed to Wiltshire, and soon after to the neighbourhood of Cambridge. He next received employment at Dover, and thence proceeded to London, where he occupied a situation in the establishment of Rennie, the celebrated engineer. He afterwards became foreman to one Dickson, an engineer, and superintendent of Fowler's chain-cable manufactory. In 1812 he returned to Rennie's establishment as a clerk, with a liberal salary. On leaving his father's house to seek his fortune in the south, he had been strongly counselled by Mr Miller of Dalswinton to abjure the gratification of his poetical tendencies, and he seems to have resolved on the faithful observance of this injunction. For a period of nine years his muse was silent; at length, in 1806, he appeared in the *Scots Magazine* as the contributor of some elegant verses. The editor was eloquent in his commendations; and the Ettrick Shepherd, who was already a contributor to the magazine, took pains to discover the author, and addressed him a lengthened poetical epistle, expressive of his admiration. A private intimacy ensued between the two rising poets; and when the Shepherd, in 1809, planned the "Forest Minstrel," he made application to his ingenious friend for contributions. Cunningham sanctioned the republication of such of his lyrics as had appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, and these proved the best ornaments of the work.

Impatient of criticism, and of a whimsical turn of mind, Cunningham was incapable of steadfastly pursuing a literary career. Just as his name was becoming known by his verses in the *Scots Magazine*, he took offence at some incidental allusions to his style, and suddenly stopped his contributions. Silent for a second period of nine years, the circumstance of the appropriation of one of his songs in the "Nithsdale Minstrel," a provincial collection of poetry, published at Dumfries, again aroused him to authorship. He made the publishers the subject of a satirical poem in the *Scots Magazine* of 1815. On the origin of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, in 1817, he became a contributor, and under the title of the "Literary Legacy," wrote many curious snatches of antiquities, sketches

of modern society, and scraps of song and ballad, which imparted a racy interest to the pages of the new periodical. A slight difference with the editor at length induced him to relapse into silence. Fitful and unsettled as a cultivator of literature, he was in the business of life a model of regularity and perseverance. He was much esteemed by his employer, and was ultimately promoted to the chief clerkship in his establishment. He fell a victim to the Asiatic cholera on the 28th October 1834, in the 58th year of his age. During his latter years he was in the habit of examining at certain intervals the MSS. of prose and poetry which at a former period he had accumulated. On those occasions he uniformly destroyed some which he deemed unworthy of further preservation. During one of these purgations, he hastily committed to the flames a poem on which he had bestowed much labour, and which contained a humorous description of scenes and characters familiar to him in youth. The poem was entitled "Braken Fell;" and his brother Allan, in a memoir of the author, has referred to its destruction in terms of regret.* The style of Thomas Mounsey Cunningham seems, however, to have been lyrical, and it may be presumed that his songs afford the best evidence of his power. In private life he was much cherished by a circle of friends, and his society was gay and animated. He was rather above the middle height, and latterly was corpulent. He married in 1804, and has left a family.

* See *Scottish Monthly Magazine*, August 1836.

ADOWN THE BURNIE'S FLOWERY BANK.*

ADOWN the burnie's flowery bank,
Or through the shady grove,
Or 'mang the bonnie scroggie braes,
Come, Peggy, let us rove.
See where the stream out ower the linn
Deep headlong foamin' pours,
There let us gang and stray amang
The bloomin' hawthorn bowers.

We'll pu' the rose frae aff the brier,
The lily frae the brae;
We'll hear the birdies blithely sing,
As up the glen we gae.
His yellow haughs o' wavin' grain
The farmer likes to see,
But my ain Peggy's artless smile
Is far mair dear to me.

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.†

TUNE—"*The Lea Rig.*"

AMANG the birks sae blythe an' gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn:
On ilka swaird the hay was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit bra',
An' ev'ning's plaid o' grey was thrawn
Out ower the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
An' fragrance wing'd alang the lea,
As down we sat the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
An' saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawning coost a glimm'rin' e'e
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted e'e wad hae, quo' I,
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer;
But gi'e to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha rowe this yirthen ba',
An' oh, sae blithe through life I'll steer,
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

When gloamin' daunders up the hill,
An' our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That through the muir meand'ring rows;
Or tint amang the scroggie knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills an' dales o' Gallowa.'

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* Written when the author was quite a youth.

† Like many other Scottish songs composed early in the century, and which at the time of publication were unacknowledged by their authors, the "Hills o' Gallowa'" came to be attributed to Burns. It is included among his songs in Orphoot's edition of his poetical works, which was published at Edinburgh in 1820. In the "Harp of Caledonia," the editor, Mr Struthers, assigns it to the Ettrick Shepherd. Along with those which follow, the song appeared in the "Forest Minstrel." The heroine was Julia Curtis, a maiden in Galloway, to whom Cunningham was early attached. She is also celebrated by the poet in the "Braes of Ballahun," and her early demise is lamented in the tender stanzas of "Julia's Grave." The latter composition first appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, for 1807, p. 448.

An' when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
Her flowery wilds an' wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Where friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,
Where heather blooms an' muircocks craw,
Oh, dig my grave, and lay my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

THE BRAES OF BALLAHUN.*

TUNE—"*Roslin Castle.*"

Now smiling summer's balmy breeze,
Soft whispering, fans the leafy trees;
The linnet greets the rosy morn,
Sweet in yon fragrant flowery thorn;
The bee hums round the woodbine bower,
Collecting sweets from every flower;
And pure the crystal streamlets run
Among the braes of Ballahun.

Oh! blissful days, for ever fled,
When wand'ring wild, as fancy led,
I ranged the bushy-bosom'd glen,
The scroggie shaw, the rugged linn,
And mark'd each blooming hawthorn bush,
Where nestling sat the speckled thrush;
Or, careless roaming, wander'd on
Among the braes of Ballahun.

Why starts the tear, why bursts the sigh,
When hills and dales rebound with joy?
The flowery glen and lilied lea,
In vain display their charms to me.
I joyless roam the heathy waste,
To soothe this sad, this troubled breast;
And seek the haunts of men to shun.
Among the braes of Ballahun.

The virgin blush of lovely youth,
The angel smile of artless truth,
This breast illumed with heavenly joy,
Which lyart time can ne'er destroy.
Oh, Julia dear! the parting look,
The sad farewell we sorrowing took,
Still haunt me as I stray alone,
Among the braes of Ballahun.

THE UNCO GRAVE.†

TUNE—"*Crazy Jane.*"

BONNIE Clouden, as ye wander
Hills, an' haughs, an' muirs amang,
Ilka knowe an' green meander,
Learn my sad, my dulefu' sang!
Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,
Howms where rows the gowden wave;
Blissful scenes, fareweel for ever!
I maun seek an unco grave.

Sair I pled, though fate, unfriendly,
Stang'd my heart wi' waes and dules,
That some faithfu' hand might kindly
Lay't among my native mools.
Cronies dear, wha late an' early
Aye to soothe my sorrows strave,
Think on ane wha lo'es ye dearly,
Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa' frae Scotia's mountains,
Far frae a' that's dear to dwall,
Mak's my e'en twa gushin' fountains,
Dings a dirk in my puir saul.
Braes o breckan, hills o' heather,
Howms whare rows the gowden wave,
Blissful scenes, fareweel for ever!
I maun seek an unco grave.

JULIA'S GRAVE.

TUNE—"*Logan Water.*"

YE briery bields, where roses blaw!
Ye flowery fells, and sunny braes,
Whase scroggie bosoms foster'd a'
The pleasures o' my youthfu' days!
Amang your leafy simmer claes,
And blushing blooms, the zephyr flies,
Syne wings awa', and wanton plays
Around the grave whare Julia lies.

Nae mair your bonnie birken bowers,
Your streamlets fair, and woodlands gay,
Can cheer the weary winged hours,
As up the glen I joyless stray;
For a' my hopes ha'e flown away,
And when they reach'd their native skies,
Left me amid the world o' wae,
To weet the grave where Julia lies.

It is na beauty's fairest bloom,
It is na maiden charms consign'd,
And hurried to an early tomb,
That wrings my heart and clouds my mind;
But sparkling wit, and sense refined,
And spotless truth, without disguise,
Make me with sighs enrich the wind
That fans the grave whare Julia lies.

FAREWEEL, YE STREAMS.

AIR—"*Lassie wi' the Yellow Coatie.*"

FAREWEEL, ye streams sae dear to me,
My bonnie Clouden, Nith, and Dee;
Ye burns that row sae bonnily,
Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.
Yet though frae your green banks I'm driven,
My saul away could ne'er be riven;
For still she lifts her e'en to heaven,
An' sighs to be again wi' thee.

Ye canty bards ayont the Tweed,
Your skins wi' claes o' tartan cleed,
An' lilt alang the verdant mead,
Or blythely on your whistles blaw,

* Ballahun is a romantic glen, near Blackwood House, on the river Nith.

† The Clouden is a stream which flows into the Nith, at Lincluden College, near Dumfries.

An' sing auld Scotia's barns an ha's,
Her bourtree dykes an mossy wa's,
Her faulds, her bughts, an' birken shaws,
Whare love an' freedom sweeten a'.

Sing o' her carles teuch an' auld,
Her carlines grim that flyte an' scauld,
Her wabsters blythe, an' souters bauld,
Her flocks an' herds sae fair to see.
Sing o' her mountains bleak an high;
Her fords, whare neigh'rin' kelpies ply;
Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy;
Her lasses lilting o'er the lea.

To you the darling theme belangs,
That frae my heart exulting spangs;
Oh, mind, amang your bonnie sangs,
The lads that bled for liberty.
Think o' our auld forbears o' yore,
Wha dyed the muir wi' hostile gore;
Wha slavery's bands indignant tore,
An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,
Wha haud the pleugh, or wake the fauld,
Until your dearest bluid rin cauld,
Aye true unto your country be.
Wi' daring look her dirk she drew,
An' coost a mither's e'e on you;
Then let na ony spulzien crew
Her dear-bought freedom wrest frae thee!

JOHN STRUTHERS.

JOHN STRUTHERS, whose name is familiar as the author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," was born on the 18th July 1776, in the parish of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire. His parents were of the humbler rank, and were unable to send him to school; but his mother, a woman of superior intelligence, was unremitting in her efforts to teach him at home. She was aided by a benevolent lady of the neighbourhood, who, interested by the boy's precocity, often sent for him to read to her. This kind-hearted individual was Mrs Baillie, widow of the Rev. Dr Baillie, of Hamilton, who was then resident at Longcalderwood, and whose celebrated daughter, Joanna Baillie, afterwards took a warm interest in the fame and fortunes of her mother's *protégé*. From the age of eight to fourteen, young Struthers was engaged as a cowherd and in general work about a farm; he then apprenticed himself to a shoemaker. On the completion of his indenture, he practised his craft several years in his native village till September 1801, when he sought a wider field of business in Glasgow. In 1804, he produced his first and most celebrated poem, "The Poor Man's Sabbath," which, printed at his own risk, was well received, and rapidly passed through two editions. On the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott, to whom the poem was made known by Joanna Baillie, Constable published a third edition in 1808, handing the author thirty pounds for the copyright. Actively employed in his trade, Struthers continued to devote his leisure hours to composition. In 1816 he published a pamphlet "On the State of the Labouring Poor." A more ambitious literary effort was carried out in 1819; he edited a collection of the national songs, which was published at Glasgow, under the title of "The Harp of Caledonia," in three vols. 18mo. To this work Joanna Baillie, Mrs John Hunter, and Mr William Smyth of Cambridge contributed songs, while Scott and others permitted the re-publication of such of their lyrics as the author chose to select.

Struthers married early in life. About the year 1818 his wife and two of his children were snatched from him by death, and these bereavements so affected him, as to render him unable to prosecute his labours as a tradesman. He now procured employment as a corrector of the press, in the printing office of Khull, Blackie, & Co. During his connexion with this establishment, he assisted in preparing an edition of "Wodrow's History," and produced a "History of Scotland" from the political Union in 1707 to the year 1827, the date of its publication. These works—the latter extending to two octavo volumes—were published by his employers. On a dissolution of their copartnership, in 1827, Struthers was thrown out of employment till

his appointment, in 1832, to the Keepership of Stirling's Library, a respectable institution in Glasgow. This situation, which yielded him a salary of about £50 a-year, he retained till 1847, when he was led to tender his resignation. In his seventy-first year he returned to his original trade, after being thirty years occupied with literary concerns. He died suddenly on the 30th July 1853, at the advanced age of seventy-seven.

A man of strong intellect and vigorous imagination, John Struthers was industrious in his trade, and persevering as an author, yet he failed to obtain a competency for the winter of life; his wants, however, were few, and he did not complain. Inheriting pious dispositions from his parents, he excelled in familiarity with the text of Scripture, and held strong opinions on the subject of morality. Educated in the communion of the Original Secession Church, he afterwards joined the Establishment, and ultimately retired from it at the Disruption in 1843. He was a zealous member of the Free Church, and being admitted to the eldership, was on two occasions sent as a representative to the General Assembly of that body. An enthusiast respecting the beauties of external nature, he was in the habit of undertaking lengthened pedestrian excursions into the country, and took especial delight in rambling by the sea-shore, or climbing the mountain-tops. His person was tall and slight, though abundantly muscular, and capable of undergoing the toil of extended journeys. Three times married, he left a widow, who emigrated to America; of his children, two sons and two daughters survived him.

Besides the works already enumerated, Struthers was the author of other compositions both in prose and verse. He wrote an octavo pamphlet of 96 pages in favour of Church Establishments; contributed memoirs of James Hogg, minister of Carnock, and Principal Robertson, to the *Christian Instructor*, and prepared various lives of deceased worthies, which were included in the "Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen," edited by Mr Robert Chambers. At the period of his death, he was engaged in preparing a continuation of his "History of Scotland," to the era of the Disruption. He also meditated the publication of a volume of essays. His poetical works, which appeared at various intervals, were republished in 1850, in two duodecimo volumes, with an interesting autobiographical sketch. Of his poems, those most deserving of notice, next to the "Sabbath," are "The House of Mourning; or, the Peasant's Death," and "The Plough," both evincing grave and elevated sentiment, expressed in correct poetical language. The following songs are favourable specimens of his lyrical compositions.

ADMIRING NATURE'S SIMPLE CHARMS.

AIR—"*Gramachre.*"

ADMIRING Nature's simple charms,
I left my humble home,
Awhile my country's peaceful plains,
With pilgrim step to roam.
I mark'd the leafy summer wave
On flowing Irvine's side,
But richer far's the robe she wears
Within the vale of Clyde.

I roam'd the braes o' bonnie Doon,
The winding banks o' Ayr,
Where flutters many a small bird gay,
Blooms many a flow'ret fair.
But dearer far to me the stem
That once was Calder's pride,
And blossoms now the fairest flower
Within the vale of Clyde.

Avaunt, thou life-repressing north,
Ye withering east winds too;
But come, thou all-reviving west,
Breathe soft thy genial dew.
Till at the last, in peaceful age,
This lovely flow'ret shed
Its last green leaf upon my grave,
Within the vale of Clyde.

OH, BONNIE BUDS YON BIRCHEN TREE.

TUNE—"*The mill, mill, O.*"

OH, bonnie buds yon birchen tree,
The western breeze perfuming;
And softly smiles yon sunny brae,
Wi' gowans gaily blooming.
But sweeter than yon birchen tree,
Or gowans gaily blooming,
Is she, in blushing modesty,
Wha meets me there at gloaming.

Oh, happy, happy there yestreen,
In mutual transport ranging,
Among these lovely scenes, unseen,
Our vows of love exchanging.
The moon, with clear, unclouded face,
Seem'd bending to behold us;
And breathing birks, with soft embrace,
Most kindly to enfold us.

We bade each tree record our vows,
And each surrounding mountain,
With every star on high that glows
From light's o'erflowing fountain.
But gloaming grey bedims the vale,
On day's bright beam encroaching;
With rapture once again I hail
The trysting hour approaching.

RICHARD GALL.

RICHARD GALL was born in December 1776, at Linkhouse, near Dunbar. His father was a notary; but, being in poor circumstances, he apprenticed his son, in his eleventh year, to a relative, who followed the conjoined business of a builder and house-carpenter. The drudgery of heavy manual labour proved very uncongenial; and the apprentice suddenly took his departure, walking a long distance to Edinburgh, whither his parents had removed their residence. He now entered on an indenture to Mr David Ramsay, in the printing office of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*. At the close of his apprenticeship, he became Mr Ramsay's travelling clerk.

In the ordinary branches of education, young Gall had been instructed in a school at Haddington; he took lessons in the more advanced departments from a private tutor during his apprenticeship. He wrote verses from his youth, and several of his songs became popular, and were set to music. His poetical talents attracted the attention of Robert Burns and Hector Macneill, both of whom cherished his friendship,—the former becoming his correspondent. He also shared the intimacy of Thomas Campbell, and of Dr Alexander Murray, the distinguished philologist.

His promising career was brief; an abscess broke out in his breast, which medical skill could not subdue. After a lingering illness, he died on the 10th of May 1801, in his twenty-fifth year. He had joined a Highland volunteer regiment; and his remains were accompanied by his companions-in-arms to the Calton burial-ground, and there interred with military honours.

Possessed of a lively and vigorous fancy, a generous warmth of temperament, and feelings of extreme sensibility, Richard Gall gave promise of adorning the poetical literature of his country. Patriotism and the beauties of external nature were the favourite subjects of his muse, which, as if premonished of his early fate, he loved to sing in plaintive strains. Gall occasionally lacks power, but is always pleasing; in his songs (two of which have frequently been assigned to Burns) he is uniformly graceful. He loved poetry with the ardour of an enthusiast. During his last illness he inscribed verses with a pencil, when no longer able to wield the pen. He had no personal vanity, and sought to advance the poetical reputation of his country rather than his own. In his lifetime, his pieces were printed separately; a selection of his poems and songs, with a memoir by Alexander Balfour, was published in 1819.

HOW SWEET IS THE SCENE.

How sweet is the scene at the waking o' morning!
How fair ilka object that lives in the view!
Dame Nature the valley an hillock adorning,
The wild-rose an' blue-bell yet wet wi' the dew.
How sweet in the morning o' life is my Anna!
Her smiles like the sunbeam that glints on the lea;
To wander an' leave the dear lassie, I canna;
Frae Truth, Love, an' Beauty, I never can flee.

O lang ha'e I lo'ed her, and lo'ed her fu' dearly,
For saft is the smile o' her bonny sweet mou';
An' aft ha'e I read in her e'en, glancing clearly,
A language that bade me be constant an' true.
Then ithers may dote on their gowd an' their treasure;
For pelf, silly pelf, they may brave the rude sea;
To lo'e my sweet lassie, be mine the dear pleasure;
Wi' her let me live, an' wi' her let me die.

CAPTAIN O'KAIN.

Flow saftly, thou stream, through the wild spangled valley;
Oh green be thy banks, ever bonny an' fair!
Sing sweetly, ye birds, as ye wanton fu' gaily,
Yet strangers to sorrow, untroubled by care.
The weary day lang
I list to your sang,
An' waste ilka moment, sad, cheerless, alane;
Each sweet little treasure
O' heart-cheering pleasure,
Far fled frae my bosom wi' Captain O'Kain.

Fu' aft on the banks ha'e we pu'd the wild gowan,
An' twisted a garland beneath the hawthorn;
Ah! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowing,
Sweet days o' delight, which can never return!
Now ever, wae's me!
The tear fills my e'e,
An sair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain;
Nae prospect returning,
To gladden life's morning,
For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kain.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo an' dearie, O;
Thy neck is like the siller dew
Upon the banks sae briery, O;
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O, sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e!
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo an' dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to make it eerie, O;
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Ought o' the care I ha'e to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo an' dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
An' youth was blinking bonny, O,
Aft we wad daff the lee lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet an' mony, O;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
An' round about the thorny tree;
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo an' dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
An' never mair to leave me, O;
Then I wad dawt thee night an' day.
Nae ither warldly care wad ha'e,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo an' dearie, O.

THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E.*

Now bank an' brae are clad in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream,
The birdies flit on wanton wing;
By Cassillis' banks, when e'ening fa's,
There let my Mary meet wi' me,
There catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e.

The chiel' wha boasts o' warld's wealth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
An' Fortune canna gie me mair.
Then let me stray by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e.

THE BRAES O' DRUMLEE.

Ere eild wi' his blatters had warselled me down,
Or reft me o' life's youthfu' bloom,
How aft ha'e I gane, wi' a heart louping light,
To the knowes yellow tappit wi' broom!
How aft ha'e I sat i' the beild o' the knowe,
While the laverock mounted sae hie,
An' the mavis sang sweet in the plantings around,
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

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* Cromek in his "Reliques," erroneously attributes this song to Burns.

But, ah! while we daff in the sunshine of youth,
We see na' the blasts that destroy;
We count na' upon the fell waes that may come,
An eithly o'ercloud a' our joy.
I saw na' the fause face that fortune can wear,
Till forced from my country to flee;
Wi' a heart like to burst, while I sobbed,
"Farewell,
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee!

"Fareweel, ye dear haunts o' the days o' my youth,
Ye woods and ye valleys sae fair;
Ye'll bloom whan I wander abroad like a ghaist,
Sair nidder'd wi' sorrow an' care.
Ye woods an' ye valleys, I part wi' a sigh,
While the flood gushes down frae my e'e;
For never again shall the tear wet my cheek,
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

"O Time, could I tether your hours for a wee!
Na, na, for they flit like the wind!"—
Sae I took my departure, an' saunter'd awa',
Yet aften look'd wistfu' behind.
Oh, sair is the heart of the mither to part
Wi' the baby that sits on her knee;
But sairer the pang, when I took a last peep,
O' the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

I heftit 'mang strangers years thretty-an'-twa,
But naething could banish my care;
An' aften I sigh'd when I thought on the past,
Whare a' was sae pleasant an' fair.
But now, wae's my heart! whan I'm lyart an' auld,
An' fu' lint-white my haffet-locks flee,
I'm hamewards return'd wi' a remnant o' life,
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

Poor body! bewilder'd, I scarcely do ken
The haunts that were dear ance to me;
I yirded a plant in the days o' my youth,
An' the mavis now sings on the tree.
But, haith! there's nae scenes I wad niffer wi' thae;
For it fills my fond heart fu' o' glee,
To think how at last my auld banes they will rest,
Near the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

I WINNA GANG BACK TO MY MAMMY AGAIN.

I WINNA gang back to my mammy again,
I'll never gae back to my mammy again;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
I've held by her apron, etc.

Young Johnnie cam' down i' the gloamin' to woo,
Wi' plaidie sae bonnie, an' bannet sae blue:
"O come awa', lassie, ne'er let mammy ken;"
An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.
"O come awa', lassie, etc.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his doo,
An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou';
While I fell on his bosom heart-flicher'd an' fain,
An' sigh'd out, "O Johnnie, I'll aye be your ain!"
While I fell on his bosom, etc.

Some lasses will talk to their lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;
Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae stapping-stane,
Sae I'll never gae back to my mammy again.
Wi' Johnnie I stood, etc.

For many lang year sin' I play'd on the lea,
My mammy was kind as a mither could be;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
I've held by her apron, etc.

THE BARD.

IRISH AIR—"*The Brown Maid.*"

The Bard strikes his harp the wild valleys amang,
Whare the tall aiken trees spreading leafy appear;
While the murmuring breeze mingles sweet wi' his sang,
An' wafts the saft notes till they die on the ear;
But Mary, whase presence sic transport conveys,
Whase beauties my moments o' pleasure control,
On the strings o' my heart ever wantonly plays,
An' each languishing note is a sigh frae my soul!

Her breath is as sweet as the sweet-scented brier,
That blossoms and blaws in yon wild lanely glen;
When I view her fair form which nae mortal can peer,
A something o'erpowers me I dinna weel ken.
What sweetness her snawy white bosom displays!
The blink o' her bonnie black e'e wha can thole!
On the strings o' my heart she bewitchingly plays,
An' each languishing note is a sigh frae my soul!

LOUISA IN LOCHABER.

CAN ought be constant as the sun,
That makes the world sae cheerie?
Yes, a' the powers can witness be,
The love I bear my dearie.
But what can make the hours seem lang,
An' rin sae wond'rous dreary?
What but the space that lies between
Me an' my only dearie.

Then fare ye weel, wha saw me aft,
Sae blythe, baith late and early;
An' fareweel scenes o' former joys,
That cherish life sae rarely;
Baith love an' beauty bid me flee,
Nor linger lang an' eerie,
But haste, an' in my arms enfauld
My only pride an' dearie.

I'll hail Lochaber's valleys green,
Where many a rill meanders;
I'll hail wi' joy its birken bowers,
For there Louisa wanders.
There will I clasp her to my breast,
An' tent her smile fu' cheerie;
And thus, without a wish or want,
Live happy wi' my dearie.

THE HAZELWOOD WITCH.

For mony lang year I ha'e heard frae my grannie
Of brownies an' bogles by yon castle wa',
Of auld wither'd hags that were never thought cannie,
An' fairies that danced till they heard the cock craw.
I leugh at her tales; an' last owk, i' the gloamin',
I daunder'd, alane, down the hazelwood green;
Alas! I was reckless, and rue sair my roamin',
For I met a young witch wi' twa bonnie black een.

I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancing,
When a' the lift round them is cloudless an' blue;
I looked again, an' my heart fell a-dancing,
When I wad ha'e spoken, she glamour'd my mou'.

O wae to her cantrips! for dumpish I wander,
At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen;
For she dances afore me wherever I daunder,
The hazelwood witch wi' the bonnie black een.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.*

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
Fare thee weel before I gang;
Bonny Doon, whare, early roamin',
First I weav'd the rustic sang.

Bowers adieu! where, love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying—
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine.
Friends sae near my bosom ever,
Ye ha'e render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be.
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

* This is another song of Richard Gall which has been assigned to Burns; it has even been included in Dr Currie's edition of his works. It was communicated anonymously by Gall to the publisher of the "Scots Musical Museum," and first appeared in that work. The original MS. of the song was in the possession of Mr Stark, the author of a memoir of Gall in the "Biographia Scotica."

GEORGE SCOTT.

George Scott was the son of a small landowner in Roxburghshire. He was born at Dingleton, near Melrose, in 1777; and after attending the parish-schools of Melrose and Galashiels, became a student in the University of Edinburgh. On completing a curriculum of classical study, he was in his twenty-second year appointed parochial schoolmaster of Livingstone, West Lothian; and in six years afterwards was preferred to the parish-school of Lilliesleaf, in his native county. He was an accomplished scholar, and had the honour of educating many individuals who afterwards attained distinction. With Sir Walter Scott, who appreciated his scholarship, he maintained a friendly correspondence. In 1820, he published a small volume of poems, entitled, "Heath Flowers; or, Mountain Melodies," which exhibits considerable poetical talent. Having discharged the duties of an instructor of youth for half a century, he retired from his public avocations in November 1850. He survived till the 23d of February 1853, having attained his seventy-sixth year.

THE FLOWER OF THE TYNE.

AIR—"*Bonny Dundee.*"

Now rests the red sun in his caves of the ocean,
Now closed every eye but of misery and mine;
While, led by the moonbeam, in fondest devotion,
I doat on her image, the Flower of the Tyne.
Her cheek far outrivals the rose's rich blossom,
Her eyes the bright gems of Golconda outshine;
The snowdrop and lily are lost on her bosom,
For beauty unmatch'd is the Flower of the Tyne.

So charming each feature, so guileless her nature,
A thousand fond voices pronounce her divine;
So witchingly pretty, so modestly witty,
That sweet is thy thraldom, fair Flower of the Tyne!

Thine aspect so noble, yet sweetly inviting,
The loves and the graces thy temples entwine;
In manners the saint and the syren uniting,
Bloom on, dear Louisa, the Flower of the Tyne.

Though fair, Caledonia, the nymphs of thy mountains,
And graceful and straight as thine own silver pine,
Though fresh as thy breezes, and pure as thy fountains,
Yet fairer to me is the Flower of the Tyne.
This poor throbbing heart as an offering I give her,
A temple to love is this bosom of mine;
Then smile on thy victim, Louisa, for ever,
I'll kneel at thine altar, sweet Flower of the Tyne.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," was descended from a race of landed proprietors in Argyleshire, who claimed ancestry in Macallummore, the great head of clan Campbell, and consequent propinquity to the noble House of Argyle. Alexander Campbell, the poet's father, had carried on a prosperous trade as a Virginian merchant, but had suffered unhappy embarrassments, at the outbreak of the American war. Of his eleven children, Thomas was the youngest. He was born on the 27th July 1777,* in his father's house, High Street, Glasgow, and was baptized by the celebrated Dr Thomas Reid, after whom he received his Christian name. The favourite child of his parents, peculiar care was bestowed upon his upbringing; he was taught to read by his eldest sister, who was nineteen years his senior, and had an example of energy set before him by his mother, a woman of remarkable decision. He afforded early indication of genius; as a child, he was fond of ballad poetry, and in his tenth year he wrote verses. At the age of eight he became a pupil in the grammar school, having already made some proficiency in classical learning. During the first session of his attendance at the University, he gained two prizes and a bursary on Archbishop Leighton's foundation. As a classical scholar, he acquired rapid distinction; he took especial delight in the dramatic literature of Greece, and his metrical translations from the Greek plays were pronounced excellent specimens of poetical composition. He invoked the muse on many themes, and occasionally printed verses, which were purchased by his comrades. From the commencement of his curriculum he chiefly supported himself by teaching; at the close of his fourth session, he accepted a tutorship in the island of Mull. There he prosecuted verse-making, and continued his translations from the Greek dramatists. He conducted a poetical correspondence with Hamilton Paul; and the following lines addressed to this early friend, and entitled "An Elegy written in Mull," may be quoted in evidence of his poetical talent in his seventeenth year. These lines do not occur in any edition of his works:

"The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;

* "Glasgow, 1777. Alexander Campbell, merchant, and Margt. Campbell, a lawful son, Thomas, born 27th July."—*Glasgow Register of Births.*

In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
Oh, whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care, and fired the muse's powers
The classic haunts of youth for ever gay
Where mirth and friendship cheer'd the close of day,
The well-known valleys where I wont to roam,
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?
Far different scenes allure my wondering eye:
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heaven, unblest by summer's smile;
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle,
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow,
The wide, wild glen, the pathless plains below,
The dark blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled,
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild!
Far different these from all that charm'd before,
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore:
The sloping vales, with waving forests lined;
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.
Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil."

He remained at Mull five months; and subsequently became tutor in the family of Sir William Napier, at Downie, near Loch Fyne. On completing a fifth session at the University he experienced anxiety regarding the choice of a profession, chiefly with the desire of being able speedily to aid in the support of his necessitous parents. He first thought of a mercantile life, and then weighed the respective advantages of the clerical, medical, and legal professions. For a period, he attempted law, but soon tired of the drudgery which it threatened to impose. In Edinburgh, during a brief period of legal study, he formed the acquaintance of Dr Robert Anderson, through whose favour he became known to the rising wits of the capital. Among his earlier friends he reckoned the names of Francis Jeffrey, Henry Brougham, Thomas Brown, James Graham, and David Irving.

In 1798, Campbell induced his parents to remove to Edinburgh, where he calculated on literary employment. He had already composed the draft of the "Pleasures of Hope," but he did not hazard its publication till he had exhausted every effort in its improvement. His care was well repaid; his poem produced one universal outburst of admiration, and one edition after another rapidly sold. He had not completed his twenty-second year when he gained a place among the most distinguished poets of his country. For the copyright, Mundell and Company allowed him only two hundred copies in quires, which yielded him about fifty pounds; but they presented him with twenty-five pounds on the appearance of each successive edition. He was afterwards permitted to publish an edition on his own account,—a privilege which brought him the sum of six hundred pounds. Resolving to follow literature as a profession, he was desirous of becoming personally acquainted with the distinguished men of letters in Germany. In June 1800 he embarked at Leith for Hamburg. He visited Ratisbon, Munich, and Leipsic; had an interview with the poet Klopstock, then in his seventy-seventh year, and witnessed a battle between the French and Germans, near Ratisbon. At Hamburg he formed the acquaintance of Anthony M'Cann, who had been driven into exile by the Irish Government in 1798, on the accusation of being a leader in the rebellion. Of this individual he formed a favourable opinion, and his condition suggested the exquisite poem, "The Exile of Erin." After some months' residence at Altona, he sailed for England; the vessel narrowly escaping capture by a privateer, landed him at Yarmouth, whence he proceeded to

London. He had been in correspondence with Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, who introduced him to Lord Holland, Sir James Macintosh, and Samuel Rogers. Receiving tidings of his father's death, he returned to Edinburgh. Not a little to his concern, he found that warrants had been issued for his apprehension on the charge of high treason; he was accused of attending Jacobin clubs at Hamburg, and of conspiring with General Moreau and the Irish exiles to land troops in Ireland! The seizure of his travelling trunk led to the ample vindication of his loyalty; it was found to contain the first draft of the "Mariners of England." Besides a magnificent quarto edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," he now prepared a work in three volumes, entitled "Annals of Great Britain;" for which the sum of three hundred pounds was paid him by Mundell and Company. Through Professor Dugald Stewart, he obtained the friendship of Lord Minto, who invited him to London, and afterwards entertained him at Minto.

In 1803, Campbell resolved to settle in London. In his progress to the metropolis he visited his friends Roscoe and Currie at Liverpool. On the 10th September 1803, he espoused his fair cousin, Matilda Sinclair, and established his residence in Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico. In the following year, he sought refuge from the noise of the busy world in London, by renting a house at Sydenham. His reputation readily secured him a sufficiency of literary employment; he translated for the *Star*, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum, and became a contributor to the *Philosophical Magazine*. He declined the offer of the Regent's chair in the University of Wilna, in Russian-Poland; but shortly afterwards had conferred on him, by the premier, Charles Fox, a civil-list pension of two hundred pounds. In 1809, he published his poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming," along with the "Battle of the Baltic," the "Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," "Glenara," and others of his best lyrics. This volume was well received, and added largely to his laurels. In 1811, he delivered five lectures on poetry, in the Royal Institution.

Campbell was now a visitor in the first literary circles, and was welcomed at the tables of persons of opulence. From the commencement of his residence in London, he had known John Kemble, and his accomplished sister, Mrs Siddons. He became intimate with Lord Byron and Thomas Moore; and had the honour of frequent invitations to the residence of the Princess of Wales, at Blackheath. In 1814, he visited Paris, where he was introduced to the Duke of Wellington; dined with Humboldt and Schlegel, and met his former friend and correspondent, Madame de Staël. A proposal of Sir Walter Scott, in 1816, to secure him a chair in the University of Edinburgh, was not attended with success. The "Specimens of the British Poets," a work he had undertaken for Mr Murray, appeared in 1819. In 1820, he accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, with a salary of six hundred pounds per annum. A second visit to Germany, which he accomplished immediately after the commencement of his editorial duties, suggested to him the idea of the London University; and this scheme, warmly supported by his literary friends, and advocated by Lord Brougham, led in 1825 to the establishment of that institution. In the year subsequent to this happy consummation of his exertions on behalf of learning in the south, he received intelligence of his having been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. This honour was the most valued of his life; it was afterwards enhanced by his re-election to office for the third time,—a rare occurrence in the history of the college.

The future career of the poet was not remarkable for any decided achievements in literature or poetry. In 1831, he allowed his name to be used as the conductor of the *Metropolitan*, a short-lived periodical. He published in 1834 a "Life of Mrs Siddons," in two volumes, but this performance did not prove equal to public expecta-

tion. One of his last efforts was the preparation of an edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," which was illustrated with engravings from drawings by Turner. Subsequent to the death of Mrs Campbell, which took place in May 1828, he became unsettled in his domestic habits. In 1834, he proceeded to Algiers, in Africa; and returning by Paris, was presented to King Louis Philippe. On his health failing, some years afterwards, he tried the baths of Wiesbaden, and latterly established his residence at Boulogne. After a prostrating illness of several months, he expired at Boulogne, on the 15th of June 1844, in his 67th year.

Of the poetry of Thomas Campbell, "The Pleasures of Hope" is one of the most finished epics in the language; it is alike faultless in respect of conception and versification. His lyrics are equally sustained in power of thought and loftiness of diction; they have been more frequently quoted than the poems of any other modern author, and are translated into various European languages. Few men evinced more jealousy in regard to their reputation; he was keenly sensitive to criticism, and fastidious in judging of his own composition. As a prose writer, though he wrote with elegance, he is less likely to be remembered. Latterly a native unsteadiness of purpose degenerated into inaction; during the period of his unabated vigour, it prevented his carrying out many literary schemes. A bad money manager, he had under no circumstances become rich; at one period he was in the receipt of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, yet he felt poverty. He had a strong feeling of independence, and he never received a favour without considering whether he might be able to repay it. He was abundantly charitable, and could not resist the solicitations of indigence. Of slavery and oppression in every form he entertained an abhorence: his zeal in the cause of liberty led him while a youth to be present in Edinburgh at the trial of Gerard and others, for maintaining liberal opinions, and to support in his maturer years the cause of the Polish refugees. Naturally cheerful, he was subject to moods of despondency, and his temper was ardent in circumstances of provocation. In personal appearance he was rather under the middle height, and he dressed with precision and neatness. His countenance was pleasing, but was only expressive of power when lit up by congenial conversation. He was fond of society, and talked with fluency. His remains rest close by the ashes of Sheridan, in Westminster Abbey, and over them a handsome monument has been erected to his memory.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

GLENARA.

Oh! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They march'd all in silence, they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd, over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
"Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn;
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse!
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain. No answer is made.
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem.
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream."

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem.
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"
In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er.
'O, whither," she cried, "hast thou wander'd, my lover,
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?

"What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd!"
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When, bleeding and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded hussar!

From his bosom, that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
"Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar?"

"Thou shalt live," she replied; "Heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn!"
"Ah, no! the last pang of my bosom is heaving;
No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

"Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!"
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sank in her arms—the poor wounded hussar.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth,
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.

"Hearts of oak!" our Captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;
Then ceased, and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave—
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save.
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe! thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride,
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou,
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

MEN OF ENGLAND.

Men of England, who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood,

By the foes you've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured, breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd, kingdoms won.

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreathes of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Whence no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes,
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny;
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repining,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh!

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger:
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and hunger—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers! Erin-go-bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin, mavourneen!—Erin-go-bragh!*

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds' rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgoyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men
Three day's we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry.
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her;
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief.
"Across this stormy water,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

ODE TO THE GERMANS.

The spirit of Britannia
Invokes, across the main,
Her sister Allemania
To burst the tyrant's chain;

* "Ireland, my darling—Ireland for ever!"

By our kindred blood, she cries,
Rise, Allemanians, rise,
And hallow'd thrice the band
Of our kindred hearts shall be,
When your land shall be the land
Of the free—of the free!

With Freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves:
Whilst your *broad stone of honour**
Is still the camp of slaves.
For shame, for glory's sake,
Wake, Allemanians, wake,
And thy tyrants now that whelm
Half the world, shall quail and flee,
When your realm shall be the realm
Of the free—of the free!

Mars owes to you his thunder†
That shakes the battle-field,
Yet to break your bonds asunder
No martial bolt has peal'd.
Shall the laurel'd land of art
Wear shackles on her heart?
No! the clock ye framed to tell,
By its sound, the march of time,
Let it clang oppression's knell
O'er your clime—o'er your clime!

The press's magic letters,
That blessing ye brought forth,
Behold! it lies in fetters
On the soil that gave it birth.
But the trumpet must be heard,
And the charger must be spurr'd;
For your father Armin's Sprite
Calls down from heaven, that ye
Shall gird you for the fight,
And be free!—and be free!

* Ehrenbreitstein signifies, in German, "the broad stone of honour."

† Germany invented gunpowder, clock-making, and printing.

FAREWELL.

Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers,
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word—Farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet—oh! no, no, no!

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou art parted from my soul?
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together—no, no, no!

OH! SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Oh! scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
Ye green waving woods on the margin of Cart,
How blest in the morning of life I have stray'd,
By the stream of the vale, and the grass-cover'd glade!

Then, then every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimm'd by a tear,
And a sweeter delight every scene seem'd to lend,
That the mansion of peace was the home of a *friend.*

Now the scenes of my childhood and dear to heart,
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart;
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease,
For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hush'd be the sigh that untimely complains,
While friendship and all its enchantment remains,
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime,
Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

MRS G. G. RICHARDSON.*

Caroline Eliza Scott, better known as Mrs G. G. Richardson, the daughter of a gentleman of considerable property in the south of Scotland, was born at Forge, her father's family residence, in the parish of Canonbie, on the 24th of November 1777, and spent her childhood and early youth amidst Border scenes, Border traditions, and Border minstrelsy. It is probable that these influences fostered the poetic temperament, while they fed the imaginative element of her mind, as she very early gave expression to her thoughts and feelings in romance and poetry. Born to a condition of favourable circumstances, and associating with parents themselves educated and intellectual, the young poetess enjoyed advantages of development rarely owned by the sons and daughters of genius. The flow of her mind was allowed to take its natural course; and some of her early anonymous writings are quite as remarkable as any of

* The memoir of Mrs G. G. Richardson has been kindly supplied by her accomplished relative, Mrs Macarthur, Hillhead, Glasgow.

her acknowledged productions. Her conversational powers were lively and entertaining, but never oppressive. She was ever ready to discern and do homage to the merits of her contemporaries, while she never failed to fan the faintest flame of latent poesy in the aspirations of the timid or unknown. Affectionate and cheerful in her dispositions, she was a loving and dutiful daughter, and showed the tenderest attachment to a numerous family of brothers and sisters. She was married to her cousin, Gilbert Geddes Richardson, on the 29th of April 1799, at Fort George, Madras; where she was then living with her uncle, General, afterwards Lord Harris; and the connection proved, in all respects, a suitable and happy one. Her husband, at that time captain of an Indiaman, was one of a number of brothers, natives of the south of Scotland, who all sought their fortunes in India, and one of whom, Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, became known in literature as an able translator of Sanscrit poetry, and contributor to the "Asiatic Researches." He was lost at sea, with his wife and six children, on their homeward voyage; and this distressing event, accompanied as it was by protracted suspense and anxiety, was long and deeply deplored by his gifted sister-in-law.

Young, beautiful, and doubly attractive from the warmth of her heart, and the fascination of her manners, Mrs Richardson was not only loved and appreciated by her husband and his family, but greatly admired in a refined circle of Anglo-Indian society; and the few years of her married life were marked by almost uninterrupted felicity. But death struck down the husband and father in the very prime of manhood; and the widow returned with her five children (all of whom survived her), to seek from the scenes and friends of her early days such consolation as they might minister to a grief which only those who have experienced it can measure. She never brought her own peculiar sorrows before the public; but there is a tone of gentle mournfulness pervading many of her poems, that may be traced to this cause; and there are touching allusions to "one of rare endowments," that no one who remembered her husband's character could fail to recognise. Her intense love of nature happily remained unchanged; and the green hills, the flowing river, and the tangled wildwood, could still soothe a soul that, but for its susceptibility to these beneficent charms, might have said in its sadness of everything earthly, "miserable comforters are ye all." Continuing to reside at Forge while her children were young, she devoted herself to the direction of their education, the cultivation of her own pure tastes, and the peaceful enjoyments of a country life; and when she afterwards removed to London, and reappeared in brilliant and distinguished society, she often reverted, with regret, to the bright skies and cottage homes of Canonbie. In 1821, Mrs Richardson again returned to Scotland, and took up her abode at Dumfries, partly from the desire of being near her connexions, and partly for the sake of the beautiful scenery surrounding that pretty county town. In 1828 she published, by subscription, her first volume of miscellaneous poems, which was well received by the public, favourably noticed by the leading journals, and received a circulation even beyond the range of 1700 subscribers. A second edition, in a larger form, soon followed; and, in 1834, after finally settling in her native parish, she published a second volume, dedicated to the Duchess of Buccleuch, and which was also remarkably successful. From this time she employed her talents in the composition of prose; she published "Adonia," a a novel, in three volumes; and various tales, essays, and fugitive pieces, forming contributions to popular serials. Her later poems remain in manuscript. She maintained an extensive correspondence with her literary friends, and spent much of her time in reading and study, and in the practice of sincere and unostentatious piety. Her faculties were vigorous and unimpared, until the seizure of her last illness, which quickly terminated in death, on the 9th October 1853, when she had nearly completed

her seventy-sixth year. She died at Forge, and was laid to rest in the churchyard of her own beloved Canonbie.

THE FAIRY DANCE

THE fairies are dancing—now nimbly they bound!
They flit o'er the grass tops, they touch not the ground;
Their kirtles of green are with diamonds bedight,
All glittering and sparkling beneath the moonlight.

Hark, hark to their music! how silvery and clear—
'Tis surely the flower-bells that ringing I hear,—
The lazy-wing'd moth, with the grasshopper wakes,
And the field-mouse peeps out, and their revels partakes.

How featly they trip it! how happy are they
Who pass all their moments in frolic and play,
Who rove where they list, without sorrows or cares,
And laugh at the fetters mortality wears!

But where have they vanish'd?—a cloud's o'er the moon,
I'll hie to the spot,—they'll be seen again soon—
I hasten—'tis lighter,—and what do I view?—
The fairies were grasses, the diamonds were dew.

And thus do the sparkling illusions of youth
Deceive and allure, and we take them for truth;
Too happy are they who the juggle unshroud,
Ere the hint to inspect them be brought by a cloud.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE FLOWING TIDE.

THERE'S music in the flowing tide, there's music in the air,
There's music in the swallow's wing, that skims so lightly there.
There's music in each waving tress of grove, and bower, and tree,
To eye and ear 'tis music all where Nature revels free.

There's discord in the gilded halls where lordly rivals meet,
There's discord where the harpers ring to beauty's glancing feet,
There's discord 'neath the jewell'd robe, the wreath, the plume, the crest,
Wherever Fashion waves her wand, there discord rules the breast.

There's music 'neath the cottage eaves, when, at the close of day,
Kind-hearted mirth and social ease the toiling hour repay;
Though coarse the fare, though rude the jest, that cheer that lowly board,
There loving hearts and honest lips sweet harmony afford!

Oh! who the music of the groves, the music of the heart,
Would barter for the city's din, the frigid tones of art?
The virtues flourish fresh and fair, where rural waters glide.
They shrink and wither, droop and die, where rolls that turbid tide.

AH! FADED IS THAT LOVELY BLOOM.

Written to an Italian air.

AH! faded is that lovely bloom,
And closed in death that speaking eye,
And buried in a green grass tomb,
What once breathed life and harmony!
Surely the sky is all too dark,
And chilly blows the summer air,—
And, where's thy song now, sprightly lark,
That used to wake my slumb'ring fair?

Ah! never shalt thou wake her more!
And thou, bright sun, shalt ne'er again,
On inland mead, or sea-girt shore,
Salute the darling of the plain.
Maiden! they bade me o'er thy fate
Numbers and strains mellifluous swell,
They knew the love I bore thee great,—
They knew not what I ne'er can tell.

The unstrung heart to others leaves
The music of a feebler woe,
Her numbers are the sighs she heaves,
Her off'ring tears that ever flow.
Where could I gather fancies now?
They're with'ring on thy lowly tomb,—
My summer was thy cheek and brow,
And perish'd is that lovely bloom!

WILLIAM CHALMERS.

WILLIAM CHALMERS was born at Paisley in 1779. He carried on the business of a tobacconist and grocer in his native town, and for a period enjoyed considerable prosperity. Unfortunate reverses caused him afterwards to abandon merchandise, and engage in a variety of occupations. At different times he sought employment as a dentist, a drysalter, and a book distributor; he sold small stationery as a travelling merchant, and ultimately became keeper of the refreshment booth at the Paisley railway station. He died at Paisley on the 3d of November 1843. Chalmers wrote respectable verses on a number of subjects, but his muse was especially of a humorous tendency. Possessed of a certain versatility of talent, he published, in 1839, a curious production with the quaint title, "Observations on the Weather in Scotland, showing what kinds of weather the various winds produce, and what winds are most likely to prevail in each month of the year." His compositions in verse were chiefly contributed to the local periodicals and newspapers.

SING ON.

AIR—"*The Pride of the Broomlands.*"

SING on, thou little bird,
Thy wild notes sae loud,
O sing, sweetly sing frae the tree;
Aft beneath thy birken bow'r
I have met at e'ening hour
My young Jamie that's far o'er the sea.

On yon bonnie heather knowes
We pledged our mutual vows,
And dear is the spot unto me;
Though pleasure I hae nane,
While I wander alane,
And my Jamie is far o'er the sea.

But why should I mourn,
The seasons will return,
And verdure again clothe the lea;
The flow'rets shall spring,
And the saft breeze shall bring,
My dear laddie again back to me.

Thou star! give thy light,
Guide my lover aright,
Frae rocks and frae shoals keep him free;
Now gold I ha'e in store,
He shall wander no more,
No, no more shall he sail o'er the sea.

THE LOMOND BRAES.

"O, LASSIE, wilt thou go
To the Lomond wi' me?
The wild thyme's in bloom,
And the flower's on the lea;
Wilt thou go, my dearest love?
I will ever constant prove,
I'll range each hill and grove
On the Lomond wi' thee."

"O young men are fickle,
Not trusted to be,
And many a native gem
Shines fair on the lea:
Thou mayst see some lovely flower,
Of a more attractive power,
And may take her to thy bower
On the Lomond wi' thee."

"The hind shall forsake
On the mountain the doe,
The stream of the fountain
Shall cease for to flow;
Ben-Lomond shall bend
His high brow to the sea,
Ere I take to my bower
Any flower, love, but thee."

She's taken her mantle
He's taken his plaid;
He coft her a ring,
And he made her his bride:
They're far o'er yon hills,
To spend their happy days,
And range the woody glens
'Mang the Lomond braes.

JOSEPH TRAIN.

A ZEALOUS and respectable antiquary and cultivator of historical literature, Joseph Train is likewise worthy of a niche in the temple of Scottish minstrelsy. His ancestors were for several generations land-stewards on the estate of Gilmilnscroft, in the parish

of Sorn, and county of Ayr, where he was born on the 6th November 1779. When he was eight years old, his parents removed to Ayr, where, after a short attendance at school, he was apprenticed to a mechanical occupation. His leisure hours were sedulously devoted to reading and mental improvement. In 1799, he was balloted for the Ayrshire Militia; in which he served for three years till the regiment was disbanded on the peace of Amiens. When he was stationed at Inverness, he had commissioned through a bookseller a copy of Currie's edition of the "Works of Burns," then sold at three half-guineas, and this circumstance becoming incidentally known to the Colonel of the regiment, Sir David Hunter Blair, he caused the copy to be elegantly bound and delivered free of expense. Much pleased with his intelligence and attainments, Sir David, on the disembodiment of the regiment, actively sought his preferment; he procured him an agency at Ayr for the important manufacturing house of Finlay & Co., Glasgow, and in 1808, secured him an appointment in the Excise. In 1810, Train was sometime placed on service as a supernumerary in Perthshire; he was in the year following settled as an excise officer at Largs, from which place in 1813 he was transferred to Newton Stewart. The latter location, from the numerous objects of interest which were presented in the surrounding district, was highly suitable for his inclinations and pursuits. Recovering many curious legends, he embodied some of them in metrical tales, which, along with a few lyrical pieces, he published in 1814, in a thin octavo volume,* under the title of "Strains of the Mountain Muse." While the sheets were passing through the press, some of them were accidentally seen by Sir Walter Scott, who, warmly approving the author's tastes, procured his address, and communicated his desire to become a subscriber for the volume.

Gratified by the attention of Sir Walter, Mr Train transmitted for his consideration several curious Galloway traditions, which he had recovered. These Sir Walter politely acknowledged, and begged the favour of his endeavouring to procure for him some account of the present condition of Turnberry Castle, for his poem the "Lord of the Isles," which he was then engaged in composing. Mr Train amply fulfilled the request by visiting the ruined structure situated on the coast of Ayrshire; and he thereafter transmitted to his illustrious correspondent those particulars regarding it, and of the landing of Robert Bruce, and the Hospital founded by that monarch at King's Case, near Prestwick, which are given by Sir Walter in the notes to the fifth canto of the poem. During a succession of years he regularly transmitted legendary tales and scraps to Sir Walter, which were turned to excellent account by the great novelist. The fruits of his communications appear in the "Chronicles of the Canongate," "Guy Mannering," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "Peveril of the Peak," "Quintin Durward," "The Surgeon's Daughter," and "Redgauntlet." He likewise supplied those materials on which Sir Walter founded his dramas of the "Doom of Devorgoil," and "Macduff's Cross."

When Sir Walter was engaged, a few years previous to his death, in preparing the Abbotsford or first uniform edition of his works, Mr Train communicated for his use many additional particulars regarding a number of the characters in the Waverley Novels, of which he had originally introduced the prototypes to the distinguished author. His most interesting narrative was an account of the family of Robert Paterson, the original "Old Mortality," which is so remarkable in its nature, that we owe no apology for introducing it. Mr Train received his information from Robert, a son of "Old Mortality," then in his seventy-fifth year, and residing at Dalry, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. According to the testimony of this individual, his brother John sailed for America in 1774, where he made a fortune during the American

* Mr Train published, in 1806, a small volume, entitled "Poetical Reveries."

War. He afterwards settled at Baltimore, where he married, and lived in prosperous circumstances. He had a son named Robert, after "Old Mortality," his father, and a daughter named Elizabeth. Robert espoused an American lady, who, surviving him, was married to the Marquis of Wellesley; and Elizabeth became the first wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte. The latter marriage was dissolved by authority of the Emperor Napoleon, and it will be remembered that the lady, not many years since, maintained, though unsuccessfully, the validity of her union in the French courts.

On his first connection with the Excise, Mr Train turned his attention to the most efficient means of checking illicit distillation in the Highlands; and an essay which he prepared, suggesting improved legislation on the subject, was in 1815 laid before the Board of Excise and Customs, and transmitted with their approval to the Lords of the Treasury. His suggestions afterwards became the subject of statutory enactment. At this period, he began a correspondence with Mr George Chalmers, author of the "Caledonia," supplying him with much valuable information for the third volume of that great work. He had shortly before traced the course of an ancient wall known as the "Deil's Dyke," for a distance of eighty miles from the margin of Lochryan, in Wigtonshire, to Hightae, in Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, and an account of this remarkable structure, together with a narrative of his discovery of Roman remains in Wigtonshire, greatly interested his indefatigable correspondent. In 1820, through the kindly offices of Sir Walter Scott, he was appointed supervisor. In this position he officiated at Cupar-Fife and at Kirkintilloch. He was stationed in succession at South Queensferry, Falkirk, Wigton, Dumfries, and Castle-Douglas. From these various districts he procured curious gleanings for Sir Walter Scott, and objects of antiquity for the armoury at Abbotsford.

Mr Train contributed to the periodicals both in prose and verse. Many of his compositions were published in the *Dumfries Magazine*, *Bennet's Glasgow Magazine*, and the *Ayr Courier* and *Dumfries Courier* newspapers. An interesting tale from his pen, entitled "Mysie and the Minister," appeared in the thirtieth number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal;* he contributed the legend of "Sir Ulrick Macwhirter" to Mr Robert Chambers's "Picture of Scotland," and made several gleanings in Galloway for the "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," published by the same gentleman. He had long contemplated the publication of a description of Galloway, and he ultimately afforded valuable assistance to the Rev. William Mackenzie in preparing his History of that district. Mr Train likewise rendered useful aid to several clergymen in Galloway, in drawing up the statistical accounts of their parishes,—a service which was suitably acknowledged by the writers.

Having obtained from Sir Walter Scott a copy of Waldron's "Description of the Isle of Man," a very scarce and curious work, Mr Train conceived the idea of writing a history of that island. In the course of his researches, he accidentally discovered a MS. volume containing one hundred and eight acts of the Manx Legislature, prior to the accession of the Atholl family to that kingdom. Of this acquisition he transmitted a transcript to Sir Walter, along with several Manx traditions, as an appropriate acknowledgment for the donation he had received. In 1845 he published his "History of the Isle of Man," in two large octavo volumes. His last work was a curious and interesting history of a religious sect, well known in the south of Scotland by the name of "The Buchanites." After a period of twenty-eight years' service in the Excise, Mr Train had his name placed on the retired list. He continued to reside at Castle-Douglas, in a cottage pleasantly situated on the banks of Carlingwark Lake. To the close of his career, he experienced pleasure in literary composition. He died at Lochvale, Castle-Douglas, on the 7th December 1852. His widow, with one son and one daughter, survive. A few months after his death, a pension of fifty pounds

on the Civil List was conferred by the Queen on his widow and daughter, "in consequence of his personal services to literature, and the valuable aid derived by the late Sir Walter Scott from his antiquarian and literary researches prosecuted under Sir Walter's direction."

MY DOGGIE.

AIR—"*There's cauld kail in Aberdeen.*"

THE neighbours a' they wonder how
I am sae ta'en wi' Maggie,
But ah! they little ken, I trow,
How kind she's to my doggie.
Yestreen as we link'd o'er the lea,
To meet her in the gloamin',
She fondly on my Bawtie cried,
Whene'er she saw us comin'.

But was the tyke not e'en as kind,
Though fast she beck'd to pat him?
He louped up and slaked her cheek
Afore she could win at him.
But save us, sirs, when I gaed in
To lean me on the settle,
Atween my Bawtie and the cat
There rose an awfu' battle.

An' though that Maggie saw him lay
His lugs in bathron's coggie,
She wi' the besom lounged poor chit,
And syne she clapp'd my doggie.
Sae weel do I this kindness feel,
Though Mag she isna bonny,
An' though she's feckly twice my age,
I lo'e her best of ony.

May not this simple ditty show
How oft affection catches,
And from what silly sources, too,
Proceed unseemly matches;
An' eke the lover he may see,
Albeit his joe seem saucy,
If she is kind unto his dog,
He'll win at length the lassie.

BLOOMING JESSIE.

ON this unfrequented plain,
What can gar thee sigh alane,
Bonnie blue-eyed lassie?
Is thy mammy dead and gane,
Or thy loving Jamie slain?
Wed anither, mak nae main,
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

Though I sob and sigh alane,
I was never wed to ane,
Quo' the blue-eyed lassie.
But if loving Jamie's slain,
Farewell pleasure, welcome pain,
A' the joy wi' him is gane
O' poor hapless Jessie.

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,
Was he ever true to thee,
Bonnie, blooming Jessie?
Was he ever frank and free?
Swore he constant aye to be?
Did he on the roseate lea
Ca' thee blooming Jessie?

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,
Aft he on the dewy lea
Ca'd me blue-eyed lassie.
Weel I mind his words to me,
Were, if he abroad should die,
His last throb and sigh should be,
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

Far frae hame, and far frae thee,
I saw loving Jamie die,
Bonnie blue-eyed lassie.
Fast a cannon ball did flee,
Laid him stretch'd upo' the lea,
Soon in death he closed his e'e,
Crying, "Blooming Jessie."

Swelling with a smother'd sigh,
Rose the snowy bosom high
Of the blue-eyed lassie.
Fleeter than the streamers fly,
When they flit athwart the sky,
Went and came the rosy dye
On the cheeks of Jessie.

Longer wi' sic grief oppress'd
Jamie couldna sae distress'd
See the blue-eyed lassie.
Fast he clasp'd her to his breast,
Told her a' his dangers past,
Vow'd that he would wed at last
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

OLD SCOTIA.

I'VE loved thee, old Scotia, and love thee I will,
Till the heart that now beats in my bosom is still.
My forefathers loved thee, for often they drew
Their dirks in defence of thy banners of blue;
Though murky thy glens, where the wolf prowl'd of yore,
And craggy thy mountains, where cataracts roar,
The race of old Albyn, when danger was nigh,
For thee stood resolved still to conquer or die

I love yet to roam where the beacon-light rose,
Where echo'd thy slogan, or gather'd thy foes,
Whilst forth rush'd thy heroic sons to the fight,
Opposing the stranger who came in his might.
I love through thy time-fretted castles to stray,
The mould'ring halls of thy chiefs to survey;
To grope through the keep, and the turret explore,
Where waved the blue flag when the battle was o'er.

I love yet to roam o'er each field of thy fame,
Where valour has gain'd thee a glorious name;
I love where the cairn or the cromlech is made,
To ponder, for low there the mighty are laid.
Were these fall'n heroes to rise from their graves,
They might deem us dastards, they might deem us slaves;
But let a foe face thee, raise fire on each hill,
Thy sons, my dear Scotia, will fight for thee still!

ROBERT JAMIESON.

An intelligent antiquary, an elegant scholar, and a respectable writer of verses, Robert Jamieson was born in Morayshire about the year 1780. At an early age he became classical assistant in the school of Macclesfield in Cheshire. About the year 1800 he proceeded to the shores of the Baltic, to occupy an appointment in the Academy of Riga. Prior to his departure, he had formed the scheme of publishing a collection of ballads recovered from tradition, and on his return to Scotland he resumed his plan with the ardour of an enthusiast. In 1806 he published, in two octavo volumes, "Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions; with Translations of Similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor." In the preparation of this work, he acknowledges his obligations to Dr Jamieson, author of the "History of the Culdees," Dr Robert Anderson, editor of the "British Poets," Dr John Leyden, and some others. On the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott he was received into the General Register House, as assistant to the Deputy-Clerk Register, in the publication of the public records. He held this office till 1836, during a period of thirty years. Subsequently he resided at Newhaven, near Edinburgh, and ultimately in London, where he died on the 24th of September 1844. Familiar with the northern languages, he edited, conjointly with Sir Walter Scott and Henry Weber, a learned work, entitled "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities from the Earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances." Edinburgh, 1814, quarto. In 1818 he published, with some contributions from Scott, a new edition of Burt's "Letters from the North of Scotland."

Mr Jamieson was of the middle size, of muscular form, and of strongly-marked features. As a literary antiquary, he was held in high estimation by the men of learning in the capital. As a poet he composed several songs in early life, which are worthy of a place in the minstrelsy of his country.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

Tune—"*My wife's a wanton wee Thing.*"

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
A bonnie, blythesome wee thing,
My dear, my constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be;
It warms my heart to view her,
I canna choose but lo'e her,
And oh! weel may I trow her
How dearly she loe's me!

For though her face sae fair be,
As nane could evermair be;
And though her wit sae rare be,
As seenil do we see;
Her beauty ne'er had gain'd me,
Her wit had ne'er enchain'd me,
Nor baith sae lang retain'd me,
But for her love to me.

When wealth and pride disown'd me,
A' views were dark around me,
And sad and laigh she found me,
As friendless worth could be;
When ither hope gaed frae me,
Her pity kind did stay me,
And love for love she ga'e me;
And that's the love for me.

And, till this heart is cauld, I
That charm of life will hald by;
And, though my wife grow auld, my
Leal love aye young will be;
For she's my winsome wee thing,
My canty, blythesome wee thing,
My tender, constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be.

GO TO HIM, THEN, IF THOU CANST GO.

Go to him, then, if thou canst go;
Waste not a thought on me;
My heart and mind are a' my store,
And they were dear to thee.
But there is music in his gold
(I ne'er sae sweet could sing),
That finds a chord in every breast
In unison to ring.

The modest virtues dread the spell,
The honest loves retire;
The purer sympathies of soul
Far other charms require.
The breathings of my plaintive reed
Sink dying in despair;
The still small voice of gratitude,
Even that is heard nae mair.

But if thy heart can suffer thee,
The powerful call obey,
And mount the splendid bed that wealth
And pride for thee display.
Then gaily bid farewell to a'
Love's trembling hopes and fears,
While I my lanely pillow here
Wash with unceasing tears.

Yet, in the fremmit arms of him
That half thy worth ne'er knew,
Oh! think na on my lang-tried love,
How tender and how true!
For sure 'twould break thy gentle heart
My breaking heart to see,
Wi' a' the wrangs and waes it's tholed,
And yet maun thole for thee.

WALTER WATSON.

WALTER WATSON was the son of a handloom weaver in the village of Chryston, in the parish of Calder, and county of Lanark, where he was born, on the 29th March 1780. Having a family of other two sons and four daughters, his parents could only afford to send him two years to school; when at the age of eight, he was engaged as a cow-herd. During the winter months he still continued to receive instructions from the village schoolmaster. At the age of eleven his father apprenticed him to a weaver; but he had contracted a love for the fields, and after a few years at the loom he hired himself as a farm-servant. In the hope of improving his circumstances, he proceeded to Glasgow, where he was employed as a sawyer. He now enlisted in the Scots Greys; but after a service of only three years, he was discharged, in June 1802, on the reduction of the army, subsequent to the peace of Amiens. At Chryston he resumed his earliest occupation, and, having married, resolved to employ himself for life at the loom. His spare hours were dedicated to the muse, and his compositions were submitted to criticism at the social meetings of his friends. Encouraged by their approval he published in 1808 a small volume of poems and songs, which, well received, gained him considerable reputation as a versifier. Some of the songs at once became popular. In 1820 he removed from Chryston, and accepted employment as a sawyer in the villages of Banton and Arnbrae, in Kilsyth; in 1826 he proceeded to Kirkintilloch, where he resumed the labours of the loom; in 1830 he changed his abode to Craigdarroch, in the parish of Calder, from which, in other five years, he removed to Lennoxtown of Campsie, where he and several of his family were employed in an extensive printwork. To Craigdarroch he returned at the end of two years; in other seven years he made a further change to Auchinairn which, in 1849, he left for Duntiblae, in Kirkintilloch. He died at the latter place on the 13th September 1854, in his seventy-fifth year. His remains were interred at Chryston, within a few yards

of the house in which he was born. His widow, the "Maggie" of his songs, survived him with four of their ten children.

Besides the volume already mentioned, Watson published a small collection of miscellaneous poems in 1823, and a third volume in 1843. A selection of his best pieces was published during the year previous to his death, under the superintendence of several friends in Glasgow, with a biographical preface by Mr Hugh Macdonald. The proceeds of this volume tended to soothe the last months of the poet's life. On two different occasions during his advanced years, he received public entertainments, and was presented with substantial tokens of esteem. Of amiable dispositions, modest demeanour, and industrious habits, he was beloved by all to whom he was known. His poems abound in humour, but his reputation will rest upon a few of his songs, which have deservedly obtained a place in the affections of his countrymen.

MY JOCKIE'S FAR AWA'.

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flowers,
The woods wi' leaves so green,
An' little burds around their bowers
In harmony convene;
The cuckoo flees frae tree to tree,
While saft the zephyrs blaw,
But what are a' thae joys to me,
When Jockie's far awa'?
When Jockie's far awa' on sea,
When Jockie's far awa';
But what are a' thae joys to me,
When Jockie's far awa'?

Last May mornin', how sweet to see
The little lambkins play,
Whilst my dear lad, alang wi' me,
Did kindly walk this way!
On yon green bank wild flowers he pou'd,
To busk my bosom braw;
Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,
But now he's far awa'.
But now, etc.

O gentle peace, return again,
Bring Jockie to my arms,
Frae dangers on the raging main,
An' cruel war's alarms;
Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part
While we ha'e breath to draw;
Nor will I sing, wi' aching heart,
My Jockie's far awa'.
My Jockie's far awa', etc.

MAGGIE AN' ME.

AIR—"*The Banks o' the Dee.*"

THE sweets o' the simmer invite us to wander
Amang the wild flowers, as they deck the green lea,
An' by the clear burnies that sweetly meander,
To charm us, as hameward they rin to the sea;
The nestlin's are fain the saft wing to be tryin',
As fondly the dam the adventure is eyein',
An' teachin' her notes, while wi' food she's supplyin'
Her tender young offspring, like Maggie an' me.

The corn in full ear, is now promisin' plenty,
The red clusterin' row'ns bend the witch-scarrin' tree,
While lapt in its leaves lies the strawberry dainty,
As shy to receive the embrace o' the bee.
Then hope, come alang, an' our steps will be pleasant,
The future, by thee, is made almost the present;
Thou frien' o' the prince an' thou frien' o' the peasant,
Thou lang hast befriended my Maggie an' me.

Ere life was in bloom we had love in our glances,
An' aft I had mine o' her bonnie blue ee,
We needit nae art to engage our young fancies,
'Twas done ere we kent, an' we own'd it wi' glee.
Now pleased, an' aye wishin' to please ane anither,
We've pass'd twenty years since we buckled thegether,
An' ten bonnie bairns, lispin' faither an' mither,
Hae toddled fu' fain atween Maggie an' me.

BRAES O' BEDLAY.*

AIR—"*Hills o' Glenorchy.*"

WHEN I think on the sweet smiles o' my lassie,
My cares flee awa' like a thief frae the day;
My heart loups licht, an' I join in a sang
Amang the sweet birds on the braes o' Bedlay.
How sweet the embrace, yet how honest the wishes,
When luve fa's a-wooin', an' modesty blushes,
Whaur Mary an' I meet amang the green bushes
That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay.

* The braes of Bedlay are in the neighbourhood of Chryston, about seven miles north of Glasgow.

There's nane sae trig or sae fair as my lassie,
An' mony a wooer she answers wi' "Nay,"
Wha fain wad ha'e her to lea' me alane,
An' meet me nae mair on the braes o' Bedlay.
I fearna, I carena, their braggin' o' siller,
Nor a' the fine things they can think on to tell her,
Nae vauntin' can buy her, nae threatnin' can sell her,
It's luve leads her out to the braes o' Bedlay.

We'll gang by the links o' the wild rowin' burnie,
Whaur aft in my mornin' o' life I did stray,
Whaur luve was invited and cares were beguiled
By Mary an' me on the braes o' Bedlay.
Sae luvin', sae movin', I'll tell her my story,
Unmix'd wi' the deeds o' ambition for glory,
Whaur wide spreadin' hawthorns, sae ancient and hoary,
Enrich the sweet breeze on the braes of Bedlay.

JESSIE.

AIR—"*Ha'e ye seen in the calm dewy mornin'.*"

HA'E ye been in the North, bonnie lassie,
Whaur Glaizert rins pure frae the fell,
Whaur the straight stately beech staun's sae gaucy,
An' luve lilts his tale through the dell?

O! then ye maun ken o' my Jessie,
Sae blythesome, sae bonnie an' braw;
The lassies ha'e doubts about Jessie,
Her charms steal their luvers awa'.

I can see ye're fu' handsome an' winnin',
Your cleedin's fu' costly an' clean,
Your wooers are aften complainin'
O' wounds frae your bonnie blue e'en.
I could lean me wi' pleasure beside thee;
Ae kiss o' thy mou' is a feast;
May luve wi' his blessin's abide thee,
For Jessie's the queen o' my breast.

I maun gang an' get hame my sweet Jessie,
For fear some young laird o' degree
May come roun' on his fine sleekit bawsy,
An' ding a' my prospects agee.
There's naething like gowd to the miser,
There's naething like light to the e'e,
But they canna gi'e me ony pleasure,
If Jessie prove faithless to me.

Let us meet on the border, my Jessie,
Whaur Kelvin links bonnily bye,
Though my words may be scant to address ye,
My heart will be loupin' wi' joy.
If ance I were wedded to Jessie,
An' that may be ere it be lang,
I'll can brag o' the bonniest lassie
That ere was the theme o' a sang.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

As the confidential friend, factor, and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott, William Laidlaw has a claim to remembrance; the authorship of "Lucy's Flittin'" entitles him to rank among the minstrels of his country. His ancestors on the father's side were, for a course of centuries, substantial farmers in Tweedside; and his father, James Laidlaw with his wife, Catherine Ballantyne, rented from the Earl of Traquair the pastoral farm of Blackhouse, in Yarrow. William, the eldest of a family of three sons, was born in November 1780. His education was latterly conducted at the Grammar School of Peebles. James Hogg kept sheep on his father's farm, and a strong inclination for ballad-poetry led young Laidlaw to cultivate his society. They became inseparable friends—the Shepherd guiding the fancy of the youth, who, on the other hand, encouraged the Shepherd to persevere in ballad-making and poetry.

In the summer of 1801, Laidlaw formed the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. In quest of materials for the third volume of the "Border Minstrelsy," Scott made an excursion into the vales of Ettrick and Yarrow: he was directed to Blackhouse by Leyden, who had been informed of young Laidlaw's zeal for the ancient ballad. The visit was an eventful one: Scott found in Laidlaw an intelligent friend and his future steward, and through his means formed, on the same day, the acquaintance of the Ettrick Shepherd. The ballad of "Auld Maitland," in the third volume of the "Minstrelsy," was furnished by Laidlaw; he recovered it from the recitation of "Will of Phawhope," the maternal uncle of the Shepherd. A correspondence with Scott speedily ripened into friendship; the great poet rapidly passing the epistolary forms of "Sir," and "Dear Sir," into "Dear Mr Laidlaw," and ultimately into "Dear

Willie,"—a familiarity of address which he only used as expressive of affection. Struck with his originality and the extent of his acquirements, Scott earnestly recommended him to select a different profession from the simple art of his fathers, especially suggesting the study of medicine. But Laidlaw deemed himself too ripe in years to think of change; he took a farm at Traquair, and subsequently removed to a larger farm at Liberton, near Edinburgh.

The sudden fall in the price of grain at the close of the war, which so severely affected many tenant-farmers, pressed heavily on Laidlaw, and compelled him to abandon his lease. He now accepted the offer of Sir Walter to become steward at Abbotsford, and, accordingly, removed his family in 1817 to Kaeside, a cottage on the estate comfortably fitted up for their reception. Through Scott's recommendation, he was employed to prepare the chronicle of events and publications for the *Edinburgh Annual Register;* and for a short period he furnished a similar record to *Blackwood's Magazine.* He did not persevere in literary labours, his time becoming wholly occupied in superintending improvements at Abbotsford. When Sir Walter was in the country, he was privileged with his daily intercourse, and was uniformly invited to meet those literary characters who visited the mansion. When official duties detained Scott in the capital, Laidlaw was his confidential correspondent. Sir Walter early communicated to him the unfortunate event of his commercial embarrassments, in a letter honourable to his heart. After feelingly expressing his apprehension lest his misfortunes should result in depriving his correspondent of the factorship, Sir Walter proceeds in his letter: "You never flattered my prosperity, and in my adversity it is not the least painful consideration that I cannot any longer be useful to you. But Kaeside, I hope, will still be your residence, and I will have the advantage of your company and advice, and probably your services as amanuensis. Observe, I am not in indigence, though no longer in affluence; and if I am to exert myself in the common behalf, I must have honourable and easy means of life, although it will be my inclination to observe the most strict privacy, the better to save expense, and also time. I do not dislike the path which lies before me. I have seen all that society can show, and enjoyed all that wealth can give me, and I am satisfied much is vanity, if not vexation of spirit." Laidlaw was too conscientious to remain at Abbotsford, to be a burden on his illustrious friend; he removed to his native district, and for three years employed himself in a variety of occupations till 1830, when the promise of brighter days to his benefactor warranted his return. Scott had felt his departure severely, characterising it as "a most melancholy blank," and his return was hailed with corresponding joy. He was now chiefly employed as Sir Walter's amanuensis. During his last illness, Laidlaw was constant in his attendance, and his presence was a source of peculiar pleasure to the distinguished sufferer. After the funeral, Sir Walter's eldest son and his lady presented him with a brooch, their marriage gift to their revered father, which he wore at the time of his decease; it was afterwards worn by his affectionate steward to the close of his life. The death of Scott took place on the 21st of September 1832, and shortly thereafter Laidlaw bade adieu to Abbotsford. He was appointed factor on the Ross-shire property of Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth,—a situation which he subsequently exchanged for the factorship of Sir Charles Lockhart Ross of Balnagowan, in the same county. Compelled to resign the latter appointment from impaired health, he ultimately took up his residence with his brother, Mr James Laidlaw, tenant at Contin, near Dingwall, in whose house he expired on the 18th of May 1845, having attained his sixty-fifth year. At an early age he espoused his cousin, Miss Ballantyne, by whom he had a numerous family. His remains were interred in the churchyard of Contin, a sequestered spot under the shade of the elevated Tor-Achilty, amidst the most interesting Highland scenery.

A man of superior shrewdness, and well acquainted with literature and rural affairs, Laidlaw was especially devoted to speculations in science. He was an amateur physician, a student of botany and entomology, and a considerable geologist. He prepared a statistical account of Innerleithen, wrote a geological description of Selkirkshire, and contributed several articles to the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia." In youth, he was an enthusiast in ballad-lore; and he was especially expert in filling up blanks in the compositions of the elder minstrels. His original metrical productions are limited to those which appear in the present work. "Lucy's Flittin'" is his masterpiece; we know no ballad more touching, with the single exception of "Robin Gray." Laidlaw was a devoted friend, and a most intelligent companion; he spoke the provincial vernacular, but his manners were polished and pleasing. He was somewhat under the middle height, was well formed and slightly athletic, and in his fresh-coloured complexion there beamed a generous benignity.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.*

AIR—"*Paddy O'Rafferty.*"

'TWAS when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear,
For Lucy had served in "The Glen" a' the simmer;
She cam' there afore the flower bloom'd on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin',
Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see:
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy! quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy! was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I ha'e tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
Yestreen, when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Though now he said naething but Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see;
He cudna say mair but just, Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake, and the braird on the lea;
But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn;
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

* This exquisite ballad was contributed by Laidlaw to Hogg's "Forest Minstrel." There are two accounts as to the subject of it, both of which we subjoin, as they were narrated to us during the course of an excursion in Tweedside. According to one version, Lucy had been in the service of Mr Laidlaw, sen., at Blackhouse, and had by her beauty attracted the romantic fancy of one of the poet's brothers. In the other account Lucy is described as having served on a farm in "The Glen" of Traquair, and as having been beloved by her master's son, who afterwards deserted her, when she died of a broken heart. The last stanza was added by Hogg, who used to assert that he alone was responsible for the death of poor Lucy. "The Glen" is a beautiful mountain valley opening on the Tweed, near Innerleithen; it formerly belonged to Mr Alexander Allan, but it is now the possession of Mr Charles Tennent.

HER BONNIE BLACK EE.

AIR—"*Saw ye my wee thing.*"

ON the banks o' the burn while I pensively wander,
The mavis sings sweetly, unheeded by me;
I think on my lassie, her gentle mild nature,
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black ee.

at once perceived his important acquisition with respect to his immediate object, but expressed a desire first to examine some of his own compositions. Allan acceded to the request, but received only a moderate share of praise from the pedantic antiquary. Cromek urged him to collect the elder minstrelsy of Nithsdale and Galloway as an exercise more profitable than the composition of verses. On returning to London, Cromek received from his young friend packets of "old songs," which called forth his warmest encomiums. He entreated him to come to London to push his fortune,—an invitation which was readily accepted. For some time Cunningham was an inmate of Cromek's house, when he was entrusted with passing through the press the materials which he had transmitted, with others collected from different sources; and which, formed into a volume, under the title of "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," were published in 1810 by Messrs Cadell and Davies. The work excited no inconsiderable attention, though most of the readers perceived, what Cromek had not even suspected, that the greater part of the ballads were of modern origin. Cromek did not survive to be made cognisant of the amusing imposition which had been practised on his credulity.

Fortune did not smile on Cunningham's first entrance into business in London. He was compelled to resume his former occupation as a mason, and is said to have laid pavement in Newgate Street. From this humble position he rose to a situation in the studio of Bubb, the sculptor; and through the counsel of Eugenius Roche, the former editor of the "Literary Recreations," and then the conductor of *The Day* newspaper, he was induced to lay aside the trowel and undertake the duties of reporter to that journal. *The Day* soon falling into the hands of other proprietors, Cunningham felt his situation uncomfortable, and returned to his original vocation, attaching himself to Francis Chantrey, then a young sculptor just commencing business. Chantrey soon rose, and ultimately attained the summit of professional reputation; Cunningham continued by him as the superintendent of his establishment till the period of his death, long afterwards.

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Make patriot breasts with ardour glow,
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"For dwalling out o' heaven!"

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
Oh, what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
And make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
Lowly there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me naught to covet ahin',
But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-cold face;
Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of Heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven
That sang the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There's naught but dust now mine;
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'?

THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew was saft, the wind was lowne,
The gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's tap o' down;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking owre the hill,
As I met amang the hawthorns green
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Her naked feet, amang the grass,
Seem'd like twa dew-gemm'd lilies fair;
Her brow shone comely 'mang her locks,
Dark curling owre her shoulders bare;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth;
Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "Sweet lass, will ye gang wi' me
Where blackcocks crow, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye:
I have look'd lang for a weel-favour'd lass,
By Nithsdale's holmes an' mony a hill;"
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "Sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and gang wi' me:"
A lovelier face, oh! never look'd up,
And the tears were drapping frae her ee:
"I ha'e a lad, wha's far awa',
That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already fu' o' love,"
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"Now wha is he wha could leave sic a lass
To seek for love in a far countrie?"
Her tears drapp'd down like simmer dew:
I fain wad kiss'd them frae her ee.
I took but ane o' her comely cheek;
"For pity's sake, kind sir, be still!
My heart is fu' o' ither love,"
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

She stretch'd to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watery ee:
"Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my ee;
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,
Till my last drap o' blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,"
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
By lanely Cluden's hermit stream
Dwells mony a gentle dame, I trow.
Oh, they are lights of a gladsome kind,
As ever shone on vale or hill;
But there's a light puts them a' out—
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER CAULD.

Gane were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Whare primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snow at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mother dear:
I'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is
on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping
tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There's naught now frae ruin my countrie to save,
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e:
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THERE lived a lass in Inverness,
She was the pride of a' the town;
Blythe as the lark on gowan-tap,
When frae the nest but newly flown.
At kirk she won the auld folks' love,
At dance she was the young men's een;
She was the blythest aye o' the blythe,
At wooster-trystes or Hallowe'en.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down;
Oh, there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town:
The grey-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying (sad to see!)
"The flower o' the lads of Inverness
Lie dead upon Culloden-lee!"

She tore her haffet-links of gowd,
And dighted aye her comely ee;
"My father's head's on Carlisle wall,
At Preston sleep my brethren three!
I thought my heart could hand nae mair,
Nae tears could ever blin' my ee;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there couldna be!

"He trysted me o' love yestreen,
Of love-tokens he gave me three;
But he's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
Oh, ne'er again to think o' me!
The forest flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild berrie,
The fa' o' the leaf shall cover me cauld,
And wauken'd again I winna be."

Oh weep, oh weep, ye Scottish dames,
Weep till ye blin' a mither's ee;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But naked corses, sad to see.
Oh spring is blythesome to the year,
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;
But oh! what spring can raise them up,
That lie on dread Culloden-lee?

The hand o' God hung heavy here,
And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie;
It struck the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.
"But there's a day," quo' my God in prayer,
"When righteousness shall bear the gree;
I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's ee!"

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I hear a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE BONNIE BARK

O COME, my bonnie bark!
O'er the waves let us go,
With thy neck like the swan,
And thy wings like the snow.
Spread thy plumes to the wind,
For a gentle one soon
Must welcome us home,
Ere the wane of the moon.

The proud oak that built thee
Was nursed in the dew,
Where my gentle one dwells,
And stately it grew.
I hew'd its beauty down;
Now it swims on the sea,
And wafts spice and perfume,
My fair one, to thee.

Oh, sweet, sweet's her voice,
As a low warbled tune;
And sweet, sweet her lips,
Like the rose-bud of June.
She looks to sea, and sighs,
As the foamy wave flows,
And treads on men's strength,
As in glory she goes.

Oh haste, my bonnie bark,
O'er the waves let us bound,
As the deer from the horn,
Or the hare from the hound.
Pluck down thy white plumes,
Sink thy keel in the sand,
Whene'er ye see my love,
And the wave of her hand.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou would aye be mine;
And I ha'e sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou would aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that loose sic bands,
And the heart that would part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose my band
But the finger o' God above.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down;
And luve wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly I'll sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,
Come here and kneel wi' me;
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be ta'en when the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

PHEMIE IRVING.

Gay is thy glen, Corrie,
With all thy groves flowering,
Green is thy glen, Corrie,
When July is showering;
And sweet is yon wood where
The small birds are bowering,
For there dwells the sweet one
Whom I am adoring.

Her round neck is whiter
Than winter when snowing;
Her meek voice is milder
Than Ae in its flowing;
The glad ground yields music
When she goes by the river;
One kind glance would charm me
For ever and ever.

The proud and the wealthy
To Phemie are bowing;
No looks of love win they
With sighing and suing.
Far away maun I stand
With my rude wooing;
She's a flow'ret too lovely
To bloom for my pu'ing.

O were I yon violet
On which she is walking!
O were I yon small bird
To which she is talking!
Or yon rose in her hand,
With its ripe, ruddy blossom,
Or some pure, gentle thought
To be blest with her bosom!

THE THISTLE'S GROWN ABOON THE ROSE.

Full white the Bourbon lily blows,
Still fairer haughty England's rose;
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in lady's bower;
But when his crest the warrior rears,
And spurs his courser on the spears,
O there it blossoms—there it blows—
The Thistle's grown aboon the Rose.

Bright like a steadfast star it smiles
Aboon the battle's burning files;
The mirkest cloud, the darkest night,
Shall ne'er make dim that beauteous sight;
And the best blood that warms my vein
Shall flow ere it shall catch a stain.
Far has it shone on fields of fame,
From matchless Bruce to dauntless Græme,
From swarthy Spain to Siber's snows—
The Thistle's grown aboon the Rose.

What conquer'd aye and nobly spared,
And firm endured and greatly dared?
What reddened Egypt's burning sand?
What vanquish'd on Corunna's strand?
What pipe on green Maida blew shrill,
What dyed in blood Barossa hill?
Bade France's dearest life-blood rue
Dark Soignies and dread Waterloo?
That spirit which no tremor knows—
The Thistle's grown aboon the Rose.

I vow, and let men mete the grass
For his red grave who dares say less—
Men blyther at the festive board,
Men braver with the spear and sword,
Men higher famed for truth, more strong
In virtue, sovereign sense, and song,

Or maids more fair, or wives more true
Than Scotland's, ne'er trod down the dew;
Unflinching friends—unconquered foes—
The Thistle's grown aboon the Rose.

MY BONNIE LASSIE.

Let the table be spread,
Bring me wine of the rarest
And fill me a cup:
Here's the health of the fairest!
The ladies of Nithsdale
Are stately and saucie,
But there's nane o' them a'
Like my Bonnie Lassie.

She has nae broad lands
To maintain her in grandeur,
Nor jewels to light all
The kirk with their splendour;
But Nature has made her
Sae lovesome and gaucie,
That a grey gown's enough
For sae bonnie a lassie.

Her forehead is clearer
Than Nith when it's sunny,
Her bright laughing een
Amang lads are uncanny;
Her lang, clustering love-locks—
Here, fill me the tassie:
There's nane of them a'
Like my Bonnie Lassie.

I am drunk wi' her love,
And forget in her presence,
But that she's divine,
And I owe her obeisance;
And I saunter at eve,
Though the big rain be falling,
And count myself blest
With a sight of her dwelling.

MY GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

Go seek in the wild glen
Where streamlets are falling;
Go seek on the lone hill
Where curlews are calling;
Go seek where the clear stars
Shine down without number,
For there ye will find him,
My true love in slumber.

They sought in the wild glen—
The glen was forsaken;
They sought on the mountain
'Mang lang lady bracken:
And sore, sore they hunted
My true love to find him,
With the strong bonds of iron
To fetter and bind him.

Yon green hill I'll give thee
Where falcons are flying,
To show me the den where
This bold traitor's lying.
O make me of Nithsdale's
Fair princedom the heiress:
Is that worth one smile of
My gentle Hugh Herries?

The white bread, the sweet milk,
And ripe fruits I found him;
And safe in my fond arms
I clasp'd and I wound him:
I warn you go not where
My true lover tarries,
For sharp smites the sword of
My gentle Hugh Herries.

They rein'd their proud war-steeds,
Away they went sweeping;
Behind them dames wail'd, and
Fair maidens went weeping:
But deep in yon wild glen,
'Mang banks of blae-berries,
I dwell with my loved one,
My gentle Hugh Herries.

MORNING SONG.

O come! for the lily
Is white on the lea;
O come, for the wood-doves
Are paired on the tree:
The lark sings with dew
On her wings and her feet;
The thrush pours his ditty
Loud, varied, and sweet;
So come where the twin-hares
'Mid fragrance have been,
And with flowers I will weave thee
A crown like a queen.

O come! hark the throstle
Invites you aloud;
And wild comes the plover's cry
Down from the cloud:
The stream lifts its voice,
And yon daisy's begun
To part its red lips,
And drink dew in the sun:
The sky laughs in light,
Earth rejoices in green—
So come and I'll crown thee
With flowers like a queen!

O haste! hark the shepherd
Hath waken'd his pipe,
And led out his lambs
Where the blae-berries ripe;
The bright sun is tasting
The dew on the thyme;
Yon glad maiden's lilting
An old bridal-rhyme:
There's joy in the heaven,
And gladness on earth—
So, come to the sunshine,
And mix in the mirth.

MY LASSIE WI' THE SUNNY LOCKS.

My lassie wi' the sunny locks
Dwells in a moorlan' ha';
Oh! the flower of the wilderness
Blooms fairest flower of a',
When there's nought save the dew
In its bosom to fa'.

My love's the balmy seed
Of the garden's sweetest flower,
Nursed up in fragrant beauty
By the golden sun and shower;
And nane save the wild birds
Ken o' its power.

Oh! lightsome are her looks
And as sweet as sweet can be,
She is the light of morning
In ilka bodies ee;
And a drap o' dearest blood
In this bosom to me.

A maid of eighteen's kindest,
A maid of eighteen's best,
She's like the merle's gorlin
Stown out of the nest,
That sings aye the sweeter
The mair it is carest.

Oh! sixteen's a honey pear
Beginning for to blaw,
And seventeen is drop-ripe,
And tempting witha';
And eighteen is pou't
If ye e'er pou't ava'.

EBENEZER PICKEN.

Ebenezer Picken was the only son of a silk-weaver in Paisley, who bore the same Christian name. He was born at the *Well Meadow* of that town, about the year 1769. Intending to follow the profession of a clergyman, he proceeded to the University of Glasgow, which he attended during five or six sessions. With talents of a high order, he permitted an enthusiastic attachment to verse-making to interfere with his severer studies and retard his progress in learning. Contrary to the counsel of his father and other friends, he published, in 1788, while only in his nineteenth year, a thin octavo volume of poems; and afterwards gave to the gay intercourse of lovers of the muse many precious hours which ought to have been applied to mental improvement. Early in 1791 he became teacher of a school at Falkirk; and on the 14th of April of the same year appeared at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, where he delivered an oration in blank verse on the comparative merits of Ramsay and Fergusson, assigning the pre-eminence to the former poet. In this debate his fellow-townsman and friend, Alexander Wilson, the future ornithologist, advocated in verse the merits of Fergusson; and the productions of both the youthful adventurers were printed in a pamphlet entitled the "Laurel Disputed." In occupying the position of schoolmaster at Falkirk, Picken proposed to raise funds to aid him in the prosecution of his theological studies; but the circumstance of his having formed a matrimonial union with a young lady, a daughter of Mr Beveridge of the Burgher congregation in Falkirk, by involving him in the expenses of a family, proved fatal to his clerical aspirations. He accepted the situation of teacher of an endowed school at Carron, where he remained till 1796, when he removed to Edinburgh. In the capital he found employment as manager of a mercantile establishment, and afterwards on his own account commenced business, as a draper. Unsuccessful in this branch of business, he subsequently sought a livelihood as a music-seller and a teacher of languages. In 1813, with the view of bettering his circumstances, he published, by subscription, two duodecimo volumes of "Poems and Songs," in which are included the pieces contained in his first published volume. His death took place in 1816.

Picken is remembered as a person of gentlemanly appearance, endeavouring to confront the pressure of unmitigated poverty. His dispositions were eminently social, and his love of poetry amounted to a passion. He is commemorated in the poetical works of his early friend, Wilson, who has addressed to him a lengthened epistle in

verse. In 1818, a dictionary of Scottish words, which he had occupied some years in preparing, was published at Edinburgh by James Sawers, Calton Street, and this publication was found of essential service by Dr Jamieson in the preparation of his "Supplement" to his "Dictionary of the Scottish Language." Among Picken's poetical compositions are a few pieces bearing the impress of genius.*

* Andrew Picken, the only son of Ebenezer, a person of somewhat unprepossessing appearance, contrived to derive a tolerable livelihood by following the conjunct occupation of an itinerant player and portrait-painter. He was the writer of some good poetry, and about 1827 published a respectable volume of verses, entitled, "The Bedouin, and other Poems." He soon afterwards proceeded to America.

PEGGIE WI' THE GLANCIN' EE.

WALKIN' out ae mornin' early,
Ken ye wha I chanced to see?
But my lassie, gay and frisky,
Peggie wi' the glancin' ee.
Phœbus, left the lap o' Thetis,
Fast was lickin' up the dew,
Whan, ayont a risin' hillock,
First my Peggie came in view.

Hark ye, I gaed up to meet her;
But whane'er my face she saw,
Up her plaidin' coat she kiltit,
And in daffin' scour'd awa'.
Weel kent I that though my Peggie
Ran sae fast out owre the mead,
She was wantin' me to follow—
Yes, ye swains, an' sae I did.

At yon burnie I o'ertook her,
Whare the shinin' pebbles lie;
Whare the flowers, that fringe the border,
Soop the stream, that wimples by.
While wi' her I sat reclinin',
Frae her lips I staw a kiss;
While she blush'd, I took anither,—
Shepherds, was there ill in this?

Could a lass, sae sweet an' comely,
Ever bless a lover's arms?
Could the bonnie wife o' Vulcan
Ever boast o' hauf the charms?
While the zephyrs fan the meadows,
While the flow'rets crown the lea,
While they paint the gowden simmer,
Wha sae blest as her an' me?

WOO ME AGAIN.

TUNE—"*On a Primrosy Bank.*"

WHAN Jamie first woo'd me, he was but a youth:
Frae his lips flow'd the strains o' persuasion and truth;
His suit I rejected wi' pride an disdain,
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He aft wad ha'e tauld me his love was sincere,
And e'en wad ha'e ventured to ca' me his dear:
My heart to his tale was as hard as a stane;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He said that he hoped I would yield an' be kind,
But I counted his proffers as light as the wind;
I laugh'd at his grief, whan I heard him complain;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He flatter'd my locks, that war black as a slae,
And praised my fine shape, frae the top to the tae;
I flate, an' desired he wad let me alane;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

Repulsed, he forsook me, an' left me to grieve,
An' mourn the sad hour that my swain took his leave;
Now, since I despised, an' was deaf to his mane,
I fear he'll ne'er offer to woo me again!

Oh! wad he but now to his Jean be inclined,
My heart in a moment wad yield to his mind;
But I fear wi' some ither my laddie is taen,
An' sae he'll ne'er offer to woo me again.

Ye bonnie young lasses, be warn'd by my fate,
Despise not the heart you may value too late;
Improve the sweet sunshine that now gilds the plain;
With you it may never be sunshine again.

The simmer o' life, ah! it soon flits awa',
An' the bloom on your cheek will soon dow in the snaw;
Oh! think, ere you treat a fond youth wi' disdain,
That, in age, the sweet flower never blossoms again.

STUART LEWIS.

STUART LEWIS, the mendicant bard, was the eldest son of an innkeeper at Ecclefechan in Annandale, where he was born about the year 1756. A zealous Jacobite, his father gave him the name of Stuart, in honour of Prince Charles Edward. At the parish school, taught by one Irving, an ingenious and learned person of eccentric habits, he received a respectable groundwork of education; but the early deprivation of his father, who died bankrupt, compelled him to relinquish the pursuit of learning. At the age of fifteen, with the view of aiding in the support of his widowed mother, with her destitute family of other five children, he accepted manual employment from a relation in the vicinity of Chester. Subsequently, along with a partner, he established himself as a merchant-tailor in the town of Chester, where he remained some years, when his partner absconded to America with a considerable amount, leaving him to meet the demands of the firm. Surrendering his effects to his creditors, he returned to his native place, almost penniless, and suffering mental depression from his misfortunes, which he recklessly sought to remove by the delusive remedy of the bottle. The habit of intemperance, thus produced, became his scourge through life. At Ecclefechan he commenced business as a tailor, and married a young country girl, for whom he had formed a devoted attachment. He established a village library, and debating club, became a diligent reader, a leader in every literary movement in the district, and a writer of poetry of some merit. A poem on the melancholy story of "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel," which he composed at this period, obtained a somewhat extensive popularity. To aid his finances, he became an itinerant seller of cloth,—a mode of life which gave him an opportunity of studying character, and visiting interesting scenery. The pressure of poverty afterwards induced him to enlist, as a recruit, in the Hopetoun Fencibles; and, in this humble position, he contrived to augment his scanty pay by composing acrostics and madrigals for the officers, who rewarded him with small gratuities. On the regiment being disbanded in 1799, he was entrusted by a merchant with the sale of goods, as a pedlar, in the west of England; but this employment ceased on his being robbed, while in a state of inebriety. Still descending in the social scale, he became an umbrella-maker in Manchester, while his wife was employed in some of the manufactories. Some other odd and irregular occupations were severally attempted without success, till at length, about his fiftieth year, he finally settled into the humble condition of a wandering poet. He composed verses on every variety of theme, and readily parted with his compositions for food or whisky. His field of wandering included the entire Lowlands, and he occasionally penetrated into Highland districts. In his wanderings he was accompanied by his wife, who, though a severe sufferer on his account, along with her family of five or six children, continued most devoted in her attachment to him. On her death, which took place in the Cowgate, Edinburgh, early in 1817, he became almost distracted, and never recovered his former composure. He now roamed wildly through the country, seldom remaining more than one night in the same place. He finally returned to Dumfriesshire, his native county; and accidentally falling into the Nith, caught an inflammatory fever, of which he died, in the village of Ruthwell, on the 22d September 1818. Lewis was slender, and of low stature. His countenance was sharp, and his eye intelligent, though frenzied with excitement. He always expressed himself in the language of enthusiasm, despised prudence and common sense, and commended the impulsive and fanciful. He published, in 1816, a small volume, entitled "The African Slave; with other Poems and Songs." Some of his lyrics are not unworthy of a place in the national minstrelsy.

O'ER THE MUIR.*

Ae morn of May, when fields were gay,
Serene and charming was the weather,
I chanced to roam some miles frae home,
Far o'er yon muir, amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
How healthsome 'tis to range the muirs,
And brush the dew from vernal heather.

I walk'd along, and humm'd a song,
My heart was light as ony feather,
And soon did pass a lovely lass,
Was wading barefoot through the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
The bonniest lass that e'er I saw
I met ae morn amang the heather.

Her eyes divine, mair bright did shine,
Than the most clear unclouded ether;
A fairer form did ne'er adorn
A brighter scene than blooming heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
There's ne'er a lass in Scotia's isle,
Can vie with her amang the heather.

I said, "Dear maid, be not afraid;
Pray sit you down, let's talk together;
For, oh! my fair, I vow and swear,
You've stole my heart amang the heather."
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
Ye swains, beware of yonder muir,
You'll lose your hearts amang the heather.

She answer'd me, right modestly,
"I go, kind sir, to seek my father,
Whose fleecy charge he tends at large,
On yon green hills beyond the heather."
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
Were I a king thou shouldst be mine,
Dear blooming maid, amang the heather.

Away she flew out of my view,
Her home or name I ne'er could gather,
But aye sin' syne I sigh and pine
For that sweet lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
While vital heat glows in my heart,
I'll love the lass amang the heather.

* The more popular words to the same tune and chorus, beginning, "Comin' through the Craigs o' Kyle," are believed, on the authority of Burns, to have been the composition of Jean Glover, a girl of respectable parentage, born at Kilmarnock in 1758, who became attached to a company of strolling players. Lewis is said to have claimed priority for his verses, and the point is not likely ever to be decided. This much may be said in favour of Lewis's claims, that he had long been the writer of respectable lyrics; while Jean Glover, though well skilled as a musician, is not otherwise known to have composed verses. One of the songs is evidently an echo of the other.

LANARK MILLS.

Air—"*Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.*"

Adieu! romantic banks of Clyde,
Where oft I've spent the joyful day;
Now, weary wand'ring on thy side,
I pour the plaintive, joyless lay.
To other lands I'm doom'd to rove,
The thought with grief my bosom fills;
Why am I forced to leave my love,
And wander far from Lanark Mills?

Can I forget th' ecstatic hours,
When ('scaped the village evening din)
I met my lass 'midst Braxfield bowers,
Or near the falls of Corhouse Linn!
While close I clasp'd her to my breast,
(Th' idea still with rapture thrills!)
I thought myself completely blest,
By all the lads of Lanark Mills.

Deceitful, dear, delusive dream,
Thou'rt fled—alas! I know not where,
And vanish'd is each blissful gleam,
And left behind a load of care.
Adieu! dear winding banks of Clyde,
A long farewell, ye rising hills;
No more I'll wander on your side,
Though still my heart's at Lanark Mills.

While Tintock stands the pride of hills,
While Clyde's dark stream rolls to the sea,
So long, my dear-loved Lanark Mills,
May Heaven's best blessings smile on thee.
A last adieu! my Mary dear,
The briny tear my eye distils;
While reason's powers continue clear,
I'll think of thee and Lanark Mills.

DAVID DRUMMOND.

David Drummond, author of "The Bonnie Lass o' Levenside," a song formerly of no inconsiderable popularity, was a native of Crieff, Perthshire. Along with his four brothers, he settled in Fifeshire, about the beginning of the century, having obtained the situation of clerk in the Kirkland works, near Leven. In 1812, he proceeded to India, and afterwards attained considerable wealth as the conductor of an academy

and boarding establishment at Calcutta. A man of vigorous mind and respectable scholarship, he had early cultivated a taste for literature and poetry, and latterly became an extensive contributor to the public journals and periodical publications of India. The song with which his name has been chiefly associated, was composed during the period of his employment at the Kirkland works—the heroine being Miss Wilson, daughter of the proprietor of Pirnie, near Leven, a young lady of great personal attractions, to whom he was devotedly attached. The sequel of his history, in connection with this lady, forms the subject of a romance, in which he has been made to figure much to the injury of his fame. The correct version of this story, in which Drummond has been represented as faithless to the object of his former affections, we have received from a gentleman to whom the circumstances were intimately known. In consequence of a proposal to become his wife, Miss Wilson sailed for Calcutta in 1816. On her arrival, she was kindly received by her affianced lover, who conducted her to the house of a respectable female friend, till arrangements might be completed for the nuptial ceremony. In the interval, she became desirous of withdrawing from her engagement; and Drummond, observing her coldness, offered to pay the expense of her passage back to Scotland. Meanwhile, she was seized with fever, of which she died. Report erroneously alleged that she had died of a broken heart on account of her lover being unfaithful, and hence the memory of poor Drummond has been most unjustly aspersed. Drummond died at Calcutta, in 1845, about the age of seventy. He was much respected among a wide circle of friends and admirers. His personal appearance was unprepossessing, almost approaching to deformity—a circumstance which may explain the ultimate hesitation of Miss Wilson to accept his hand. "The Bonnie Lass o' Levenside" was first printed, with the author's consent, though without acknowledgment, in a small volume of poems, by William Rankin, Leven, published in 1812. The authorship of the song was afterwards claimed by William Glass,* an obscure rhymster of the capital.

* Glass was a house-painter in Edinburgh; he ultimately became very dissipated, and died in circumstances of penury about 1840. He published, in 1811, "The Album, a Collection of Poems and Songs," 12mo; in 1814, "Scenes of Gloamin'," 12mo; and in 1816, a third volume, entitled, "Songs of Edina." The last is dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Gordon. In the "Scenes of Gloamin'," Glass has included the "Bonnie Lass o' Levenside," as a song of his own composition.

THE BONNIE LASS O' LEVENSIDE.

AIR—"*Up amang the Cliffy Rocks.*"

How sweet are Leven's silver streams,
Around her banks the wild flowers blooming;
On every bush the warblers vie,
In strains of bosom-soothing joy.
But Leven's banks that bloom sae braw,
And Leven's streams that glide sae saucy,
Sic joy an' beauty couldna shaw,
An 'twere not for my darling lassie;
Her presence fills them a' wi' pride,
The bonnie lass o' Levenside.

When sober eve begins her reign,
The little birds to cease their singing,
The flowers their beauty to renew,
Their bosoms bathe in diamond dew;
When far behind the Lomonds high,
The wheels of day are downwards rowing,
And a' the western closing sky
Wi' varied tints of glory lowing,
'Tis then my eager steps I guide,
To meet the lass o' Levenside.

The solemn sweetness nature spreads,
The kindly hour to bliss inviting,
Within our happy bosoms move,
The softest sigh o' purest love;
Reclined upon the velvet grass,
Beneath the balmy, birken blossom,
What words could a' my joy express,
When clasped to her beating bosom;
How swells my heart with rapture's tide,
When wi' the lass o' Levenside.

She never saw the splendid ball,
She never blazed in courtly grandeur,
But, like her native lily's bloom,
She cheerfu' gilds her humble home;
The pert reply, the modish air,
To soothe the soul were never granted,
When modest sense and love are there,
The guise o' art may well be wanted;
O Fate! gi'e me to be my bride
The bonnie lass o' Levenside.

JAMES STIRRAT.

JAMES STIRRAT was born in the village of Dalry, Ayrshire, on the 28th March 1781. His father was owner of several houses in the place, and conducted business as a haberdasher. Young Stirrat was educated at the village school. In his seventeenth year he composed verses which afforded some indication of power. Of a delicate constitution, he accepted the easy appointment of village postmaster. He died in March 1843, in his sixty-second year. Stirrat wrote much poetry, but never ventured on a publication. Several of his songs appeared at intervals in the public journals, the "Book of Scottish Song," and the "Contemporaries of Burns." The latter work contains a brief sketch of his life. He left a considerable number of MSS., which are now in the possession of a relative in Ayr. Possessed of a knowledge of music, he excelled in playing many of the national airs on the guitar. His dispositions were social, yet in society he seldom talked. Among his associates, he frequently expressed his hope of posthumous fame. He was enthusiastic in his admiration of female beauty, but died unmarried.

MARY.*

"IN life's gay morn," when hope beats high,
And youthfu' love's endearing tie
Gave rapture to the mutual sigh,
Within the arms of Mary,
My ain dear Mary;
Nae joys beneath the vaulted sky
Could equal mine wi' Mary.

The sacred hours like moments flew,
Soft transports thrill'd my bosom through,
The warl' evanish'd frae my view
Within the arms of Mary,
My ain dear Mary;
Nae gloomy cares my soul e'er knew
Within the arms of Mary.

Young fancy spread her visions gay,
Love fondly view'd the fair display,
Hope show'd the blissfu' nuptial day,
And I was rapt with Mary,
My ain dear Mary;
The flowers of Eden strew'd the way
That led me to my Mary.

But life is now a dreary waste,
I lanely wander sair depress'd,
For cold and lifeless is that breast
Where throbb'd the heart of Mary,
My ain dear Mary;
She's gane to seats o' blissfu' rest,
And I ha'e lost my Mary.

* This song was set to music by R. A. Smith.

JOHN GRIEVE.

JOHN GRIEVE, whose name is especially worthy of commemoration as the generous friend of men of genius, was born at Dunfermline on the 12th September 1781. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Walter Grieve, minister of the Reformed Presbyterian church in that place; his mother, Jane Ballantyne, was the daughter of Mr George Ballantyne, tenant at Craig, in the vale of Yarrow. While he was very young, his father retired from the ministerial office, and fixed his residence at Cacrabank, in Ettrick. After an ordinary education at school, young Grieve became clerk to Mr Virtue, shipowner and wood-merchant in Alloa, and, early in 1801, obtained a situation in a bank at Greenock. He soon returned to Alloa, as the partner of his friend Mr Francis Bald, who had succeeded Mr Virtue in his business as a wood-merchant. On the death of Mr Bald, in 1804, he proceeded to Edinburgh to enter into copartnership with Mr Chalmers Izzet, hat-manufacturer, on the North Bridge. The firm subsequently assumed, as a third partner, Mr Henry Scott, a native of Ettrick.

Eminently successful in business, Mr Grieve found considerable leisure for the cultivation of strong literary tastes. Though without pretension as a man of letters he became reputed as a contributor to some of the more respectable periodicals.* In his youth he had been a votary of the Muse, and some of his early lyrics he was prevailed on to publish anonymously in Hogg's "Forest Minstrel." The songs marked C., in the contents of that work, are from his pen. In the encouragement of men of genius he evinced a deep interest, affording them entertainment at his table, and privately contributing to the support of those whose circumstances were less fortunate. Towards the Ettrick Shepherd his kindness was munificent. Along with his partner Mr Scott, a man of kindred tastes and of ample generosity, he enabled Hogg to surmount the numerous difficulties which impeded his entrance into the world of letters. In different portions of his works, the Shepherd has gracefully recorded his gratitude to his benefactors. In his "Autobiography," after expressing the steadfast friendship he had experienced from Mr Grieve, he adds, "During the first six months that I resided in Edinburgh, I lived with him and his partner, Mr Scott, who, on a longer acquaintance, became as firmly attached to me as Mr Grieve; and I believe as much so as to any other man alive. . . . In short, they would not suffer me to be obliged to any one but themselves for the value of a farthing; and without this sure support, I could never have fought my way in Edinburgh. I was fairly starved into it, and if it had not been for Messrs Grieve and Scott, would, in a very short time, have been starved out of it again." To Mr Grieve, Hogg afterwards dedicated his poem "Mador of the Moor;" and in the character of one of the competing bards in the "Queen's Wake," he has thus depicted him:

"The bard that night who foremost came
Was not enroll'd, nor known his name;
A youth he was of manly mould,
Gentle as lamb, as lion bold;
But his fair face, and forehead high,
Glow'd with intrusive modesty.
'Twas said by bank of southland stream
Glided his youth in soothing dream;
The harp he loved, and wont to stray
Far to the wilds and woods away,
And sing to brooks that gurgled by
Of maiden's form and maiden's eye;
That when this dream of youth was past,
Deep in the shade his harp he cast;
In busy life his cares beguiled,
His heart was true, and fortune smiled."

Affected with a disorder in the spine, Mr Grieve became incapacitated for business in his thirty-seventh year. In this condition he found an appropriate solace in literature; he made himself familiar with the modern languages, that he might form an acquaintance with the more esteemed continental authors. Retaining his usual cheerfulness, he still experienced satisfaction in intercourse with his friends; and to the close of his life, his pleasant cottage at Newington was the daily resort of the *savans* of the capital. Mr Grieve died unmarried on the 4th April 1836, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His remains were interred in the sequestered cemetery of St Mary's in Yarrow. The few songs which he has written are composed in a vigorous style, and entitle him to rank among those whom he delighted to honour.

* In the "Key to the Chaldee MS.," he is described as the author of "The White Cottage, a Tale;" this was not written by him, but was the production of one More, a native of Berwickshire, whose literary aspirations he had promoted.

CULLODEN; OR, LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

AIR—"*Fingal's Lament.*"

CULLODEN, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair;
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
More than the freezing wintry air.
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And war's unhallow'd footsteps bore;
Thy deeds unholy nature view'd,
Then fled, and cursed thee evermore.

From Beauly's wild and woodland glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore!
Those hearts that high with honour heave,
The volleying thunder there laid low;
Or scatter'd like the forest leaves,
When wintry winds begin to blow!

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel?
The braided plumes torn from thy brow,
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe!
While wild birds chant from Lochy's bowers,
On April eve, their loves and joys,
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers
To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
He often look'd and cried, "Adieu!
I'll never see Lochaber more!
Though now thy wounds I cannot feel,
My dear, my injured native land,
In other climes thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

"Land of proud hearts and mountains grey,
Where Fingal fought, and Ossian sung!
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
Where once they ruled and roam'd at will,
Free as their own dark mountain game,
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their father's fame.

"Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell!
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your memory swell.
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has roll'd the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme."

HER BLUE-ROLLIN' EE.

AIR—"*The Banks of the Devon.*"

MY lassie is lovely, as May-day adorning
Wi' gowans an' primroses ilka green lee;
Though sweet is the violet, new blown i' the morning,
As tender an' sweet is her blue rollin' ee.

O, say what is whiter than snaw on the mountain?
Or what wi' the red rose in beauty can vie?
Yes, whiter her bosom than snaw on the mountain,
An' bonnie her face as the red rose can be.

See yon lowly cottage that stands by the wild-wood,
Hedged round wi' the sweetbriar and green willow-tree,
'Twas yonder I spent the sweet hours of my childhood,
An' first felt the power of a love-rollin' ee.
Though soon frae my hame an' my lassie I wander'd;
Though lang I've been tossing on fortune's rough sea;
Aye dear was the valley where Ettrick meandered,
Aye dear was the blink o' her blue-rollin' ee.

Oh! for the evening, and oh! for the hour,
When down by yon greenwood she promised to be;
When quick as the summer-dew dries on the flower,
A' earthly affections and wishes wad flee.
Let Art and let Nature display their proud treasures;
Let Paradise boast o' what ance it could gi'e;
As high is my bliss, an' as sweet are my pleasures,
In the heart-melting blink o' my lassie's blue ee.

LOVELY MARY.*

AIR—"*Gowd in gowpens.*"

I'VE seen the lily of the wold,
I've seen the opening marigold,
Their fairest hues at morn unfold,
But fairer is my Mary.
How sweet the fringe of mountain burn,
With opening flowers at spring's return!
How sweet the scent of flowery thorn!
But sweeter is my Mary.

Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind;
Her form's not fairer than her mind;
Two sister beauties rarely join'd,
But joined in lovely Mary.
As music from the distant steep,
As starlight on the silent deep,
So are my passions lull'd asleep
By love for bonnie Mary.

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* This song was written during the author's first residence at Alloa. The heroine was Miss Mary Douglas, an extremely handsome young lady, daughter of Captain Douglas, of the East India Company's Marine Service, who resided in the village of Sauchie, in the vicinity. She became the wife of a Mr Rhind, an Edinburgh gentleman, but died soon after her marriage. Her remains were brought for interment to the churchyard of Alloa.

CHARLES GRAY.

CHARLES GRAY was born at Anstruther-wester, on the 10th March 1782. He was the schoolfellow and early associate of Dr Thomas Chalmers, and Dr William Tennant, the author of "Anster Fair," who were both natives of Anstruther. He engaged for some years in a handicraft occupation; but in 1805, through the influence of Major-General Burn,* his maternal uncle, was fortunate in procuring a commission in the Woolwich division of the Royal Marines. In 1811 he published an octavo volume of "Poems and Songs," of which a second edition was called for at the end of three years. In 1813 he joined Tennant and some other local poets in establishing the "Musomanik Society of Anstruther,"—an association which existed about four years, and gave to the world a collection of respectable verses.† After thirty-six years' active service in the Royal Marines, he was enabled to retire in 1841, on a Captain's full pay. He now established his head-quarters in Edinburgh, where he cultivated the society of lovers of Scottish song. In 1841, in compliance with the wishes of numerous friends, expressed in the form of a *Round Robin*, he published a second volume of verses, with the title of "Lays and Lyrics." This work appeared in elegant duodecimo, illustrated with engravings of the author's portrait and of his birthplace. In the *Glasgow Citizen* newspaper, he subsequently published "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," which have been copiously quoted by Mr Farquhar Graham, in his edition of the "Songs of Scotland."

Of cheerful and amiable dispositions, Captain Gray was much cherished by his friends. Intimately acquainted with the productions of the modern Scottish poets, he took delight in discussing their merits; and he enlivened the social circle by singing his favourite songs. Of his lyrical compositions, those selected for this work have deservedly attained popularity. An ardent admirer of Burns, he was led to imitate the style of that great national bard. In person he was of low stature; his grey weather-beaten countenance wore a constant smile. He died, after a period of declining health, on the 13th April 1851.

* A memoir of this estimable individual, chiefly from materials found in his Diary, has been published.
† This volume of the merry Anstruther rhymers is entitled "Bouts-Rimés, or Poetical Pastimes of a few Hobblers round the base of Parnassus;" it is dedicated "To the Lovers of Rhyme, Fun, and Good-Fellowship throughout the British Empire."

THE BLACK-EED LASSIE.*

AIR—"*My only Joe and Dearie O!*"

Wi' heart sincere I love thee, Bell,
But dinna ye be saucy, O!
Or a' my love I winna tell
To thee, my black-eed lassie, O!
It's no thy cheek o' rosy hue,
It's no thy little cherrie mou';
It's a' because thy heart's sae true,
My bonnie black-eed lassie

It's no the witch-glance o' thy ee,
Though few for that surpass ye, O!
That maks ye aye sae dear to me
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O!
It's no the whiteness o' thy skin,
It's no love's dimple on thy chin;
It's a' thy modest worth within,
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O!

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,
That a' wish to caress ye, O!
But, O! how I admire thy mind,
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O!
I've seen thine een like crystal clear,
Shine dimly through soft pity's tear;
These are the charms that mak thee dear,
To me, my black-eed lassie, O!

* The heroine of this song subsequently became the author's wife.

MAGGIE LAUDER.*

THE cantie Spring scarce rear'd her head,
And Winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter came to Anster Fair,
And speir'd for Maggie Lauder;
A snug wee house in the East Green,†
Its shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
And to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Nook o' Fife;"
And merry Maggie vaunted,
That Hab himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring—
And wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk and loud reports,
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true and carefu' wife,
As ever was in Anster;
And since the marriage-knot was tied,
Rob swears he couldna want her;
For he loves Maggie as his life
And Meg loves Rob the Ranter.

GRIM WINTER WAS HOWLIN'.

AIR—"*Bonny Dundee.*"

GRIM winter was howlin' owre muir and owre mountain,
And bleak blew the wind on the wild stormy sea;
The cauld frost had lock'd up each riv'let and fountain,
As I took the dreich road that leads north to Dundee.
Though a' round was dreary, my heart was fu' cheerie,
And cantie I sung as the bird on the tree;
For when the heart's light, the feet winna soon weary,
Though ane should gang further than bonnie Dundee!

Arrived at the banks o' sweet Tay's flowin' river,
I look'd, as it rapidly row'd to the sea;
And Fancy, whose fond dream still pleases me ever,
Beguiled the lone passage to bonnie Dundee.
There, glowrin' about, I saw in his station
Ilk bodie as eydent as midsummer bee;
When fair stood a mark, on the face o' creation,
The lovely young Peggy, the pride o' Dundee!

O! aye since the time I first saw this sweet lassie,
I'm listless, I'm restless, wherever I be;
I'm dowie, and donnart, and aften ca'd saucy;
They kenna its a' for the lass o' Dundee!
O! lang may her guardians be virtue and honour;
Though anither may wed her, yet well may she be;
And blessin's in plenty be shower'd down upon her—
The lovely young Peggy, the pride o' Dundee!

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.*

O CHARLIE is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier!

When first his standard caught the eye,
His pibroch met the ear,
Our hearts were light, our hopes were high
For the young Chevalier.
O Charlie is my darling, etc.

The plaided chiefs cam' frae afar,
Nae doubts their bosoms steir;
They nobly drew the sword for war
And the young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, etc.

But he wha trusts to Fortune's smile
Has meikle cause to fear;
She blinket blythe but to beguile
The young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, etc.

O dark Culloden—fatal field!
Fell source o' mony a tear;
There Albyn tint her sword and shield,
And the young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, etc.

Now Scotland's "flowers are wede away;"
Her forest trees are sere;
Her Royal Oak is gane for aye,
The young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

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* These stanzas are an appropriate addition to the well-known song of "Maggie Lauder," composed by Francis Semple, about 1660.

† The *East Green* of Anstruther is now a low street connecting the town with the adjoining village of Cellardyke. The site of Maggie Lauder's house—which is said to have been a cot of one storey—is pointed out in a small garden opposite a tannery, and on the north side of the street. Maggie Lauder is the heroine of Dr Tennant's poem of "Anster Fair."

* *See ante* pp. 63, and 112.

JOHN FINLAY.

JOHN FINLAY, a short-lived poet of much promise, was born at Glasgow in 1782. His parents were in humble circumstances, but they contrived to afford him the advantages of a good education. From the academy of Mr Hall, an efficient teacher in the city, he was sent, in his fourteenth year, to the University. There he distinguished himself both in the literary and philosophical classes; he became intimately acquainted with the Latin and Greek classics, and wrote elegant essays on the subjects prescribed. His poetical talents first appeared in the composition of odes on classical subjects, which were distinguished alike by power of thought and smoothness of versification. In 1802, while still pursuing his studies at college, he published a volume entitled "Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems," of which a second edition* appeared, with considerable additions. Soon after, he published an edition of Blair's "Grave," with many excellent notes; produced a learned life of Cervantes; and superintended the publication of a new edition of Smith's "Wealth of Nations." In the hope of procuring a situation in one of the public offices, he proceeded to London in 1807, where he contributed many learned articles, particularly on antiquarian subjects, to different periodicals. Disappointed in obtaining a suitable post in the metropolis, he returned to Glasgow in 1808; and the same year published, in two duodecimo volumes, a collection of "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads." This work is chiefly valuable from some interesting notes, and an ingenious preliminary dissertation on early romantic composition in Scotland. About this period, Professor Richardson, of Glasgow, himself an elegant poet, offered him the advance of sufficient capital to enable him to obtain a share in a printing establishment, and undertook to secure for the firm the appointment of printers to the University; he declined, however, to undergo the risk implied in this adventure. Again entertaining the hope of procuring a situation in London, he left Glasgow towards the close of 1810, with the intention of visiting his college friend, Mr Wilson, at Elleray, in Cumberland, to consult with him on the subject of his views. He only reached the distance of Moffat; he was there struck with an apoplectic seizure, which, after a brief illness, terminated his hopeful career, in the 28th year of his age. His remains were interred in the churchyard of Moffat. Possessed of a fine genius, extensive scholarship, and an amiable heart, John Finlay, had he been spared, would have adorned the literature of his country. He entertained worthy aspirations, and was amply qualified for success; for his energies were co-extensive with his intellectual gifts. At the period of his death, he was meditating a continuation of Warton's History of Poetry. His best production is the poem of "Wallace," written in his nineteenth year; though not free from defects, it contains many admirable descriptions of external nature, and displays much vigour of versification. His lyrics are few, but these merit a place in the minstrelsy of his country.

* A third edition was published at Glasgow, by R. Chapman, in 1817.

OH! DEAR WERE THE JOYS.

AIR—"*Here's a health to ane I love dear.*"

OH! dear were the joys that are past!
Oh! dear were the joys that are past
Inconstant thou art, as the dew of the morn,
Or a cloud of the night on the blast!

How dear was the breath of the eve,
When bearing thy fond faithless sigh!
And the moonbeam how dear that betray'd
The love that illumined thine eye!

Thou vow'dst in my arms to be mine,
Thou swar'st by the moon's sacred light;
But dark roll'd a cloud o'er the sky,
It hid the pale queen of the night.

Thou hast broken thy plighted faith,
And broken a fond lover's heart;
Yes! in winter the moon's fleeting ray
I would trust more than thee and thy art!

I am wretched to think on the past—
Even hope now my peace cannot save!
Thou hast given to my rival thy hand,
But me thou hast doom'd to my grave.

O! COME WITH ME.

TUNE—"*Roslin Castle.*"

O! COME with me, for the queen of night
Is throned on high in her beauty bright:
'Tis now the silent hour of even,
When all is still in earth an' heaven;
The cold flowers which the valleys strew
Are sparkling bright wi' pearly dew,
And hush'd is e'en the bee's soft hum,
Then come with me, sweet Mary, come.

The opening blue-bell—Scotland's pride—
In heaven's pure azure deeply dyed;
The daisy meek frae the dewy dale,
The wild thyme, and the primrose pale,
Wi' the lily frae the glassy lake,
Of these a fragrant wreath I'll make,
And bind them 'mid the locks that flow
In rich luxuriance from thy brow.

O love, without thee, what were life?
A bustling scene of care and strife;
A waste, where no green flowery glade
Is found for shelter or for shade.

But cheer'd by thee, the griefs we share
We can with calm composure bear;
For the darkest nicht o' care and toil
Is bricht when blest by woman's smile.

I HEARD THE EVENING LINNET'S VOICE.

AIR—"*Gramachree.*"

I HEARD the evening linnet's voice the woodland tufts among,
Yet sweeter were the tender woes of Isabella's song;
So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,
The deep'ning pain of love they soothe, and sorrow's pang control.

I look'd upon the pure brook that murmur'd through the glade,
And mingled in the melody that Isabella made;
Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart,
Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach of art.

I look'd upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,
Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye;
Ne'er softer fell the rain-drop of the first relenting year,
Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.

All this my fancy prompted, ere a sigh of sorrow proved
How hopelessly, yet faithfully, and tenderly I loved!
Yet though bereft of hope I love, still will I love the more,
As distance binds the exile's heart to his dear native shore.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON, known as the Galloway poet, was born at Tannymaus, in the parish of Borgue, on the 15th August 1782. His father followed the occupation of a carrier; he subsequently took a farm, and finally kept a tavern. Of a family of eight children, William was the youngest; he inherited a love of poetry from his mother, a woman of much intelligence. Early sent to school, impaired eyesight interfered with his progress in learning. Disqualified by his imperfect vision from engaging in manual labour, he chose the business of pedlar or travelling merchant. In the course of his wanderings he composed verses, which, sung at the various homesteads he visited with his wares, became popular. Having submitted some of his poetical compositions to Dr Duncan of Ruthwell, and Dr Alexander Murray, the famous philologist, these gentlemen commended his attempting a publication. In the course of a personal canvass, he procured 1500 subscribers; and in 1814 he appeared as the author of

"Tales in Verse, and Miscellaneous Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Manners," Edinburgh, 12mo. By the publication he realised £100, but this sum was diminished by his imprudent excesses. With the balance, he republished some tracts on the subject of Universal Redemption, which exhausted the remainder of his profits. In 1826 he proceeded to London, where he was kindly entertained by Allan Cunningham and other distinguished countrymen. On his return to Galloway, he was engaged for a short time as assistant to a catttle-driver. In 1828, he published a second edition of his poems, which was dedicated to Lord Brougham, and to which was prefixed a humorous narrative of his life by Mr Macdiarmid. Latterly, Nicholson assumed the character of a gaberlunzie; he played at merry-makings on his bag-pipes, for snuff and whisky. For some time his head-quarters were at Howford, in the parish of Tongland; he ultimately was kept by the Poors' Board of his native parish. He died at Brigend of Borgue, on the 16th May 1849. He was rather above the middle size, and was well formed. His countenance was peculiarly marked, and his eyes were concealed by his bushy eye-brows and long brown hair. As a poet and song-writer he claims a place in the national minstrelsy, which the irregular habits of his life will not forfeit. The longest poem in his published volume, entitled "The Country Lass," in the same measure as the "Queen's Wake," contains much simple and graphic delineation of life; while the ballad of "The Brownie of Blednoch," has passages of singular power. His songs are true to nature.

THE BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

TUNE—"*White Cockade.*"

O LASSIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave thy frien's i' th' south countrie—
Thy former frien's and sweethearts a',
And gang wi' me to Gallowa'?
O Gallowa' braes they wave wi' broom,
And heather-bells in bonnie bloom;
There's lordly seats, and livin's braw,
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'!

There's stately woods on mony a brae,
Where burns and birds in concert play;
The waukrife echo answers a',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, etc.

The simmer shiel I'll build for thee
Alang the bonnie banks o' Dee,
Half circlin' roun' my father's ha',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, etc.

When autumn waves her flowin' horn,
And fields o' gowden grain are shorn,
I'll busk thee fine, in pearlins braw,
To join the dance in Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, etc.

At e'en, whan darkness shrouds the sight,
And lanely, langsome is the night,
Wi' tentie care my pipes I'll thraw,
Play "A' the way to Gallowa'."
O Gallowa' braes, etc.

Should fickle fortune on us frown,
Nae lack o' gear our love should drown;
Content should shield our haddin' sma',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
Come while the blossom's on the broom,
And heather bells sae bonnie bloom;
Come let us be the happiest twa
On a' the braes o' Gallowa'!

THE HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—"*Ewe Bughts, Marion.*"

WILL ye go to the Highlan's, my Mary,
And visit our haughs and our glens?
There's beauty 'mang hills o' the Highlan's,
That lass i' th' Lowlands ne'er kens.

'Tis true we've few cowslips or roses,
Nae lilies grow wild on the lea;
But the heather its sweet scent discloses,
And the daisy's as sweet to the ee.

See yon far heathy hills, whare they're risin',
Whose summits are shaded wi' blue;
There the fleet mountain roes they are lyin',
Or feedin' their fawns, love, for you.

Right sweet are our scenes i' the gloamin',
Whan shepherds return frae the hill,
Aroun' by the banks o' Loch Lomon',
While bagpipes are soundin' sae shrill.

Right sweet are the low-setting sunbeams,
That point owre the quivering stream;
But sweeter the smiles o' my Mary,
And kinder the blinks o' her een.

O! WILL YE GO TO YON BURN SIDE?

TUNE—"*Will ye walk the woods with me?*"

O! WILL ye go to yon burn side,
Amang the new-made hay;
And sport upon the flowery swaird,
My ain dear May?
The sun blinks blythe on yon burn side,
Whare lambkins lightly play,
The wild bird whistles to his mate,
My ain dear May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,
Shall shield us in the bower,
Whare I'll pu' a posy for my May,
O' mony a bonnie flower.
My father maws ayont the burn,
My mammy spins at hame;
And should they see thee here wi' me,
I'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens
What troubles it await—
Whan ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
The fause bird lea'es its mate.
The flowers will fade, the woods decay,
And lose their bonnie green;
The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercast,
Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet;
So love is in its noon:
But cankering time may soil the flower,
And spoil its bonnie bloom.
Oh, come then, while the summer shines,
And love is young and gay;
Ere age his withering, wintry blast
Blaws o'er me and my May.

For thee I'll tend the fleecy flocks,
Or haud the halesome plough;
And nightly clasp thee to my breast,
And prove aye leal and true.

The blush o'erspread her bonnie face,
She had nae mair to say,
But ga'e her hand and walk'd alang,
The youthfu', bloomin' May.

THE BANKS OF TARF.

TUNE—"*Sin' my Uncle's dead.*"

WHERE windin' Tarf, by broomy knowes
Wi' siller waves to saut sea rows;
And mony a greenwood cluster grows,
And harebells bloomin' bonnie, O!
Below a spreadin' hazel lea,
Fu' snugly hid whare nane could see,
While blinkin' love beam'd frae her ee,
I met my bonnie Annie, O!

Her neck was o' the snaw-drap hue,
Her lips, like roses, wet wi' dew;
But, O! her ee, o' azure blue,
Was past expression bonnie, O!
Like threads o' gowd her flowin' hair,
That lightly wanton'd wi' the air;
But vain were a' my rhymin' ware
To tell the charms o' Annie, O!

While smilin' in my arms she lay,
She whisperin' in my ear did say,
"Oh, how could I survive the day,
Should you prove fause, my Tammie, O?"
"While spangled fish glide to the main,
While Scotlan's braes shall wave wi' grain,
Till this fond heart shall break wi' pain,
I'll aye be true to Annie, O!"

The Beltan winds blew loud and lang,
And ripplin' raised the spray alang;
We cheerfu' sat, and cheerfu' sang,
The banks of Tarf are bonnie, O!
Though sweet is spring, whan young and gay,
And blythe the blinks o' summer day;
I fear nae winter cauld and blae,
If blest wi' love and Annie, O!

CLEMENTINA STIRLING GRAHAM.

CLEMENTINA STIRLING GRAHAM was born in May 1782. Her father, Patrick Stirling, Esq. of Pittendreich, Forfarshire, married, on the 18th April 1781, Amelia Graham, daughter and co-heiress of Alexander Graham, Esq. of Duntrune, when he assumed the surname and arms of Graham. The family of Graham of Duntrune is descended from the Grahams of Fintry and Claverhouse. On the death of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, without surviving issue, his brother David succeeded him in the representation of the family. On the death of this gentleman, without issue, David Graham of Duntrune became the family representative. That dignity is now enjoyed by the subject of this sketch. In her youth Miss Stirling Graham was celebrated for her amusing personations; some of these she has related in a volume entitled "Mystifications," published in 1864, under the editorial care of Dr John

Brown of Edinburgh. The songs which follow, Miss Graham has kindly contributed to the present work. She succeeded to the family estate of Duntrune in 1844.

SONG.

I WILL think of my love in the moonlight,
And my love will think of me,
And I'll waft him a sigh on the light breeze,
And he'll breathe one to Heaven for me.
Dear to me is the sailor boy,
His bride I have promised to be,
And he's gone far away on the dark blue sea
To seek a rare gift for me.

He said he would bring me a casket of gold,
And pearls to deck my hair,
But his heart is the only treasure I prize
His love is the gem I will wear.
Then speed to the swelling sail
As it bounds o'er the dark blue wave,
And blessings attend on the little bark,
That brings home my sailor bráve.

SERENADE.

AWAKE, awake, my own true love,
The trysting hour is come;
The lights of Tay are waning low,
And Broughty sands are won.
My skiff is launched and buoyant floats
Upon the light wave borne,
And one fair planet sweetly glows
To herald in the morn.

The dawn now breaking in the east
Is spreading far and wide
And in a flood of living gold
Is melting in the tide.
From willing oars the sparkling drops
In circling rainbows play,
And merrily, with laughing waves,
We'll cruise the pathless way.

THE BIRKIE OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

YE fair lands of Angus and bonnie Dundee,
How dear are your echoes, your memories to me!
At gatherings and meetings in a' the braw toons,
I danced wi' the lasses and distanced the loons;
Syne bantered them gaily, and bade the young men
Be mair on their mettle when I cam' again.
They jeered me, they cheered me, and cried ane and a'.
He's no an ill fellow that, now he's awa.

When puir beggar bodies cam' making their mane
I spak' them aye cheery, for siller I'd nane,
They shook up their duddies, and muttered "wae's me,
"Sae lightsome a laddie no worth a bawbee!"
I played wi' the bairnies at bowls and at ba',
And left them a' greetin when I cam' awa;
Ay! mithers, and bairnies, and lasses and a',
Were a' sobbin loudly when I cam' awa.

I feigned a gay laugh, just to keep in the greet,
For ae bonnie lassie, sae douce and sae sweet,
How matchless the blink of her deep loving ee,
How soft fell its shade as it glanced upon me.
I flung her a wild rose sae fresh and sae fair,
And bade it bloom on in the bright summer there;
While breathing its fragrance, she aiblins may gi'e
A thought to the Birkie of bonnie Dundee.

THE OCEAN WAVE.

THERE is hope, there is hope when the summer wind blows,
There is love, there is love in the breath of the rose,
There is joy in the songs of the emerald lea,
But the gruff voice of ocean is dearer to me.
For the ocean wave
Is the home of the brave,
And Heaven's own sky
Their canopy.

There is life, there is life when the merry waves play,
When they toss their white crests, flinging high the light spray;
How they dance with the skiff as she bounds o'er the tide,
And they laugh as they speed her o'er the waters wide!
For the ocean wave
Is the home of the brave,
And Heaven's own sky
Their canopy.

There's a smile, there's a smile, 'tis enchantment to trace,
As it breaks from the eye and beams over the face,
'Tis the gush of deep love from the soul of the brave,
Like the bright setting glow on the billowy wave.
For the ocean wave
Is the home of the brave,
And Heaven's own sky
Their canopy!

ALEXANDER RODGER.

Alexander Rodger was born on the 16th July 1784, at East Calder, Midlothian. His father, originally a farmer, was lessee of the village inn; he subsequently removed to Edinburgh, and latterly emigrated to Hamburg. Alexander was apprenticed, in his twelfth year, to a silversmith in Edinburgh. On his father leaving the country in 1797, he joined his maternal relatives in Glasgow, who persuaded him to adopt the trade of a weaver. He married in his twenty-second year; and contrived to add to the family finances by cultivating a taste for music, and giving lessons in the art. Extreme in his political opinions, he was led, in 1819, to afford his literary support to a journal originated with the design of promoting disaffection and revolt. The connection was attended with serious consequences; he was convicted of revolutionary practices, and sent to prison. On his release from confinement he was received into the Barrowfield Works as an inspector of cloths used for printing and dyeing. He held this office during eleven years; he subsequently acted as a pawnbroker, and a reporter of local intelligence to two different newspapers. In 1836 he became assistant in the publishing office of the *Reformers' Gazette*, a situation which he held till his death. This event took place on the 26th September 1846.

Rodger published two small collections of verses, and a volume of "Poems and Songs." Many of his poems, though abounding in humour, are disfigured by coarse political allusions. Several of his songs are of a high order, and have deservedly become popular. He was less the poet of external nature than of the domestic affections; and, himself possessed of a lively sympathy with the humbler classes, he took delight in celebrating the simple joys of the peasant's hearth. A master of the pathetic, his muse sometimes assumes a sportive gaiety, when the laugh is irresistible. Among a wide circle he was held in estimation; he was fond of society, and took pleasure in humorous conversation. In 1836, about two hundred of his fellow-citizens entertained him at a public festival, and handed him a small box of sovereigns; and some admiring friends, to mark their respect for his memory, have erected a handsome monument over his remains in the Necropolis of Glasgow.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Air—"*Good-morrow to your night-cap.*"

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wad na gi'e me meikle pain,
'Gin we were seen and heard by nane
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane,
But, guid sake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet,
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And when we're ane, bluid, flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten before folk.*

SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN.

How brightly beams the bonnie moon,
Frae out the azure sky;
While ilka little star aboon
Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.
How calm the eve, how blest the hour!
How soft the sylvan scene!
How fit to meet thee, lovely flower,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

Now let us wander through the broom,
And o'er the flowery lea;
While simmer wafts her rich perfume,
Frae yonder hawthorn tree:
There, on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
Where we've sae aften been;
Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast—
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

How sweet to view that face so meek—
That dark expressive eye—
To kiss that lovely blushing cheek—
Those lips of coral dye!
But O! to hear thy seraph strains,
Thy maiden sighs between,
Makes rapture thrill through all my veins—
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

O! what to us is wealth or rank?
Or what is pomp or power?
More dear this velvet mossy bank—
This blest, ecstatic hour!
I'd covet not the monarch's throne,
Nor diamond-studded queen,
While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

* "The Answer" is of inferior merit, and has therefore been omitted.

LOVELY MAIDEN.

Lovely maiden, art thou sleeping?
Wake, and fly with me, my love,
While the moon is proudly sweeping,
Through the ether fields above;
While her mellow'd light is streaming
Full on mountain, moor, and lake.
Dearest maiden, art thou dreaming?
'Tis thy true-love calls, awake!

All is hush'd around thy dwelling,
Even the watch-dog's lull'd asleep;
Hark! the clock the hour is knelling,
Wilt thou then thy promise keep?
Yes, I hear her softly coming,
Now her window's gently raised;
There she stands, an angel blooming,
Come, my Mary, haste thee, haste!

Fear not, love, thy rigid father
Soundly sleeps bedrench'd with wine;
'Tis thy true-love holds the ladder,
To his care thyself resign!
Now my arms enfold a treasure,
Which for worlds I'd not forego;
Now our bosoms feel that pleasure,
Faithful bosoms only know.

Long have our true-loves been thwarted,
By the stern decrees of pride,
Which would doom us to be parted,
And make thee another's bride;
But behold, my steeds are ready,
Soon they'll post us far away;
Thou wilt be Glen Alva's lady,
Long before the dawn of day.

THE PEASANT'S FIRESIDE.

Air—"*For lack o' gowd.*"

How happy lives the peasant, by his ain fireside,
Wha weel employs the present, by his ain fireside;
Wi' his wifie blythe and free, and his bairnie on his knee,
Smiling fu' o' sportive glee, by his ain fireside!
Nae cares o' state disturb him, by his ain fireside;
Nae foolish fashions curb him, by his ain fireside;
In his elbow-chair reclined, he can freely speak his mind,
To his bosom-mate sae kind, by his ain fireside.

When his bonnie bairns increase, around his ain fireside,
What health, content, and peace surround his ain fireside,
A' day he gladly toils, and at night delighted smiles
At their harmless pranks and wiles, about his ain fireside;
And while they grow apace, about his ain fireside,
In beauty, strength, and grace, about his ain fireside,
Wi' virtuous precepts kind, by a sage example join'd,
He informs ilk youthfu' mind, about his ain fireside.

When the shivering orphan poor draws near his ain fireside,
And seeks the friendly door, that guards his ain fireside,
She's welcomed to a seat, bidden warm her little feet,
While she's kindly made to eat, by his ain fireside.
When youthfu' vigour fails him, by his ain fireside,
And hoary age assails him, by his ain fireside,
With joy he back surveys all his scenes of bygone days,
As he trod in wisdom's ways, by his ain fireside.

And when grim death draws near him, by his ain fireside,
What cause has he to fear him, by his ain fireside?
With a bosom-cheering hope, he takes Heaven for his prop,
Then calmly down does drop, by his ain fireside.
Oh! may that lot be ours, by our ain fireside;
Then glad will fly the hours, by our ain fireside;
May virtue guard our path, till we draw our latest breath,
Then we'll smile and welcome death, by our ain fireside.

AH, NO! I CANNOT SAY "FAREWELL."

Ah, no! I cannot say "Farewell,"
'T would pierce my bosom through;
And to this heart 'twere death's dread knell,
To hear thee sigh, "Adieu!"
Though soul and body both must part,
Yet ne'er from thee I'll sever,
For more to me than soul thou art,
And oh! I'll quit thee never.

Whate'er through life may be thy fate,
That fate with thee I'll share,
If prosperous, be moderate;
If adverse, meekly bear;
This bosom shall thy pillow be,
In every change whatever,
And tear for tear I'll shed with thee,
But oh! forsake thee, never.

One home, one hearth, shall ours be still,
And one our daily fare;
One altar, too, where we may kneel,
And breathe our humble prayer;
And one our praise, that shall ascend,
To one all-bounteous Giver;
And one our will, our aim, our end,
For oh! we'll sunder never.

And when that solemn hour shall come,
That sees thee breathe thy last,
That hour shall also fix my doom,
And seal my eyelids fast.
One grave shall hold us, side by side,
One shroud our clay shall cover;
And one then may we mount and glide,
Through realms of love, for ever.

JOHN WILSON.

John Wilson, one of the most heart-stirring of Scottish prose writers, and a narrative and dramatic poet, is also entitled to rank among the minstrels of his country. He was born in No. 40 High Street, Paisley, on the 18th of May 1785. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was a prosperous manufacturer; and his mother, Margaret Sym, was connected with a respectable family in the west of Scotland. The poet's grandfather, John Wilson, was born at Paisley in 1684, and espoused Janet, daughter of William Finlayson, a merchant-burgess in Paisley; he became the father of three sons, and died on the 18th March 1764. The father of this gentleman, also John Wilson, is mentioned in the Poll-Tax Rolls for the county of Renfrew in 1695; he resided in the Town-head of Paisley, and was possessed of considerable substance.* The poet received his elementary education at the schools of his native town, and

* We are indebted for these particulars to a note appended by Mr David Semple to his transcript of the Poll-Tax Rolls of the Parishes in Renfrewshire, deposited by him in the General Register House, Edinburgh.

afterwards at the manse of Mearns, a rural parish in Renfrewshire, under the superintendence of Dr Macletchie, the parochial clergyman. To his juvenile sports and exercises in the moor of Mearns, and his trouting excursions by the stream of the Humbie, and the four parish lochs, he has frequently referred in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In his fifteenth year he became a student in the University of Glasgow. Under the instructions of Professor Young of the Greek Chair, he made distinguished progress in classical learning; but it was to the clear and masculine intellect of Jardine, the distinguished Professor of Logic, that he was, in common with Jeffrey, chiefly indebted for a decided impulse in the path of mental cultivation. In 1804 he proceeded to Oxford, where he entered in Magdalen College as a gentleman-commoner. A leader in every species of recreation, foremost in every sport and merry-making, and famous for his feats of agility and strength, he assiduously continued the prosecution of his classical studies. Of poetical genius he afforded the first public indication by producing the best English poem of fifty lines, which was rewarded by the Newdigate prize of forty guineas. On attaining his majority he became master of a fortune of about £30,000, which accrued to him from his father's estate; and, having concluded a course of four years at Oxford, he purchased, in 1808, the small but beautiful property of Elleray, on the banks of the lake Windermere, in Westmoreland. During the interval of college terms, he had become noted for his eccentric adventures and humorous escapades; and his native enthusiasm remained unsubdued on his early settlement at Elleray. He was the hero of singular and stirring adventures: he practised cock-fighting and bull-baiting, and loved to startle his companions by his reckless daring. His juvenile excesses received a wholesome check by his espousing, in 1811, Miss Jane Penny, the daughter of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, and a lady of great personal beauty and amiable dispositions, to whom he continued most devotedly attached. He had already enjoyed the intimate society of Wordsworth, and now sought more assiduously the intercourse of the other lake-poets. In the autumn of 1811, on the death of his friend James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," he composed an elegy to his memory, which attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott; in the year following he produced "The Isle of Palms," a poem in four cantos.

Hitherto Wilson had followed the career of a man of fortune; and his original patrimony had been handsomely augmented by his wife's dowry. But his guardian (a maternal uncle) had proved culpably remiss in the management of his property, he himself had been careless in pecuniary matters, and these circumstances, along with others, convinced him of the propriety of adopting a profession. His inclinations were originally towards the Scottish Bar; and he now engaged in legal studies in the capital. In 1815 he passed advocate, and, during the terms of the law courts, established his residence in Edinburgh. He was early employed as a counsel at the circuit courts; but his devotion to literature prevented him from giving his heart to his profession, and he did not succeed as a lawyer. In 1816 appeared his "City of the Plague," a dramatic poem, which was followed by his prose tales and sketches, entitled "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Foresters," and "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay."

On the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1817, Wilson was one of the staff of contributors, along with Hogg, Lockhart, and others; and on a difference occurring between the publisher and Messrs Pringle and Cleghorn, the original editors, a few months after the undertaking was commenced, he exercised such a marked influence on the fortunes of the periodical, that he was usually regarded as its editor, although the editorial labour and responsibility really rested on Mr Blackwood himself. In 1820 he was elected by the Town-Council of Edinburgh to the

Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University, which had become vacant by the death of Dr Thomas Brown. In the twofold capacity of Professor of Ethics and principal contributor to a popular periodical, he occupied a position to which his genius and tastes admirably adapted him. He possessed in a singular degree the power of stimulating the minds and drawing forth the energies of youth; and wielding in periodical literature the vigour of a master intellect, he riveted public attention by the force of his declamation, the catholicity of his criticism, and the splendour of his descriptions. *Blackwood's Magazine* attained a celebrity never before reached by any monthly periodical; the essays and sketches of "Christopher North," his literary *nom-de-guerre*, became a monthly treasure of interest and entertainment. His celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianæ," a series of dialogues on the literature and manners of the times, appeared in *Blackwood* from 1822 till 1835. In 1825 his entire poetical works were published in two octavo volumes; and, on his ceasing his regular connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, his prose contributions were, in 1842, collected in three volumes, under the title of "Recreations of Christopher North."

Illustrious as a man of letters, and esteemed as a poet, the private life of Professor Wilson was for many years as destitute of particular incident, as his youth had been remarkable for singular and stirring adventure. Till within a few years of his death, he resided during the summer months at Elleray, where he was in the habit of sumptuously entertaining his literary friends. His splendid regattas on the lake Windermere, from which he derived his title of "Admiral of the Lake," have been celebrated in various periodical papers. He made frequent pedestrian tours to the Highlands, in which Mrs Wilson, who was of kindred tastes, sometimes accompanied him. On the death of this excellent woman, which took place in March 1837, he suffered a severe shock, from which he never recovered. In 1850 he was elected first president of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution; and in the following year a civil-list pension of £300 was, on the recommendation of the premier, Lord John Russell, conferred on him by the Queen. In 1852 he felt necessitated, from a continuance of impaired health, to resign his professorship in the University. He died in his house in Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, on the 3d of April 1854. His remains, at a public funeral, were consigned to the Dean Cemetery, and his memory has been honoured by an elegant monumental statue in bronze, in the Princes' Street Gardens.

Besides the works already enumerated, Professor Wilson contributed an admirable essay on the genius of Burns for Blackie's edition of his works, and an elegant dissertation on Highland scenery, preliminary to the "Caledonia Illustrata." Of his whole works, a complete edition has been published in twelve octavo volumes, under the editorial care of his distinguished son-in-law, the late Professor Ferrier, of St Andrews. His memoir has been published by his daughter, Mrs Gordon, in two volumes octavo. Than Professor Wilson no Scotsman, Scott and Jeffrey not excepted, has exercised a wider and deeper influence upon the general intellect of his countrymen. With a vast and comprehensive genius, he has gathered from every department of nature the deep and genial suggestions of wisdom; he has found philosophy in the wilds, and imbibed knowledge by the mountain stream. Under canvas, in his sporting-jacket, or with the angler's rod, he is still the eloquent "old Christopher;" his contemplations are always lofty, and his descriptions gorgeous. As a poet, he is chiefly to be remarked for meek serenity and gentle pathos. His tales somewhat lack incident, and are deficient in plot; but his other writings, whether critical or philosophical are marked by correctness of taste, boldness of imagery, and dignity of sentiment. Lion-hearted in the exposure of absolute error, or vain pretext, he is gentle in judging human frailty; and, irresistible in humour, is overpowering in tenderness. As a contributor to periodical literature, he will find admirers while the English language is understood.

MARY GRAY'S SONG.

I WALK'D by mysel' owre the sweet braes o' Yarrow,
When the earth wi' the gowans o' July was dress'd:
But the sang o' the bonnie burn sounded like sorrow,
Round ilka house cauld as a last-simmer's nest.

I look'd through the lift o' the blue smiling morning,
But never a wee cloud o' mist could I see,
On its way up to heaven, the cottage adorning,
Hanging white owre the green o' its sheltering tree.

By the outside I kenn'd that the inn was forsaken,
That nae tread o' footsteps was heard on the floor;
Oh, loud craw'd the cock whare was nane to awaken,
And the wild raven croak'd on the seat by the door!

Sic silence—sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering!
I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep;
I met nae bright garlands o' wee rosy children,
Dancing on to the school-house, just waken'd frae sleep.

I pass'd by the school-house, when strangers were coming,
Whose windows with glad faces seem'd all alive;
Ae moment I hearken'd, but heard nae sweet humming,
For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I pass'd by the pool where the lasses at daw'ing
Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin and din;
But the foam in the silence o' nature was fa'ing,
And nae laughing rose loud through the roar of the linn.

I gaed into a small town, when sick o' my roaming,
Whare ance play'd the viol, the tabor, and flute;
'Twas the hour loved by labour, the saft smiling gloaming,
Yet the green round the cross-stane was empty and mute.

To the yellow-flower'd meadow, and scant rigs o' tillage,
The sheep a' neglected had come frae the glen;
The cushat-doo coo'd in the midst o' the village,
And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o' men!

Sweet Denholm! not thus when I lived in thy bosom
Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week;
Then nane was sae weary that love would nae rouse him,
And grief gaed to dance with a laugh on his cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my een, as the moonshine was beaming
On the kirk-tower that rose up sae silent and white;
The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,
But the still finger tauld not the hour of the night.

The mirk-time pass'd slowly in siching and weeping;
I waken'd, and nature lay silent in mirth;
Owre a' holy Scotland the Sabbath was sleeping,
And heaven in beauty came down on the earth.

The morning smiled on, but nae kirk-bell was ringing;
Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the hill;
The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm tune was singing,
And I miss'd the wee voices sae sweet and sae shrill.

I look'd owre the quiet o' death's empty dwelling;
The laverock walk'd mute 'mid the sorrowful scene,
And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould were swelling
Owre the kirkyard o' Denholm, last simmer sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither;
The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed;
At play the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither;
At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd lay dead.

Oh! in spring-time 'tis eerie, when winter is over,
And birds should be glinting owre forest and lea,
When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves cover,
And nae blackbird sings loud frae the tap o' his tree.

But eerier far, when the spring-land rejoices,
And laughs back to heaven with gratitude bright,
To hearken, and naewhere hear sweet human voices
When man's soul is dark in the season o' light!

ON A HIGHLAND GLEN.

To whom belongs this valley fair
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing?
Silent, as infant at the breast,
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
Her clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or mid the silence lie:
By that blue arch this beauteous earth,
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

O! that this lovely vale were mine!
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

Then would unto my soul be given,
From furnace of that gracious heaven,
A purity sublime;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of time.

And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale? I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul.
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint-heirs of the whole.

Yea! long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept his temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies.

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE Sleep! wilt thou lay thy head
For one little hour on thy lover's bed,
And none but the silent stars of night
Shall witness be to our delight?

Alas! 'tis said that the couch must be
Of the eider-down that is spread for thee,
So I in my sorrow must lie alone,
For mine, sweet Sleep! is a couch of stone.

Music to thee, I know, is dear;
Then the saddest of music is ever here,
For Grief sits with me in my cell,
And she is a syren who singeth well.

But thou, glad Sleep! lov'st gladsome airs,
And wilt only come to thy lover's prayers,
When the bells of merriment are ringing,
And bliss with liquid voice is singing.

Fair Sleep! so long in thy beauty woo'd,
No rival hast thou in my solitude,
Be mine, my love, and we two will lie
Embraced for ever, or awake to die!

Dear Sleep, farewell! hour, hour, hour, hour,
Will slowly bring on the gleam of morrow;
But thou art Joy's faithful paramour,
And lie wilt thou not in the arms of Sorrow.

DAVID WEBSTER.

DAVID WEBSTER was born in Dunblane, on the 25th September 1787. He was the second of a family of eight children born to his parents, who occupied the humbler condition of life. By his father, he was destined for the Church, but the early death of this parent put a check on his juvenile aspirations. He was apprenticed to a weaver in Paisley, and continued, with occasional intermissions, to prosecute the labours of the loom. His life was much chequered by misfortune. Fond of society, he was led to associate with some dissolute persons, who professed to be admirers of his genius, and was enticed by their example to neglect the concerns of business for the delusive pleasures of the tavern. From his youth he composed verses. In 1835, he published, in parts, a volume of poems and songs, with the title, "Original Scottish Rhymes." His style is flowing and graceful, and many of his pieces are marked by keen satire and happy humour. The songs inserted in the present work are favourable specimens of his manner. He died on the 22d January 1837, in his fiftieth year.

TAK' IT, MAN, TAK' IT.

TUNE—"*Brose and Butter.*"

WHEN I was a miller in Fife,
Losh! I thought that the sound o' the happer
Said, Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,
To help to be brose to your supper.
Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
But someway by random it racket;
For I lifted twa neivefu' or mair,
While the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill and the kill,
The garland and gear for my cogie,
Hey for the whisky and yill,
That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Although it's been lang in repute
For rogues to mak' rich by deceiving,
Yet I see that it does not weel suit
Honest men to begin to the thieving;
For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
Oh! I thought ilka dunt it would crack it;
Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,
Still the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill, etc.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
Might be deaved wi' its clamorous clapper;
Yet there's few but would suffer the sough
After kenning what's said by the happer.
I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
Saying, Shame, is your conscience no checkit?
But when I grew dry for a horn,
It changed aye to Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill, etc.

The smugglers whiles came wi' their pocks,
'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker;
Sae I bartered whiles wi' the gowks,
Ga'e them grain for a soup o' their liquor.
I had lang been accustom'd to drink,
And aye when I purposed to quat it,
That thing wi' its clappertie clink
Said aye to me, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill, etc.

But the warst thing I did in my life,
Nae doubt but ye'll think I was wrang o't,
Od! I tauld a bit bodie in Fife,
A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't;
I have aye had a voice a' my days,
But for singing I ne'er got the knack o't;
Yet I tried whiles, just thinking to please
The greedy wi' Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill, etc.

Now, miller and a' as I am,
This far I can see through the matter,
There's men mair notorious to fame,
Mair greedy than me or the muter!
For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
Or wi' safety the half we may mak' it,
Had some speaking happer within,
That said to them, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Hey for the mill, etc.

OH, SWEET WERE THE HOURS.

AIR—"*Gregor Arora.*"

OH, sweet were the hours
That I spent wi' my Flora,
In yon gay shady bowers,
Roun' the linn o' the Cora!

Her breath was the zephyrs
That waft frae the roses,
And skim o'er the heath
As the summer day closes.

I told her my love-tale,
Which seem'd to her cheering;
Then she breathed on the soft gale
Her song so endearing.

The rock echoes ringing
Seem'd charm'd wi' my story;
And the birds, sweetly singing,
Replied to my Flora.

The sweet zephyr her breath
As it wafts frae the roses,
And skims o'er the heath
As the summer day closes.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THOMAS PRINGLE was born on the 5th of January 1789 at Blaiklaw, in Teviotdale, a farm rented by his father, and of which his progenitors had been tenants for a succession of generations. By an accident in infancy, he suffered dislocation of one of his limbs, which rendered the use of crutches necessary for life. Attending the grammar school of Kelso for three years, he entered as a student the University of Edinburgh. From his youth he had devoted himself to extensive reading, and during his attendance at college he formed the resolution of adopting literature as a profession. In 1808 he accepted the appointment of copying-clerk in the General Register House, occupying his intervals of leisure in composition. He published, in 1811—in connection with his ingenious friend, Robert Story, afterwards minister of Roseneath—a

poem entitled, "The Institute," which obtained a considerable share of public favour. In 1816 he became a contributor to Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology;" and produced an excellent imitation of the poetical style of Sir Walter Scott for Hogg's "Poetic Mirror." Concurring with Hogg in a proposal to establish a new monthly periodical, in order to supersede the *Scots' Magazine*, which had much sunk in the literary scale, he united with him in submitting the scheme to Mr Blackwood, who was then becoming known as an enterprising publisher. By Mr Blackwood the proposal was well received; a periodical was originated under the title of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, and Pringle relinquished his post in the Register House to undertake the editorship. In April 1817 the first number of the magazine appeared, adorned with contributions from Wilson, Lockhart, the Shepherd, and others of literary reputation. An interesting article on "Gypsies" was Pringle's own contribution, the materials being supplied to him by Sir Walter Scott. The occurrence of serious differences between the editor and publisher, however, soon menaced the continuance of a periodical which had commenced so prosperously; the result was, the withdrawal of Pringle from the concern, and an announcement in the September number that the magazine was discontinued. The discontinuance was merely nominal: a new series, under the title of *Blackwood's Magazine*, appeared in October, under the literary superintendence of Wilson; while, in the August preceding, Pringle had originated, under the publishing auspices of Mr Constable, *The Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, as a new series of the *Scots' Magazine*. In the first number of Mr Blackwood's new series appeared the celebrated "Chaldee MS.," a humorous pasquinade, chiefly directed against Pringle and his literary friend Cleghorn, and which, on account of its evident personalities, was afterwards cancelled.

Besides conducting Constable's magazine, Pringle undertook the editorship of *The Star*, a bi-weekly newspaper; but he was led soon to renounce both these literary appointments. He now published the "Autumnal Excursion, and other Poems;" but finding, in spite of every effort, that he was unable to support himself by literature, he resumed, early in 1819, his humble situation in the Register House.

When his literary affairs were prosperous, Pringle had entered into the married state, but his present emoluments were wholly unequal to the comfortable maintenance of his family. He formed the resolution of emigrating to South Africa, then a favourite colony, and a number of his wife's relatives and his own consented to accompany him. In February 1820 he embarked for the Cape, along with his father and other relatives, in all numbering twenty-four persons. The emigrants landed on the 5th of June, and forthwith took possession of the territory assigned them by the home government, extending to 20,000 acres, situate in the upper part of the valley of Baaviars River, a tributary of the Great Fish River. In this place, which the colonists designated Glen-lynden, Pringle remained about two years, till his friends were comfortably settled. He thereafter proceeded to Cape Town, in quest of literary employment. He was appointed keeper of the Government Library, with a salary of £75, and soon after found himself at the head of a flourishing educational establishment. He now established a periodical, which he designated the *South African Commercial Advertiser*, and became editor of a weekly newspaper, originated by an enterprising printer. But misfortune continued to attend his literary adventures: in consequence of certain interferences of the local government, he was compelled to abandon both his periodical and newspaper, while the opposition of the administrative officials led to his seminary being deserted. Leaving the colony for Britain, he arrived in London in July 1826; and failing to obtain from the Home Government a reparation of his losses in the colony, he was necessitated anew to seek a precarious subsistence from literature. An article which he had written on slavery, in the *New*

Monthly Magazine, led to his appointment as secretary to the Anti-slavery Society. This situation, so admirably suited to his talents and predilections, he continued to hold till the office became unnecessary, by the legislative abolition of slavery on the 27th of June 1834. He now became desirous of returning to the Cape, but was meanwhile seized with a pulmonary affection, which proved fatal on the 5th December 1834, in his forty-sixth year. His remains were interred in Bunhill Field Cemetery, where a tombstone, with an inscription by his poetical friend William Kennedy, has been erected to his memory.

As a poet, Pringle is chiefly remarkable for elegance of versification, perspicuity of sentiment, and deep and generous feeling. A thorough patriot, some of his best songs on subjects connected with Scottish scenery were written on the plains of Africa. Beneficent in disposition, and conciliatory in private intercourse, he was especially uncompromising in the maintenance of his political opinions; and to this peculiarity may be traceable some of his earlier misfortunes. In person he was under the middle height; his countenance was open and benignant, with a well-developed forehead. He was much influenced by sincere religious convictions. His poetical works, with a memoir by Mr Leitch Ritchie, have been published by Mr Moxon for the benefit of his widow.

FAREWELL TO BONNIE TEVIOTDALE.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu;
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
Ye streams renown'd in song;
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, the blythesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The mossy cave and mouldering tower,
That skirt our native dells;
The martyr's grave and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love—our father's home—
Land of the brave and free—
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the western main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

By the lone Mankayana's margin grey
A Scottish maiden sung;
And mournfully pour'd her melting lay
In Teviot's border-tongue:
O bonnie grows the broom on Blaiklaw knowes,
And the birk in Clifton dale;
And green are the hills o' the milk-white ewes
By the briery banks o' Cayle!

Here bright are the skies; and these valleys of bloom
May enchant the traveller's eye;
But all seems dress'd in death-like gloom
To the exile who comes to die!
O bonnie grows the broom, etc.

Far round and round spreads the howling waste,
Where the wild beast roams at will;
And yawning cleughs, by woods embraced,
Where the savage lurks to kill!
O bonnie grows the broom, etc.

Full oft over Cheviot's uplands green
My dreaming fancy strays;
But I wake to weep 'mid the desolate scene
That scowls on my aching gaze!
O bonnie grows the broom, etc.

Oh light, light is poverty's lowliest state
On Scotland's peaceful strand,
Compared with the heart-sick exile's fate
In this wild and weary land!
O bonnie grows the broom, etc.

COME AWA', COME AWA'.

Come awa', come awa',
An' o'er the march wi' me, lassie;
Leave your southron wooers a',
My winsome bride to be, lassie!
Lands nor gear I proffer you,
Nor gauds to busk ye fine, lassie;
But I've a heart that's leal and true,
And a' that heart is thine, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And see the kindly north, lassie,
Out o'er the peaks o' Lammerlair,
And by the Links o' Forth, lassie!
And when we tread the heather-bell,
Aboon Demayat lea, lassie,
You'll view the land o' flood and fell,
The noble north countrie, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And leave your southland hame, lassie;
The kirk is near, the ring is here,
And I'm your Donald Græme, lassie!
Rock and reel and spinning-wheel,
And English cottage trig, lassie;
Haste, leave them a', wi' me to speel
The braes 'yont Stirling brig, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
I ken your heart is mine, lassie,
And true love shall make up for a'
For whilk ye might repine, lassie!
Your father he has gi'en consent,
Your step-dame looks na kind, lassie;
O that our feet were on the bent,
An' the lowlands far behind, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
Ye'll ne'er ha'e cause to rue, lassie;
My cot blinks blythe beneath the shaw,
My bonnie Avondhu, lassie!
There's birk and slae on ilka brae,
And brackens waving fair, lassie,
And gleaming lochs and mountains grey—
Can aught wi' them compare, lassie?
Come awa', come awa', etc.

WILLIAM KNOX.

William Knox, a short-lived poet of considerable merit, was born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, on the 17th August 1789.* His father, Thomas Knox, espoused Barbara Turnbull, the widow of a country gentleman, Mr Pott, of Todrig in Selkirkshire; and of this marriage, William was the eldest son. He was educated at the parish school of Lilliesleaf, and, subsequently, at the grammar school of Musselburgh. In 1812, he became lessee of the farm of Wrae, near Langholm, Dumfriesshire; but his habits were not those of a thriving farmer, and, at the expiry of five years, he was led to abandon his lease. His parents had, meanwhile, removed to the farm of Todrig, and he returned thither to the shelter of the parental roof. In 1820, the family, who had fallen into straitened circumstances, proceeded to Edinburgh, where they opened a lodging-house. William now devoted his attention to literature, contributing extensively to the public journals. From his youth he had composed verses. In 1818, he published "The Lonely Hearth, and other Poems," 12mo; in 1824, "The Songs of Israel," 12mo; and in April 1825, a third duodecimo volume of lyrics, entitled "The Harp of Zion." His poetical merits attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, who afforded him kindly countenance and occasional pecuniary assistance. He likewise enjoyed the friendly encouragement of Professor Wilson, and other men of letters.

Of amiable and benevolent dispositions, Knox fell a victim to the undue gratification of his social propensities; he was seized with paralysis, and died at Edinburgh on the 12th of November 1825, at the early age of thirty-six. His poetry, always smooth and harmonious, is largely pervaded with pathetic and religious sentiment. Some of his Scriptural paraphrases are exquisite specimens of sacred verse. A new edition of his poetical works was published at London, in 1847. Besides his poetical works, he published "A Visit to Dublin," and a Christmas tale entitled "Marianne; or, the Widower's Daughter." He left several compositions in prose and verse, but these have not been published by his executors.

* Lilliesleaf Register of Births.

Knox was short in stature, but handsomely formed ; his complexion was fair, and his hair of a light colour. Subject to a variation of spirits in private, he was generally cheerful in society. He sang or repeated his own songs with much enthusiasm, and was keenly alive to his literary reputation. Possessing a fund of humour, he excelled in relating curious anecdotes.

THE DEAR LAND OF CAKES.

O BRAVE Caledonians ! my brothers, my friends,
Now sorrow is borne on the wings of the winds ;
Care sleeps with the sun in the seas of the west,
And courage is lull'd in the warrior's breast.
Here social pleasure enlivens each heart,
And friendship is ready its warmth to impart;
The goblet is fill'd, and each worn one partakes,
To drink plenty and peace to the dear land of cakes.

Though the Bourbon may boast of his vine-cover'd hills,
Through each bosom the tide of depravity thrills;
Though the Indian may sit in his green orange bowers,
There slavery's wail counts the wearisome hours.
Though our island is beat by the storms of the north,
There blaze the bright meteors of valour and worth ;
There the loveliest rose-bud of beauty awakes
From that cradle of virtue, the dear land of cakes.

O valour ! thou guardian of freedom and truth,
Thou stay of old age, and thou guidance of youth !
Still, still thy enthusiast transports pervade
The breast that is wrapt in the green tartan plaid.
And ours are the shoulders that never shall bend
To the rod of a tyrant, that scourge of a land ;
Ours the bosoms no terror of death ever shakes,
When call'd in defence of the dear land of cakes.

Shall the ghosts of our fathers, aloft on each cloud
When the rage of the battle is dreadful and loud,
See us shrink from our standard with fear and dismay,
And leave to our foemen the pride of the day?
No, by heavens, we will stand to our honour and trust !
Till our heart's blood be shed on our ancestors' dust,
Till we sink to the slumber no war-trumpet breaks,
Beneath the brown heath of the dear land of cakes.

O, peace to the ashes of those that have bled,
For the land where the proud thistle raises its head !
O, peace to the ashes of those gave us birth,
In a land freedom renders the boast of the earth !
Though their lives are extinguish'd, their spirit remains,
And swells in their blood that still runs in our veins;
Still their deathless achievements our ardour awakes,
For the honour and weal of the dear land of cakes.

Ye sons of old Scotia, ye friends of my heart,
From our word, from our trust, let us never depart;
Nor e'er from our foe till with victory crown'd,
And the balm of compassion is pour'd in his wound;
And still to our bosom be honesty dear,
And still to our loves and our friendships sincere;
And, till heaven's last thunder the firmament shakes,
May happiness beam on the dear land of cakes !

TO MARY.

FAREWELL ! and though my steps depart
From scenes for ever dear,
O Mary ! I must leave my heart
And all my pleasures here;
And I must cherish in my mind,
Where'er my lot shall be,
A thought of her I leave behind—
A hopeless thought of thee.

O Mary ! I can ne'er forget
The charm thy presence brought;
No hour has pass'd since first we met,
But thou hast shared my thought.
At early morn, at sultry noon,
Beneath the spreading tree,
And, wandering by the evening moon,
Still, still I think of thee.

Yea, thou hast come to cheer my dream,
And bid me grieve no more,
But at the morn's returning gleam,
I sorrow'd as before;
Yet thou shalt still partake my care,
And when I bend the knee,
And pour to Heaven a fervent prayer,
I will remember thee.

Farewell! and when my steps depart,
Though many a grief be mine,
And though I may conceal my own,
I'll weep to hear of thine.

Though from thy memory soon depart
Each little trace of me,
'Tis only in the grave this heart
Can cease to think of thee.

WILLIAM THOM.

WILLIAM THOM, commonly styled "The Inverury Poet," was born at Aberdeen in 1789. His father, who was a shopkeeper, dying during his infancy, he was placed by his mother at a school taught by a female, from whom he received the greater amount of his juvenile education. At the age of ten, he was put to a cotton-factory, where he served an apprenticeship of four years. He was subsequently employed, during a period of nearly twenty years, in the large weaving-factory of Gordon, Barron, & Co. In 1827, he removed to Dundee; and shortly after to the village of Newtyle, in Strathmore, at both of these places working as a hand-loom weaver. Thrown out of employment, in consequence of a stagnation in the manufacturing world, he was subjected, in his person and family, to much penury and suffering. At length, disposing of his articles of household furniture, he purchased a few wares, and taking his wife and children along with him, commenced the precarious life of a pedlar. In his published "Recollections," he has supplied a heart-rending narrative of the privations attendant on his career as a wanderer; his lodgings were frequently in the farmer's barn, and, on one of these occasions, one of his children perished from cold and starvation. The contents of his pack becoming exhausted, he derived the means of subsistence by playing on the flute, and disposing of copies of verses. After wandering over a wide district as a pedlar, flute-player, and itinerant poet, he resumed his original occupation of weaving in Kinross. He subsequently sought employment as a weaver in Aberdeen, where he remained about a year. In 1840 he proceeded to Inverury; and it was while he was resident in this place that his beautiful stanzas, entitled "The Blind Boy's Pranks," appeared in the columns of the *Aberdeen Herald* newspaper. These verses were copied into many of the public journals; they particularly arrested the attention of Mr Gordon of Knockespock, a landed proprietor in Aberdeenshire, who, ascertaining the indigent circumstances of the author, transmitted to him a handsome donation, and desired to form his acquaintance. The poet afterwards accompanied Mr Gordon to London, who introduced him as a man of genius to the fashionable and literary circles of the metropolis. In 1844 he published a small volume of poems and songs, with a brief autobiography, under the title of "Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-Loom Weaver." This volume was well received; and on a second visit to London, Thom was entertained at a public dinner by many distinguished literary persons of the metropolis. From admirers, both in India and America, he received pecuniary acknowledgments of his genius. He now attempted to establish himself in London in connection with the press, but without success. Returning to Scotland, he took up his abode in Dundee; where, after a period of distress and penury, he breathed his last on the 29th February 1848.

In respect of pure and simple pathos, some of Thom's lyrics are unequalled among the compositions of any of the national bards. Than "The Mitherless Bairn," it may be questioned whether there is to be found in the language any lyrical composition more delicately plaintive. It is lamentable to think that one who could write so tenderly should, by a dissolute life, have been the author of many of his own misfortunes, and a constant barrier to every attempt for his permanent elevation. In

person, he was rather below the middle stature; his countenance was thoughtful, but marked with the effects of bodily suffering. Owing to a club-foot, his gait was singularly awkward. He excelled in conversation, and his manner was pleasing and conciliatory.

THEY SPEAK O' WILES.

AIR—"*Gin a bodie meet a bodie.*"

THEY speak o' wiles in woman's smiles,
An' ruin in her ee;
I ken they bring a pang at whiles
That's unco sair to dree;
But mind ye this, the half-ta'en kiss,
The first fond fa'in' tear,
Is, heaven kens, fu' sweet amends,
An' tints o' heaven here.

When two leal hearts in fondness meet,
Life's tempests howl in vain;
The very tears o' love are sweet
When paid with tears again.
Shall hapless prudence shake its pow?
Shall cauldrife caution fear?
Oh, dinna, dinna droun the lowe,
That lichts a heaven here!

What though we're ca'd a wee before
The stale "three score an' ten?"
When Joy keeks kindly at your door,
Aye bid her welcome ben.
About yon blissfu' bowers above
Let doubtfu' mortals speir;
Sae weel ken we that "heaven is love,"
Since love makes heaven here.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.*

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly-rock'd bed
Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na' the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na' harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

THE LASS O' KINTORE.

AIR—"*Oh, as I was kiss'd yestreen.*"

AT hame or afield I am cheerless an' lone,
I'm dull on the Ury, an' droop by the Don;
Their murmur is noisy, and fashious to hear,
An' the lay o' the lintie fa's dead on my ear.
I hide frae the morn, and whaur naebody sees;
I greet to the burnie, an' sich to the breeze;
Though I sich till I'm silly, an' greet till I dee,
Kintore is the spot in this world for me.
But the lass o' Kintore, oh! the lass o' Kintore,
Be warned awa' frae the lass o' Kintore;
There's a love-luring look that I ne'er kent afore
Steals cannily hame to the heart at Kintore.

They bid me forget her, oh! how can it be?
In kindness or scorn she's ever wi' me;
I feel her fell frown in the lift's frosty blue,
An' I weel ken her smile in the lily's saft hue.
I try to forget her, but canna forget,
I've liked her lang, an' I aye like her yet;
My poor heart may wither, may waste to its core,
But forget her, oh never! the lass o' Kintore!
Oh! the wood o' Kintore, the holmes o' Kintore!
The love-lichtin' ee that I ken at Kintore;
I'll wander afar, an' I'll never look more
On the grey glance o' Peggy, or bonnie Kintore!

* An Inverury correspondent writes: "Thom gave me the following narrative as to the origin of 'The Mitherless Bairn;' I quote his own words—'When I was livin' in Aberdeen, I was limping roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpin' a bairn, when out cam a big dame, bellowin', "Ye hussie, will ye lick a mitherless bairn!" I hobbled up the stair, and wrote the sang afore sleepin'.'"

MY HAMELESS HA'.

Oh! how can I be cheerie in this hameless ha'?
The very sun glints eerie on the gilded wa';
An' aye the nicht sae drearie,
Ere the dowie morn daw,
Whan I canna win to see you,
My Jamie, ava'.

Though mony miles between us, an' far, far frae me,
The bush that wont to screen us frae the cauld warl's ee,
Its leaves may waste and wither,
But its branches winna fa';
An' hearts may haud thegither,
Though frien's drap awa'.

Ye promised to speak o' me to the lanesome moon,
An' weird kind wishes to me, in the lark's saft soun';
I doat upon that moon
Till my very heart fills fu',
An' aye yon birdie's tune
Gars me greet for you.

Then how can I be cheerie in the stranger's ha'?
A gowden prison drearie, my luckless fa'!
'Tween leavin' o' you, Jamie,
An' ills that sorrow me,
I'm wearie o' the warl',
An' carena though I dee.

WILLIAM GLEN.

William Glen is entitled to an honourable place in the song-literature of his country. His progenitors were persons of consideration in the county of Renfrew.* His father, Alexander Glen, a Glasgow merchant in the Russian trade, married Jane Burns, sister of the Rev. Dr Burns, minister of Renfrew; and of a family of three sons, the poet was the eldest. He was born in Queen Street, Glasgow, on the 14th of November 1789. In 1803, when the regiment of Glasgow Volunteer Sharp-shooters was formed, he joined the corps as a lieutenant. He afterwards followed the mercantile profession, and engaged in the West India trade. For some time he resided in one of the West India Islands. In 1814 he became one of the managers of the "Merchant's House" of Glasgow, and a director of the "Chamber of Commerce." During the same year, being unfortunate in merchandise, he was induced to abandon the concerns of business. He afterwards derived the means of support from an uncle who resided in Russia; but his circumstances were ultimately much clouded by misfortune. During the last eight years of his career, his summers were spent at Reinagour, in the parish of Aberfoyle, where he resided with an uncle of his wife. After several years of delicate health, he died in Edwin Place, Gorbals, Glasgow, in December 1826.

William Glen was about six feet in height; his person, which was originally slender, afterwards became portly. He was of a fair complexion, and his countenance generally wore a smile. His manners were pleasing, and he cherished a keen relish for congenial society. In 1815 he published a thin duodecimo volume of verses, entitled "Poems, chiefly Lyrical;" but the majority of his metrical compositions seem to have been confined to his repositories. A quarto volume of his MSS. is in the possession of Mr Gabriel Neil of Glasgow, who has made it available in the preparation of this work. Interspersed with the poetry in the MS. volume, are pious reflections on the trials and disappointments incident to human life.

* Allanus Glen, *armiger*, is witness to an instrument conveying the fishing of Crockat-shot to the "Monks of Pasly," in 1452. James Glen, the successor of this person, obtained from Robert, abbot of Paisley, the lands of Bar, Bridge-end, and Lyntchels, within the Lordship of Paisley. James Glen of Bar joined the troops of Queen Mary at the battle of Langside, for which act he was forfeited by the Regent, but was restored in 1573 by the treaty of Perth. Archibald Glen, a younger son of the proprietor of Bar, was minister of Carmunnock, and died in February 1614. Of two sons, Robert, the elder, succeeded him in the living of Carmunnock; the other, named Thomas, was a prosperous trader in the Saltmarket of Glasgow; he died in 1735. His son Alexander was the poet's father

WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

TUNE—"*Johnny Faa.*"

A WEE bird cam to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet an' clearly,
An' aye the owercome o' his sang
Was, "Waes me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! whan I heard the bonnie soun',
The tears cam drappin' rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a song ye borrow?
Are thae some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dule an' sorrow?"
"Oh, no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic' a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie.

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger;
On every side he's press'd by want—
On every side is danger.
Yestreen I saw him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie.

"Dark night cam on, the tempest roar'd
Loud o'er the hills and valleys;
An' whare was't that your Prince lay doun,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie."

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger:
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
He hover'd on the wing a while,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewell strain
Was, "Waes me for Prince Charlie."

MARY OF SWEET ABERFOYLE.*

THE sun hadna peep'd frae behind the dark billow,
The slow-sinking moon half illumined the scene,
As I lifted my head frae my care-haunted pillow,
An' wander'd to muse on the days that were gane.
Sweet hope seem'd to smile o'er ideas romantic,
An' gay were the dreams that my soul would beguile;
But my eyes fill'd wi' tears as I view'd the Atlantic,
An' thought on my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

Though far frae my hame in a tropical wild-wood,
Yet the fields o' my forefathers rose on my view;
An' I wept when I thought on the days of my childhood,
An' the vision was painful the brighter it grew.
Sweet days! when my bosom with rapture was swelling,
Though I knew it not then, it was love made me smile;
Oh! the snaw-wreath is pure where the moon-beams are dwelling,
Yet as pure is my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

Now far in the east the sun slowly rising,
Brightly gilded the top of the tall cabbage tree;
And sweet was the scene such wild beauties comprising,
As might have fill'd the sad mourner with rapture and glee.
But my heart felt nae rapture, nae pleasant emotion,
The saft springs o' pleasure had lang, lang been seal'd;
I thought on my home 'cross a wide stormy ocean,
And wept for my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

The orange was bathed in the dews o' the morning,
An' the bright draps bespangled the clustering vine;
White were the blossoms the lime-tree adorning,
An' brown was the apple that grew on the pine,
Were I as free as an Indian chieftain,
Sic beautiful scenes might give pleasure the while;
But the joy o' a slave is aye waverin' an' shiftin',
An' a slave I'm to Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

When the mirk cloud o' fortune aboon my head gathers,
An' the golden shower fa's whare it ne'er fell before;
Oh! then I'll revisit the land of my fathers,
An' clasp to this bosom the lass I adore.
Hear me, ye angels, who watch o'er my maiden
(Like ane o' yoursels she is free frae a' guile),
Pure as was love in the garden o' Eden,
Sae pure is my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

* This song was composed while the author resided in the West Indies. It is printed for the first time in this work.

THE BATTLE-SONG.*

Raise high the battle-song
To the heroes of our land;
Strike the bold notes loud and long
To Great Britain's warlike band.
Burst away like a whirlwind of flame,
Wild as the lightning's wing;
Strike the boldest, sweetest string,
And deathless glory sing—
To their fame.

See Corunna's bloody bed!
'Tis a sad, yet glorious scene;
There the imperial eagle fled,
And there our chief was slain.
Green be the turf upon the warrior's breast,
High honours seal'd his doom,
And eternal laurels bloom
Round the poor and lowly tomb
Of his rest.

Strong was his arm of might
When the war-flag was unfurl'd;
But his soul, when peace shone bright,
Beam'd love to all the world.
And his name, through endless ages, shall endure;
High deeds are written fair
In that scroll, which time must spare,
And thy fame's recorded there—
Noble Moore.

Yonder's Barossa's height
Rising full upon my view,
Where was fought the bloodiest fight
That Iberia ever knew,
Where Albion's bold sons to victory were led.
With bay'nets levell'd low
They rush'd upon the foe,
Like an avalanche of snow
From its bed.

Sons of the "Lonely Isle,"
Your native courage rose,
When surrounded for a while
By the thousands of your foes.
But dauntless was your chief, that meteor of war;
He resistless led ye on,
Till the bloody field was won,
And the dying battle-groan
Sunk afar.

Our song Balgowan share,
Home of the chieftain's rest;
For thou art a lily fair
In Caledonia's breast.
Breathe, sweetly breathe, a soft love-soothing strain,
For beauty there doth dwell
In the mountain, flood, or fell,
And throws her witching spell
O'er the scene.

But not Balgowan's charms
Could lure the chief to stay;
For the foe were up in arms
In a country far away.

He rush'd to battle, and he won his fame;
Ages may pass by,
Fleet as the summer's sigh,
But thy name shall never die—
Gallant Græme.*

Strike again the boldest strings
To our great commander's praise;
Who to our memory brings
"The deeds of other days."
Peal for a lofty spirit-stirring strain;
The blaze of hope illumes
Iberia's deepest glooms,
And the eagle shakes his plumes
There in vain.

High is the foeman's pride,
For they are sons of war;
But our chieftain rolls the tide
Of battle back afar.
A braver hero in the field ne'er shone;
Let bards, with loud acclaim,
Heap laurels on his fame,
"Singing glory" to the name
of Wellington.

Could I with soul of fire
Guide my wild unsteady hand,
I would strike the quivering wire,
Till it rung throughout the land.
Of all its war-like heroes would I sing;
Were powers to soar thus given,
By the blast of genius driven,
I would sweep the highest heaven
With my wing.

Yet still this trembling flight
May point a bolder way,
Ere the lonely beam of night
Steals on my setting day.
Till then, sweet harp, hang on the willow-tree;
And when I come again,
Thou wilt not sound in vain,
For I'll strike thy highest strain—
Bold and free.

THE MAID OF ORONSEY.*

Oh! stopna, bonnie bird, that strain;
Frae hopeless love itsel' it flows;
Sweet bird, oh! warble it again,
Thou'st touch'd the string o' a' my woes;
Oh! lull me with it to repose,
I'll dream of her who's far away,
And fancy, as my eyelids close,
Will meet the maid of Oronsey.

Couldst thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thou'dst leave thy native grove,
And fly to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;

* Printed for the first time, from the author's MS. volume.

* The "gallant Græme," Lord Lynedoch, on hearing this song at a Glasgow theatre, was so moved by the touching reference of the poet to his achievements, and the circumstances of his joining the army, that he openly burst into tears.

† Printed for the first time in this work.

Soft as the cooings of the dove,
Thou'dst sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity and to love
The bonny maid of Oronsey.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep,
The song sad recollections bring;
Oh! fly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'Twill to her faithless bosom fling
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far's the isle of Oronsey.

Then, bonny bird, wi' mony a tear
I'll mourn beside this hoary thorn,
And thou wilt find me sitting here,
Ere thou canst hail the dawn o' morn;
Then high on airy pinions borne,
Thou'lt chant a sang o' love an' wae,
An' soothe me, weeping at the scorn
Of the sweet maid of Oronsey.

And when around my weary head,
Soft pillow'd where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
An' close for aye my tearfu' eye;
Perch'd on some bonnie branch on high,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my "spirit, passing by"
To meet the maid of Oronsey.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

TUNE—"*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

SING a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gi'e to gallant Graham,
Heap laurels on our marshal's fame
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British lion shook his mane
On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blustering Suchet crously crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
An' Jourdan wish his baton back
He left upon Vittoria.
If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scots piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gi'e truth and honour to the Dane,
Gi'e German's monarch heart and brain,
But aye in sic a cause as Spain
Gi'e Britain a Vittoria.
The English rose was ne'er sae red,
The shamrock waved whare glory led,
An' the Scottish thistle rear'd its head
In joy upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought an' many fell,
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' cauld an' pale as wreathes o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Peace to the souls, then, o' the brave,
Let all their trophies for them wave,
And green be our Cadogan's grave
Upon thy fields, Vittoria.
Shout on, my boys, your glasses drain,
And fill a bumper up again,
Pledge to the leading star o' Spain,
The hero of Vittoria.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

AIR—"*Blink over the burn, sweet Betty.*"

BLINK over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I'll gang alang wi' thee;
Though father and mither forbade it,
Forbidden I wadna be;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I'll gang alang wi' thee.

The cheek o' my love's like the rose-bud,
Blushing red wi' the mornin' dew,
Her hair's o' the loveliest auburn,
Her ee's o' the bonniest blue;
Her lips are like threads o' the scarlet,
Disclosing a pearly row;
Her high-swelling, love-heaving bosom
Is white as the mountain snow.

But it isna her beauty that hauds me,
A glitterin' chain winna lang bind;
'Tis her heavenly seraph-like sweetness,
An' the graces adornin' her mind;
She's dear to my soul as the sunbeam
Is dear to the summer's morn,
An' she says, though her father forbade it,
She'll ne'er break the vows she has sworn.

Her father's a canker'd auld carle,
He swears he will ne'er gi'e consent;
Such carles should never get daughters,
Unless they can mak' them content;
But she says, though her father forbade it,
Forbidden she winna be;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I'll gang alang wi' thee.

DAVID VEDDER.

DAVID VEDDER was the son of a small landowner in the parish of Burness, Orkney, where he was born in 1790. He had the misfortune to lose both his parents ere he had completed his twelfth year, and was led to choose the nautical profession. At the age of twenty-two, he obtained the rank of captain of a vessel, in which he performed several voyages to Greenland. In 1815, he entered the revenue service as first-officer of an armed cruiser, and in five years after was raised to the post of tide-surveyor. He first discharged the duties of this office at Montrose, and subsequently at the ports of Kirkcaldy, Dundee, and Leith.

A writer of verses from his boyhood, Vedder experienced agreeable relaxation from his arduous duties as a seaman, in the invocation of the muse. He sung of the grandeur and terrors of the ocean. His earlier compositions were contributed to some of the northern newspapers; but before he attained his majority, his productions found admission into the periodicals. In 1826, he published "The Covenanter's Communion, and other Poems," a work which was very favourably received. His reputation as a poet was extended by the publication, in 1832, of a second volume, under the title of "Orcadian Sketches." This work, a *melange* of prose and poetry, contains some of his best compositions in verse; and several of the prose sketches are remarkable for fine and forcible description. In 1839, he edited the "Poetical Remains of Robert Fraser," prefaced with an interesting memoir.

Immediately on the death of Sir Walter Scott, Vedder published a memoir of that illustrious person, which commanded a ready and wide circulation. In 1842, he gave to the world an edition of his collected poems, in an elegant duodecimo volume. In 1848, he supplied the letterpress for a splendid volume, entitled "Lays and Lithographs," published by his son-in-law, Mr Frederick Schenck of Edinburgh. His last work was a new English version of the quaint old story of "Reynard the Fox," which was published with elegant illustrations. To many of the more popular magazines and serials he was in the habit of contributing; articles from his pen adorned the pages of *Constable's Edinburyh Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, the *Christian Herald*, *Tait's Magazine*, and *Chambers's Journal*. He wrote the letterpress for Geikie's volume of "Etchings," and furnished songs for George Thomson's "Musical Miscellany," Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," and Robertson's "Whistlebinkie." At the time of his death, he was engaged in the preparation of a ballad on the subject of the persecutions of the Covenanters. In 1852, he was placed upon the retired list of revenue officers, and thereafter established his residence in Edinburgh. He died at Newington, in that city, on the 11th February 1854, in his 64th year. His remains were interred in the Southern Cemetery.

Considerably above the middle height, Vedder was otherwise of massive proportions, while his full open countenance was much bronzed by exposure to the weather. Of beneficent dispositions and social habits, he enjoyed the friendship of many of his gifted contemporaries. Thoroughly earnest, his writings partake of the bold and straightforward nature of his character. Some of his prose productions are admirable specimens of vigorous composition; and his poetry, if not characterised by uniformity of power, never descends into weakness. Triumphant in humour, he is eminently a master of the plaintive; his tender pieces breath a deep-toned cadence, and his sacred lyrics are replete with devotional fervour. His Norse ballads are resonant with the echoes of his birth-land, and his songs are to be remarked for their deep pathos and genuine simplicity.

JEANIE'S WELCOME HAME.

LET wrapt musicians strike the lyre,
While plaudits shake the vaulted fane;
Let warriors rush through flood and fire,
A never dying name to gain;
Let bards, on fancy's fervid wing,
Pursue some high or holy theme:
Be't mine, in simple strains, to sing
My darling Jeanie's welcome hame!

Sweet is the morn of flowery May,
When incense breathes from heath and wold—
When laverocks hymn the matin lay,
And mountain peaks are bathed in gold—
And swallows, frae some foreign strand,
Are wheeling o'er the winding stream;
But sweeter to extend my hand,
And bid my Jeanie welcome hame!

Poor collie, our auld-farrant dog,
Will bark wi' joy whene'er she comes;
And baudrons, on the ingle rug,
Will blithely churm at "auld grey-thrums."
The mavis, frae our apple-tree,
Shall warble forth a joyous strain;
The blackbird's mellow minstrelsy
Shall welcome Jeanie hame again!

Like dew-drops on a fading rose,
Maternal tears shall start for thee,
And low-breathed blessings rise like those
Which soothed thy slumb'ring infancy.
Come to my arms, my timid dove!
I'll kiss thy beauteous brow once more;
The fountain of thy father's love
Is welling all its banks out o'er!

I NEITHER GOT PROMISE OF SILLER.

AIR—"*Toddlin' Hame.*"

I NEITHER got promise of siller nor land
With the bonnie wee darling who gave me her hand;
But I got a kind heart with my sweet blushing bride,
And that's proved the bliss of my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my dear fireside,
There's happiness aye at my ain fireside!

Ambition once pointed my view towards rank,
To meadows and manors, and gold in the bank:
'Twas but for an hour; and I cherish with pride
My sweet lovely flower at my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my happy fireside,
My Jeanie's the charm of my ain fireside!

Her accents are music; there's grace in her air;
And purity reigns in her bosom so fair;
She's lovelier now than in maidenly pride,
Though she's long been the joy of my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my happy fireside!
There's harmony still at my ain fireside!

Let the minions of fortune and fashion go roam,
I'm content with the sweet, simple pleasures of home;
Though their wine, wit, and humour flow like a spring-tide,
What are these to the bliss of my dear fireside?
My ain fireside, my cheerie fireside,
There are pleasures untold at my ain fireside!

THERE IS A PANG FOR EVERY HEART.

AIR—"*Gramachree.*"

THERE is a pang for every heart,
A tear for every eye;
There is a knell for every ear,
For every breast a sigh.
There's anguish in the happiest state,
Humanity can prove;
But oh! the torture of the soul
Is unrequited love!

The reptile haunts the sweetest bower,
The rose blooms on the thorn;
There's poison in the fairest flower
That greets the opening morn.
The hemlock and the night-shade spring
In garden and in grove;
But oh! the upas of the soul
Is unrequited love!

Ah! lady, thine inconstancy
Hath made my peace depart;
The unwonted coldness of thine eye
Hath froze thy lover's heart.
Yet with the fibres of that heart
Thine image dear is wove;
Nor can they sever till I die
Of unrequited love!

THE FIRST OF MAY.

AIR—"*The Braes of Balquhidder.*"

Now the beams of May morn
On the mountains are streaming,
And the dews on the corn
Are like diamond-drops gleaming;
And the birds from the bowers
Are in gladness ascending;
And the breath of sweet flowers
With the zephyrs is blending.

And the rose-linnet's thrill,
Overflowing with gladness,
And the wood-pigeon's bill,
Though their notes seem of sadness;
And the jessamine rich
Its soft tendrils is shooting,
From pear and from peach
The bright blossoms are sprouting.

And the lambs on the lea
Are in playfulness bounding,
And the voice of the sea
Is in harmony sounding;

And the streamlet on high
In the morning beam dances,
For all Nature is joy
As sweet summer advances.

Then, my Mary, let's stray
Where the wild-flowers are glowing,
By the banks of the Tay
In its melody flowing;
Thou shalt bathe in May dew,
Like a sweet mountain blossom,
For 'tis bright like thy brow,
And 'tis pure as thy bosom!

SONG OF THE SCOTTISH EXILE.

Oh! the sunny peaches glow,
And the grapes in clusters blush;
And the cooling silver streams
From their sylvan fountains rush;
There is music in the grove,
And there's fragrance on the gale;
But there's nought so dear to me
As my own Highland vale.

Oh! the queen-like virgin rose,
Of the dew and sunlight born,
And the azure violet,
Spread their beauties to the morn;
So does the hyacinth,
And the lily pure and pale;
But I love the daisy best
In my own Highland vale.

Hark! hark! those thrilling notes!
'Tis the nightingale complains;
Oh! the soul of music breathes
In those more than plaintive strains;
But they're not so dear to me
As the murmur of the rill,
And the bleating of the lambs
On my own Highland hill.

Oh! the flow'rets fair may glow,
And the juicy fruits may blush,
And the beauteous birds may sing,
And the crystal streamlets rush;
And the verdant meads may smile,
And the cloudless sun may beam,
But there's nought beneath the skies
Like my own Highland home.

THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

Air—"*He's dear to me, though far frae me.*"

The tempest is raging
And rending the shrouds;
The ocean is waging
A war with the clouds;
The cordage is breaking,
The canvas is torn,
The timbers are creaking—
The seamen forlorn.

The water is gushing
Through hatches and seams;
'Tis roaring and rushing
O'er keelson and beams;
And nought save the lightning
On mainmast or boom,
At intervals bright'ning
The palpable gloom.

Though horrors beset me,
And hurricanes howl,
I may not forget thee,
Beloved of my soul!
Though soon I must perish
In ocean beneath,
Thine image I'll cherish,
Adored one! in death.

JOHN M'DIARMID.

The son of the Rev. Hugh M'Diarmid, minister of the Gaelic church, Glasgow, John M'Diarmid was born in 1790. He received in Edinburgh a respectable elementary education; but, deprived of his father at an early age, he was left unaided to push his fortune in life. For some time he acted as clerk in connection with a bleachfield at Roslin, and subsequently held a situation in the Commercial Bank in Edinburgh. He now attended some classes in the University, while his other spare time was devoted to reading and composition. During two years he was employed in the evenings as amanuensis to Professor Playfair. At one of the College debating societies he improved himself as a public speaker, and subsequently took an active part in the discussions of the "Forum." Fond of verse-making, he composed some spirited lines on the battle of Waterloo, when the first tidings of the victory inspired a thrilling interest in the public mind; the consequence was, the immediate establishment of his reputation. His services were sought by several of the leading publishers, and the accomplished editor of the *Edinburgh Review* offered to receive contributions from his

pen. In 1816 he compiled some works for the bookselling firm of Oliver & Boyd, and towards the end of the same year, in concert with his friends Charles Maclaren and William Ritchie, originated the *Scotsman* newspaper. In January 1817, he accepted the editorship of the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*—a journal which, established in 1809 by Dr Duncan of Ruthwell, chiefly with the view of advocating his scheme of savings' banks, had hitherto been conducted by that ingenious and philanthropic individual.

As editor of a provincial newspaper, M'Diarmid was possessed of the promptitude and business-habits which, in connection with literary ability, are essential for such an office. The *Dumfries Courier*, which had formerly occupied a neutrality in politics, became, under his management, a powerful organ of the liberal party. But the editor was more than a politician; the columns of his journal were enriched with illustrations of the natural history of the district, and sent forth stirring appeals on subjects of social reformation and agricultural improvement. Devoted to his duties as a journalist, he continued to cherish his literary enthusiasm. In 1817 he published an edition of Cowper, with an elegant memoir of the poet's life. "The Scrap-Book," a work of selections and original contributions in prose and verse, appeared in 1820, and was speedily followed by a second volume. In 1823 he composed a memoir of Goldsmith for an edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield," which was published in Edinburgh. The *Dumfries Magazine* was originated under his auspices in 1825, and during the three years of its existence was adorned with contributions from his pen. In 1830 he published "Sketches from Nature," a volume chiefly devoted to the illustration of scenery and character in the districts of Dumfries and Galloway. "The Picture of Dumfries," an illustrated work, appeared in 1832. A description of Moffat, and a life of Nicholson, the Galloway poet, complete the catalogue of his publications. In 1820 he was offered the editorship of the *Caledonian Mercury*, the first-established of Scottish newspapers, but preferred to remain in Dumfries. He ultimately became sole proprietor of the *Courier*, which, under his superintendence, acquired a celebrity rarely attained by a provincial newspaper. In 1847 he was entertained at a public dinner by his fellow-townsmen. His death took place at Dumfries, on the 18th November 1852, in his sixty-third year.

NITHSIDE.

AIR—"*There grows a bonny brier-bush in our kail-yard.*"

WHEN the lark is in the air, the leaf upon the tree,
The butterfly disporting beside the hummel bee;
The scented hedges white, the fragrant meadows pied,
How sweet it is to wander by bonnie Nithside!

When the blackbird piping loud the mavis strives to drown,
And schoolboys seeking nests find each nurs-ling fledged or flown,
To hop 'mong plots and borders, array'd in all their pride,
How sweet at dewy morn to roam by bonnie Nithside!

When the flies are on the stream, 'neath a sky of azure hue,
And anglers take their stand by the waters bright and blue;
While the coble circles pools, where the monarch salmon glide,
Surpassing sweet on summer days is bonnie Nithside!

When the corncraik's voice is mute, as her young begin to flee,
And seek with swifts and martins some home beyond the sea;
And reapers crowd the harvest-field, in man and maiden pride,
How exquisite the golden hours on bonnie Nithside!

When stubbles yield to tilth, and woodlands brown and sear,
The falling leaf and crispy pool proclaim the waning year;
And sounds of sylvan pastime ring through our valley wide,
Vicissitude itself is sweet by bonnie Nithside!

And when winter comes at last, capping every hill with snow,
And freezing into icy plains the struggling streams below,
You still may share the curler's joys, and find at eventide,
Maids sweet and fair, in spence and ha', at bonnie Nithside!

PETER BUCHAN.

THE indefatigable collector of the elder national minstrelsy, Peter Buchan, was born in Peterhead in the year 1790. Of a somewhat distinguished descent, he was on the father's side remotely connected with the noble house of Buchan, and his mother was a lineal descendant of the Irvines of Drum, an old powerful family in Aberdeenshire. Though he was disposed to follow a sea-faring life, and had obtained a commission in the navy, he abandoned his early intentions at the urgent solicitation of his parents, and thereafter employed himself as a copperplate engraver, and was the inventor of an ingenious revolving press for copperplate printing. At Edinburgh and Stirling, he afterwards qualified himself for the business of a letterpress printer, and in 1816 opened a printing-office in his native town. In 1819, he compiled the "Annals of Peterhead," a duodecimo volume, which he printed at a press of his own contrivance. His next publication appeared shortly after, under the title, "An historical Account of the Ancient and Noble Family of Keith, Earls-Marischal of Scotland."

After a period of residence in London, where he held for sometime a remunerative situation, Buchan returned to his native town. In the metropolis, he had been painfully impressed by the harsh treatment frequently inflicted on the inferior animals, and as a corrective for the evil, he published at Peterhead, in 1824, a treatise, dedicated to his son, in which he endeavoured to prove that brutes are possessed of souls, and are immortal. His succeeding publication, which appeared in 1828, was the most successful effort of his life; it was entitled, "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, hitherto Unpublished, with Explanatory Notes," Edinburgh, two vols. 8vo. This work occupied upwards of ten years in preparation. Among his other publications may be enumerated, a volume of "Poems and Songs," printed in 1814; "The Peterhead Smugglers, an original Melodrama," published in 1834; "The Eglinton Tournament, &c.;" "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads;" and the "Wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart and Miss Flora Macdonald," the latter being published from an old MS.

At different periods Buchan resided in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. For a short period he owned the small property of Buchanstone, near Dennyloanhead, Stirlingshire, which being sold, he proceeded to Ireland in 1852, where he resided for some time at Strandhill, county of Leitrim. In the early part of 1854, he went to London, with the view of effecting arrangements for the publication of another volume of "Ancient Scottish Ballads;" he was there seized with illness, of which he died on the 19th September of the same year. His remains were interred in the beautiful cemetery of Norwood, near London. Mr Buchan was justly esteemed as an industrious collector of the elder Scottish minstrelsy. His labours received the special commendation of Sir Walter Scott, and he was a frequent guest at Abbotsford. He was also honoured with diplomas of membership from some of the leading literary societies of Scotland and England.

THOU GLOOMY FEBERWAR.*

THOU cauld gloomy Feberwar,
Oh! gin thou wert awa'!
I'm wae to hear thy soughin' winds,
I'm wae to see thy snaw;
For my bonnie, braw, young Hielandman,
The lad I lo'e sae dear,
Has vow'd to come and see me
In the spring o' the year.

A silken ban' he ga'e me
To bin' my gowden hair;
A siller brooch and tartan plaid,
A' for his sake to wear;
And oh! my heart was like to break
(For partin' sorrow's sair)
As he vow'd to come and see me
In the spring o' the year.

Aft, aft as gloamin' dims the sky,
I wander out alane,
Whare bud the bonnie yellow whins,
Around the trystin' stane;
'Twas there he press'd me to his heart,
And kiss'd awa' the tear,
As he vow'd to come and see me
In the spring o' the year.

Ye gentle breezes, saftly blaw,
And cleed anew the wuds;
Ye laverocks, lilt your cheerie sangs
Amang the fleecy cluds;
Till Feberwar and a' his train,
Affrighted disappear,
I'll hail wi' you the blythesome change,
The spring-time o' the year.

* The first stanza of this song is the composition of Robert Tannahill.

WILLIAM FINLAY.

WILLIAM FINLAY was the son of an operative shawl manufacturer in Paisley, where he was born in 1792. He received a classical education at the Grammar-school, and was afterwards apprenticed to his father's trade. For a period of twenty years he prosecuted the labours of the loom; but finding the occupation injurious to his health, he accepted employment in the cotton mills of Duntocher. He afterwards obtained a situation in a printing-office in Paisley, where he remained during eight years. Ultimately, he was employed at Nethercraigs bleachfield, at the base of Gleniffer braes, about two miles to the south of Paisley. He died of fever on the 5th March 1847, leaving a family of five children. Finlay was in the practice of contributing verses to the local prints. In 1846, he published a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Poems, Humorous and Sentimental." His poetical characteristics are simplicity and pathos, combined with considerable power of satirical drollery. Delighting in music, and fond of society, he was occasionally led to indulge in excesses, of which, at other times, he was heartily ashamed, and which he has feelingly lamented in some of his poems. Few Scottish poets have more touchingly depicted the evils of intemperance.

THE BREAKING HEART.

I MARK'D her look of agony,
I heard her broken sigh,
I saw the colour leave her cheek,
The lustre leave her eye;
I saw the radiant ray of hope
Her sadden'd soul forsaking;
And, by these tokens, well I knew
The maiden's heart was breaking.

It is not from the hand of Heaven
Her bitter grief proceeds;
'Tis not for sins that she hath done,
Her bosom inly bleeds;
'Tis not death's terrors wrap her soul
In shades of dark despair,
But man—deceitful man—whose hand
A thorn hath planted there.

O'ER MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.

O'ER mountain and valley
Morn gladly did gleam;
The streamlets danced gaily
Beneath its bright beam;
The daisies were springing
To life at my feet;
The woodlands were ringing
With melody sweet.

But the sky became low'ring,
And clouds big with rain,
Their treasures outpouring,
Soon deluged the plain.
The late merry woodlands
Grew silent and lone:
And red from the muirlands
The river rush'd down.

Thus life, too, is chequer'd
With sunshine and gloom;
Of change 'tis the record—
Now blight and now bloom.
Oft morn rises brightly,
With promise to last,
But long, long ere noontide
The sky is o'ercast.

Yet much of the trouble
'Neath which mortals groan,
They contrive to make double
By whims of their own.
Oh! it makes the heart tingle
With anguish to think,
That our own hands oft mingle
The bitters we drink.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, the distinguished editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, was born in the Manse of Cambusnethan, on the 12th of June 1794.* From both his parents he inherited an honourable descent. His father, John Lockhart, D.D., was the second son of William Lockhart of Birkhill, the head of an old family in Lanarkshire, lineally descended from Sir Stephen Lockhart of Cleghorn, a member of the Privy Council, and armour-bearer to James III. His mother was Elizabeth Gibson, daughter of the Rev. John Gibson, senior minister of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh; her maternal grandmother was the Honourable Mary Erskine, second daughter of Henry, third Lord Cardross, and sister of David, ninth Earl of Buchan. In 1796, Dr Lockhart was translated from Cambusnethan to the College church, Glasgow; and the early education of his son was consequently conducted in that city.

During the third year of his attendance at the Grammar-school, young Lockhart, though naturally possessed of a sound constitution, was seized with a severe illness, which, it was feared, might terminate in pulmonary consumption. After a period of physical prostration, he satisfactorily rallied, when it was found by his teacher that he had attained such proficiency in classical learning, during his confinement, as to be qualified for the University, without the usual attendance of a fourth session at the Grammar-school. At the University of Glasgow, his progress fully realised his excellent promise in the academy. The youngest member of his various classes, he was uniformly a successful competitor for honours. He gave indication of poetical ability in a metrical translation of a part of Lucan's "Pharsalia," which was rewarded with a prize, and received warm encomiums from the professors. On one of the Snell Exhibitions to Baliol College, Oxford, becoming vacant, during the session of 1808-9, it was unanimously conferred on him by the faculty. Entering Baliol College in 1809, his classical attainments were such, that Dr Jenkins, the master of the college, was led to predict that he would reflect honour on that institution, and on the University of Glasgow. At his graduation, on the completion of his attendance at Baliol, he realised the expectations of his admiring preceptor; the youngest of all who graduated on the occasion, being in his eighteenth year, he was numbered in the *first class*,—an honour rarely attained by the most accomplished Oxonians. In the choice of a profession he evinced considerable hesitation; but was at length induced by a relative, a member of the legal faculty, to qualify himself for practice at the Scottish Bar. Besides affording a suitable scope for his talents and acquirements, it was deemed that the Parliament House of Edinburgh had certain hereditary claims on his services. Through his paternal grandmother, he was descended from Sir James Lockhart of Lee, Lord Justice-Clerk in the reign of Charles II., and father of the celebrated Sir

* "1794, John Gibson Lockhart, son of the Rev. Mr John Lockhart, minister of this parish, and Mrs Elizabeth Gibson, his spouse, was born on the 12th June."—*Cambusnethan Register of Births.*

George Lockhart of Carnwath, Lord President of the Court of Session; and of another judge, Sir John Lockhart, Lord Castlehill.

Having completed a curriculum of classical and philosophical study at Oxford, and made a tour on the Continent, Lockhart proceeded to Edinburgh, to prosecute the study of Scottish law. In 1816 he passed advocate. Well-skilled in the details of legal knowledge, and in the preparation of written pleadings, he lacked a fluency of utterance, so entirely essential to success as a pleader at the Bar. He felt his deficiency, but did not strive to surmount it. Joining himself to a literary circle, of which John Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd were the more conspicuous members, he resolved to follow the career of a man of letters. In 1817, he became one of the original contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine;* and by his learned and ingenious articles essentially promoted the early reputation of that subsequently popular periodical. In 1819 appeared his first separate publication, entitled, "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,"—a work of three octavo volumes, in which an imaginary Doctor Morris humorously and pungently delineates the manners and characteristics of the more distinguished literary Scotsmen of the period; and which, by exciting some angry criticism, attracted general attention to the real author.* In May of the previous year, at the residence in Edinburgh of Mr Home Drummond of Blair-Drummond, he was introduced to the personal acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. Their acquaintance ripened into a speedy intimacy; and on the 29th April 1820, Lockhart became the son-in-law of his illustrious friend, by espousing his eldest daughter, Sophia. Continuing to furnish sparkling contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, Lockhart now began to exhibit powers of prolific authorship. In the course of a few years he produced "Valerius," a tale descriptive of ancient Rome; "Reginald Dalton," a novel founded on his personal experiences at Oxford; the interesting romance of "Matthew Wald," and "Adam Blair," a Scottish story. The last of these works, it may be interesting to notice, took origin in the following manner: During a visit to his parents at Glasgow, his father had incidentally mentioned, after dinner, that Mr Adam, a former minister of Cathcart, had been deprived for certain immoralities, and afterwards reponed, at the entreaty of his parishioners, on the death of the individual who had succeeded him after his deposition. On hearing the narrative, Lockhart retired to his apartment and drew up the plan of his tale, which was ready for the press within the short space of three weeks. In 1823, he became known as an elegant versifier, by the publication of his translations from the "Spanish Ballads." He subsequently published a "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," in "Murray's Family Library;" and produced a "Life of Robert Burns," for "Constable's Miscellany." At this period he chiefly resided in Edinburgh, spending some of the summer months at Chiefswood, a cottage about two miles from Abbotsford. But Lockhart's growing reputation ere long secured him a more advantageous and lucrative position. In 1825, he was appointed to the editorship of the *Quarterly Review;* and thus, at the age of thirty-one, became the successor of Gifford, in conducting one of the most powerful literary organs of the age. He now removed to London. On the 15th of June 1834, the degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred on him by the University of Oxford.

During the last illness of Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart was eminently dutiful in his attendance on the illustrious sufferer. As the literary executor of the deceased, he was zealous even to indiscretion; his "Life of Scott," notwithstanding its ill-judged personalities, is one of the most interesting biographical works in the language. His own latter history affords few materials for observation; he frequented the higher literary circles of the metropolis, and well sustained the reputation of the *Quarterly Review.* He retired from his editorial duties in 1853, having suffered previously from

* In his Life of Scott, Lockhart states that "Peter's Letters" "were not wholly the work of one hand."

impaired health. The progress of his malady was accelerated by a succession of family trials and bereavements, which preyed heavily on his mind. His eldest son, John Hugh Lockhart (the Hugh Littlejohn of Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather") died in 1831; his amiable wife in 1837; and of his two remaining children, a son and a daughter—the former, Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, lieutenant 16th Lancers, who had succeeded to the estate of Abbotsford on the death of his uncle, the second Sir Walter Scott—died in 1853. In 1847, his daughter and only surviving child was married to James Robert Hope, Esq., Q.C., son of General the Honourable Sir Alexander Hope, and nephew of the late Earl of Hopetoun, of Peninsular fame; and shortly before her father's death, this lady, along with her husband, abjured the Protestant faith.

In the autumn of 1853, in accordance with the advice of his medical advisers, Lockhart proceeded to Italy; but on his return the following summer, he appeared rather to have lost than gained strength. Arranging his affairs in London, he took up his abode with his elder brother, Mr Lockhart, M.P., at Milton-Lockhart, on the banks of the Clyde, and in the parish adjoining that of his birth. Here he suffered an attack of cholera, which much debilitated his already wasted strength. In October he was visited by Dr now Sir William Fergusson of London, who conveyed him to Abbotsford to be tended by his daughter; there he breathed his last on the 25th November 1854, in his 61st year. His remains were interred in Dryburgh Abbey, beside those of his illustrious father-in-law, with whom his name will continue to be associated. The estate of Abbotsford is now in the possession of Mr Hope Scott. His daughter, Mary Monica, is the only surviving lineal representative of the Author of "Waverley."

Possessed of a vigorous intellect, varied talents, and accurate scholarship, Lockhart was impatient of contradiction, and was prone to censure keenly those who had offended him. To strangers his manners were somewhat uninviting, and in society he was liable to periods of taciturnity. He loved the ironical and facetious, and did not scruple to indulge in ridicule even at the expense of his intimate associates. Ardent in temperament, he was severe in resenting a real or fancied wrong; but among those to whom he gave his confidence, he was found to be possessed of generous dispositions. He has complained, in a testamentary document, that he was often misunderstood, and the complaint is probably well-founded. He was personally of a handsome and agreeable presence, and his countenance wore the aspect of intelligence.

BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.*

TUNE—"*Oh, the roast beef of Old England.*"

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave,
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honour his grave.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

* This song was composed by Lockhart, to be sung at the mess of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry, of which he was a member. Of the songs produced for these festive occasions, a collection for private circulation was printed in 1825, at the Ballantyne press, with the title, "Songs of the Edinburgh Troop," pp. 28. In this collection, the "Broadswords" song bears date July 1821; it was published with music in 1822, in the third volume of Thomson's Collection.

Though he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore;
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords, etc.

Yea a place with the fallen, the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham.
All the broadswords, etc.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth—
Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of the north;
Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth.
All the broadswords, etc.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race;
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
Oh, the broadswords, etc.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.*

TOUCH once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Of a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine,
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart,
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue
That did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we forgather'd,
He took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffer'd you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan;
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Now and then, upon a Sunday,
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton chop,
Which his maid dress'd very fine.

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* This humorous elegy was first published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September 1819. Captain Paton was a well-known character in Glasgow. The son of Dr David Paton, a physician in that city, he obtained a commission in a regiment raised in Scotland for the Dutch service. He afterwards resided with his two maiden sisters, and an old servant Nelly, in a tenement opposite the Old Exchange at the Cross, which had been left him by his father. The following graphic account of the Captain we transcribe from Dr Strang's "Glasgow and its Clubs:" "Every sunshine day, and sometimes even amid shower and storm, about the close of the past and the commencement of the present century, was the worthy Captain in the Dutch service seen parading the *plainstanes*, opposite his own residence in the Trongate, donned in a suit of snuff-coloured brown or 'genty drab,' his long spare limbs encased in blue striped stockings, with shoes and buckles, and sporting ruffles of the finest cambric at his wrists, while adown his back hung a long queue, and on his head was perched a small three-cocked hat, which, with a *politesse tout a fait Francais*, he invariably took off when saluting a friend. Captain Paton, while a denizen of the camp, had studied well the noble art of fence, and was looked upon as a most accomplished swordsman, which might easily be discovered from his happy but threatening manner of holding his cane, when sallying from his own domicile towards the coffee-room, which he usually entered about two o'clock, to study the news of the day in the pages of the *Courier*. The gallant Captain frequently indulged, like Othello, in speaking

'Of moving incidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.'

and of his own brave doings on the tented field, 'at Minden and at Dettingen,' particularly when seated round a bowl of his favourite cold punch, made with limes from his own estate in Trinidad, and with water newly drawn from the Westport well." It remains to be added, that this "prince of worthy fellows" died in July 1807, at the age of sixty-eight.

There was also a little Malmsey,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which, between me and the captain,
Pass'd nimbly to and fro!
Oh! I ne'er shall take potluck with Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Or, if a bowl was mentioned,
The captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the Westport,
And a stoup of water bring.
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow!
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain
Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of the last sermon
He had heard from Dr Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs So-and-So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con.* but not the *pro.!*
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen;
How he fought with a French major,
And dispatch'd him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below!
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain
Paton no mo'e!

But at last the captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day,
And all miss'd him in the coffee-room,
From which now he staid away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms
That death was in his view;
So the captain made his test'ment,
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn kirk—
'Tis the way we all must go!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows—
And a pretty man also—
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

THOMAS MATHERS.

THOMAS MATHERS, the fisherman poet, was born at St Monance, Fifeshire, in 1794. Receiving an education at school confined to the simplest branches, he chose the seafaring life, and connected himself with the merchant service. At Venice, he had a casual rencounter with Lord Byron,—a circumstance which he was in the habit of narrating with enthusiasm. Leaving the merchant service, he married, and became a fisherman and pilot, fixing his residence in his native village. His future life was a career of incessant toil and frequent penury, much alleviated, however, by the invocation of the muse. He contributed verses for a series of years to several of the public journals; and his compositions gained him a wide circle of admirers. He long cherished the ambition of publishing a volume of poems; and the desire at length was gratified through the subscriptions of his friends. In 1851, he printed a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Musings in Verse, by Sea and Shore," which, however, had only been put into shape when the author was called to his rest. He died of a short illness, at St Monance, on the 25th September 1851, leaving a widow and several young children. His poetry is chiefly remarkable for depth of feeling. Of his powers as a song-writer, the following lyric, entitled "Early Love," is a favourable specimen.

EARLY LOVE.

THERE's nae love like early love
Sae lasting an' sae leal;
It wins upon the youthfu' heart,
An' sets its magic seal.
The die that's cast in early life,
Is nae vain airy dream;
But makes thee still in after years
The subject of my theme.

But years o' shade an' sunshine
Have flung alternately
Their fleeting shadows as they pass'd
Athwart life's changing sky.
Like troubled waters, too, the mind
'S been ruffled an' distress'd;
But with the placid calm return'd
Thine image to my breast.

Still I ha'e seen a fairer face,
Though fairer anes are few,
An' I ha'e marked kinder smiles
Than e'er I gat frae you.
But smiles, like blinks o' simmer sheen,
Leave not a trace behind;
While early love has forged chains
The freest heart to bind.

The mind from tyrant fetters
Is free as air to rove;
But powerful are the links that chain
The heart to early love.
Affections, like the ivy
In nature's leafy screen,
Entwine the boughs o' early love
Wi' foliage "ever green."

DANIEL WEIR.

DANIEL WEIR was born at Greenock, on the 31st of March 1796. His father, John Weir, was a shoemaker, and at one period a small shopkeeper in that town. From his mother, Sarah Wright, he inherited a delicate constitution. His education was conducted at a private school; and in 1809, he became apprentice to Mr Scott, a respectable bookseller in Greenock. In 1815, he commenced business as a bookseller on his own account.

Imbued with the love of learning, and especially of poetry, Weir devoted his hours of leisure to extensive reading and the composition of verses. To the "Scottish Minstrel" of R. A. Smith he contributed several respectable songs; and edited for Messrs Griffin & Co., booksellers in Glasgow, three volumes of lyric poems, which appeared under the title of "The National Minstrel," "The Sacred Lyre," and "Lyrical Gems." These collections are adorned with many compositions of his own. In 1829, he published a "History of the Town of Greenock," in a thin octavo volume, illustrated with engravings. He died on the 11th November 1831, in his thirty-fifth year.

Possessed of a fine genius, a brilliant fancy, and much gracefulness of expression, Weir has decided claims to remembrance. His conversational talents were of a remarkable description, and attracted to his shop many persons of taste, to whom his poetical talents were unknown. He was familiar with the whole of the British poets, and had committed their best passages to memory. Possessing a keen relish for the ludicrous, he had at command a store of delightful anecdote, which he gave forth with a quaintness of look and utterance, so as to render the force of the humour totally irresistible. His sarcastic wit was an object of dread to his opponents in burgh politics. His appearance was striking. Rather mal-formed, he was under the middle size; his head seemed large for his person, and his shoulders were of unusual breadth. His complexion was dark, and his eyes hazel; and when his countenance was lit up on the recitation of some witty tale, he looked the impersonation of mirthfulness. Eccentric as were some of his habits and modes of action, he was seriously impressed by religious principle; some of his devotional compositions are admirable specimens of sacred poetry. He left an unpublished MS. poem, entitled "The Pleasures of Religion."

SEE THE MOON.

See the moon o'er cloudless Jura
Shining in the lake below;
See the distant mountain tow'ring
Like a pyramid of snow.
Scenes of grandeur—scenes of childhood—
Scenes so dear to love and me!
Let us roam by bower and wildwood—
All is lovelier when with thee.

On Leman's breast the winds are sighing;
All is silent in the grove;
And the flow'rs, with dew-drops glist'ning,
Sparkle like the eye of love.
Night so calm, so clear, so cloudless;
Blessed night to love and me!
Let us roam by bower and fountain—
All is lovelier when with thee.

OH! OUR CHILDHOOD'S ONCE DELIGHTFUL HOURS.

Air—*"Oh! the days are past when beauty bright."*

Oh! our childhood's once delightful hours
Ne'er come again—
Their sunny glens, their blooming bowers,
And primrose plain!
With other days,
Ambitious rays
May flash upon our mind;
But give me back the morn of life,
With fond thoughts twined,
As it sweetly broke on bower and hill,
And youth's gay mind!

Oh! our childhood's days are ne'er forgot
On life's dark sea,
And memory hails that sacred spot
Where'er we be;
It leaves all joys,
And fondly sighs
As youth comes on the mind,
And looks upon the morn of life
With fond thoughts twined, etc.

When age will come, with locks of grey,
To quench youth's spark,
And its stream runs cold along the way
Where all seems dark,
'Twill smiling gaze,
As memory's blaze
Breaks on its wavering mind;
But 'twill never bring the morn of life,
With fond thoughts twined, etc.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its sweet sunny smile
Shines bright on our path, we may dream we are blest;
We may look on the world as a gay fairy isle,
Where sorrow's unknown, and the weary have rest!

But the brightness that shone, and the hopes we enjoy'd,
Are clouded ere noon, and soon vanish away;
While the dark beating tempest, on life's stormy tide,
Obscures all the sweets of the morning's bright ray!

Then where are those bowers, in some gay happy plain,
Where hope ne'er deceives, and where love is aye true;
Where the brightness of morning shines on but to gain
A sunshine as bright and as promising too?

Oh! ask for it not in this valley of sighs,
Where we smile but to weep, and we ne'er can find rest;
For the world we would wish shines afar in the skies,
Where sorrow's unknown—'tis the home of the blest!

ON THE DEATH OF A PROMISING CHILD.

Oh! weep not thus, though the child thou hast loved,
Still, still as the grave, in silence sleeps on;
'Midst the tears that are shed, his eye is unmoved,
And the beat of that bosom for ever is gone:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

The world to him, with its sorrows and sighs,
Has fled like a dream when the morn appears;
While the spirit awakes in the light of the skies,
No more to revisit this valley of tears:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Few, few were his years; but, had they been more,
The sunshine which smiled might have vanish'd away,
And he might have fallen on some far friendless shore,
Or been wreck'd amidst storms in some desolate bay:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Like a rosebud of promise, when fresh in the morn,
Was the child of thy heart while he lingered here;
But now from thy love, from thine arms he is torn,
Yet to bloom in a lovelier, happier sphere:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

How happy the pilgrim whose journey is o'er,
Who, musing, looks back on its dangers and woes;
Then rejoice at his rest, for sorrow no more
Can start on his dreams, or disturb his repose:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Who would not recline on the breast of a friend,
When the night-cloud has lower'd o'er a sorrowful day?
Who would not rejoice at his journey's end,
When perils and toils encompass'd his way?
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
Which seem'd, to fancy's ear,
The mournful music of the mind,
The echo of a tear;
And still methought the hollow sound
Which, melting, swept along,
The voice of other days had found,
With all the powers of song.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And thought of friends untrue—
Of hearts that seem'd so fondly twined,
That nought could e'er undo;
Of cherish'd hopes once fondly bright—
Of joys which fancy gave—
Of youthful eyes, whose lovely light
Were darken'd in the grave.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind
When all was still as death;
When nought was heard before, behind—
Not e'en the sleeper's breath.
And I have sat at such an hour
And heard the sick man's sigh;
Or seen the babe, like some sweet flow'r,
At that lone moment die.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And wept for others' woe;
Nor could the heart such music find
To bid its tear-drops flow.
The melting voice of one we loved,
Whose voice was heard no more,
Seem'd, when those fancied chords were moved,
Still breathing as before.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And sat beside the dead,
And felt those movings of the mind
Which own a secret dread.
The ticking clock, which told the hour,
Had then a sadder chime;
And these winds seem'd an unseen pow'r,
Which sung the dirge of time.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
When, o'er the new-made grave
Of one whose heart was true and kind,
Its rudest blasts did rave.
Oh! there was something in the sound—
A mournful, melting tone—
Which led the thoughts to that dark ground
Where he was left alone.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And courted sleep in vain,
While thoughts like these have oft combined
To rack the wearied brain.
And even when slumber, soft and deep,
Has seen the eyelid close,
The restless soul, which cannot sleep,
Has stray'd till morning rose.

ROBERT DAVIDSON.

Robert Davidson was born in the parish of Morebattle, Roxburghshire, in 1779. The son of humble parents, he was sent to tend cattle in his tenth year. He had received at the parish school a limited education; and he devoted his leisure time on the hills to miscellaneous reading. Learning scraps of old ballads from the cottage matrons, as they sung them at their distaffs, he early began to essay imitations of these olden ditties. As a farm-servant and an agricultural labourer, he continued through life to seek repose from toil in the perusal of poetry and the composition of verses. "My simple muse," he afterwards wrote, "oft visited me at the plough, and made the labour to seem lighter and the day shorter." In 1811, and in 1824, he published small collections of verses. At the recommendation of some influential friends, he published in 1848, a compact little volume of his best pieces, under the title, "Leaves from a Peasant's Cottage-Drawer;" and to which was prefixed a well-written autobiographical sketch. He was often oppressed by poverty; and, latterly, was the recipient of parochial relief. He died in the parish of Hounam, on the 6th April

1855; and his remains rest in the churchyard of his native parish. Many of his poems are powerful, both in expression and sentiment. In private life he was sober, prudent, and industrious.

FAREWELL TO CALEDONIA.

ADIEU! a lang and last adieu,
My native Caledonia!
For while your shores were in my view,
I steadfast gazed upon ye, O!
Your shores sae lofty, steep, an' bold,
Fit emblem of your sons of old,
Whose valour, more than mines of gold,
Has honour'd Caledonia.

I think how happy I could be
To live and die upon ye, O!
Though distant many miles from thee,
My heart still hovers o'er ye, O!
My fancy haunts your mountains steep,
Your forests fair, an' valleys deep,
Your plains, where rapid rivers sweep
To gladden Caledonia.

Still mem'ry turns to where I spent
Life's cheerfu' morn sae bonny, O!
Though by misfortune from it rent,
It's dearer still than ony, O!
In vain I'm told our vessel hies
To fertile fields an' kindly skies;
But still they want the charm that ties
My heart to Caledonia.

My breast had early learned to glow
At name of Caledonia;
Though torn an' toss'd wi' many a foe,
She never bow'd to ony, O!
A land of heroes, famed an' brave—
A land our fathers bled to save,
Whom foreign foes could ne'er enslave—
Adieu to Caledonia!

PETER ROGER.

PETER ROGER, blacksmith, formerly at Glenormiston, and latterly at Peebles, though more the enthusiastic lover of, than a contributor to, the national minstrelsy, is entitled to remembrance. His numerous communications addressed to the editor of this work, have supplied much information, which has been found useful in the preparation of this volume. Roger was born at Clovenford, in the parish of Stow, in 1792. For thirty-seven years he wrought as blacksmith at Glenormiston, on the banks of the Tweed, near Innerleithen. In 1852, he removed to Peebles, where he purchased a small cottage. He died at Peebles, on the 3d April 1856, in his 64th year. The following sketch of his character has been supplied by the Rev. James Murray, minister of Cumnock:

"Roger was in many respects a very remarkable man. He possessed, in an eminent degree, an exquisite natural sympathy with all things beautiful and good. He was an excellent botanist, well-skilled in music, and passionately fond of poetry. His conversation was very interesting; and his slight tendency to dogmatise in the presence of a stranger entirely disappeared in the society of his friends. He might almost be said to revere any one possessed of intellectual gifts and accomplishments, whether natural or acquired; and as he lived many years in a cottage situated on the way-side between Peebles and Innerleithen, he was frequently visited by those who passed by. Occasionally the Ettrick Shepherd would stop his gig to have a few minutes' *crack* with his 'friend Peter,' as he called him. At another time it would be his minister, the Rev. Mr Leckie, or some other worthy pastor, or some surgeon of the district upon his widely-extended rounds—Dr Craig, for example; or Mr Thomas Smibert; or Mr Adam Dickson, a young genius nipt in the bud—whose appearance would be the welcome signal for the 'tinkling' of Peter's hammer to know a brief respite. And I could mention others of his acquaintance, almost self-taught like himself, whose intelligence might enable them 'to stand before kings.'

"My own intimacy with Peter extends back to the time of my boyhood; and I can honestly say, that an evening spent under his roof, in company with him and his pious and amiable sister Peggy, was among the greatest treats I ever experienced. There, at his door, in paper cap and leather apron, his shirt sleeves turned up, and his bare, brawny arms crossed upon his chest, and 'his brow wet with honest sweat,' would the hard-headed and warm-hearted blacksmith await the coming of him whom he expected. And, first, whilst his sister

was attending to the preparation of some creature-comforts—for he was a man of some substance, and hospitable withal—you would be conducted into his little garden, sloping down to the very brink of the Tweed, and embosomed amid natural hazel wood, the lingering remains of a once goodly forest, to see some favourite flower, or to hear him trill, with a skill and execution which would have done little dishonour to *Picus* himself, some simple native melody upon his Scotch flute. The *in-door* entertainment consisted of varied conversation, embracing the subjects of literature, politics, and theology, largely interspersed with the reading of MS. poems by his numerous poetical friends. But the best part of the treat came last. Gradually you would notice a serious shade, not gloomy but chastened, steal over his massive features. His conversation would glide most naturally, and without any intentional effort that was apparent, into a serious strain; and then Peggy would bring down the family Bible, and, after having selected a suitable psalm, he would sing it to some plaintive air—and he could sing well; and the prayer which closed the usual exercises was such a manly, pathetic, and godly outpouring of a spirit chastened with the simplest and purest piety, as made the heart glad.

"Peter was altogether one of those self-taught, large-hearted, pious, and intellectual men of whom Scotland may well be proud."

LOVELY JEAN.

AIR—"*Miss Forbes' Farewell.*"

'MANG a' the lasses young an' braw,
An' fair as summer's rosy beam,
There's ane the bonniest o' them a'
That dwells by Manor's mountain stream.
Oft ha'e I gazed on her sweet face,
An' ilka time new beauties seen;
For aye some new discover'd grace
Endears to me my lovely Jean.

An' oh! to list her ev'ning sang,
When a' alane she gently strays
The yellow waving broom amang,
That blooms on Manor's flow'ry braes—
Her voice sae saft, sae sweet and clear,
Afar in yonder bower sae green,
The mavis quits her lay to hear
A bonnier sang frae lovely Jean.

But it's no her peerless face nor form,
It's no her voice sae sweet and clear,
That keeps my love to her sae warm,
An' mak's her every day mair dear;
It's just the beauties o' her mind,
Her easy, winning, modest mien,
Her truth and constancy, which bind
My heart and soul to lovely Jean.

JOHN MALCOLM.

JOHN MALCOLM was the second son of the Rev. John Malcolm, minister of the parish of Firth and Stennis, Orkney, where he was born about 1795. Through a personal application to the Duke of Kent, he was enabled to proceed as a volunteer to join the army in Spain. Arriving at the period when the army under General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) was besieging St Sebastian, he speedily obtained a lieutenancy in the 42d Regiment, in which he served to the close of the Pyrenees' campaign. Wounded at the battle of Toulouse, by a musket-ball penetrating his right shoulder, and otherwise debilitated, he retired from active service on half-pay, and with a pension for his wound. He now fixed his abode in Edinburgh, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He contributed to *Constable's Magazine* and other periodicals. For one of the earlier volumes of "Constable's Miscellany," he wrote a narrative of the Peninsular War. As a poet, he became known by some stanzas on the death of Lord Byron, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*. In 1828, he published "Scenes of War, and other Poems;" and subsequently contributed numerous poetical pieces to the pages of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. A small volume of prose sketches also appeared from his pen, under the title of "Tales of Field and Flood." In 1831 he undertook the editorship of the *Edinburgh Observer* newspaper, which he

held till the period of his death. He died at Edinburgh, of a pulmonary complaint, in September 1835.

Fond of conversation, and abounding in humorous anecdote, Malcolm was especially esteemed for his gentle and amiable deportment. His poetry, which is often vigorous, is uniformly characterised by sweetness of versification.

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

THE music of the night,
Upon its lonely flight
Into the west, where sink its ebbing sands;
That muffled music seems
Like voices heard in dreams,
Sigh'd back from long-lost years and distant lands.

Amid the stillness round,
As 'twere the shade of sound,
Floats on the low sweet strain of lulling tones;
Such as from trembling wire
Of sweet Æolian lyre,
With winds awake in murmurs and in moans.

Oh! melting on the ear,
What solemn chords are there!
The torrent's thunder sunk into a sigh;
And thine, majestic main!
Great Nature's organ strain,
Deep pealing through the temple of the sky.

And songs unsung by day—
The nightingale's lone lay,
From lady's bower, the lover's serenade;
And dirge of hermit-bird
From haunts of ruin heard,
The only voice that wails above the dead.

To them that sail the deep,
When winds have sunk to sleep,
The dreamy murmurs of the night steal on;
Say, does their mystic hum,
So vague and varied, come
From distant shores unseen, and lands unknown?

In them might fancy's ear
Earth's dying echoes hear,
Our home's sweet voices swooning on the floods;
Or song of festal halls,
Or sound of waterfalls,
Or Indian's dismal war-whoop through the woods.

Joy breathes in morning song,
And happy things among
Her choral bowers wake matins of delight;
But dearer unto me
The dirge-like harmony
Of vesper voices, and of wailing night.

THE SEA.

THE sea—the deep, deep sea—
That awful mystery!
Was there a time of old ere it was born,
Or e'er the dawn of light,
Coeval with the night—
Say, slept it on, for ever and forlorn?

Till the Great Spirit's word
Its sullen waters heard,
And their wild voices, through the void profound,
Gave deep responsive roar;
But silent nevermore
Shall be their solemn, drear, and dirge-like sound!

Earth's echoes faint and die;
Sunk down into a sigh,
Scamander's voice scarce whispers on its way;
And desert silence reigns
Upon the mighty plains
Where battles' thunders peal'd—and where are they?

But still from age to age
Upon its pilgrimage,
When many a glorious strain the world hath flown;
And while her echoes sleep
In darkness, the great deep,
Unwearied and unchanged, goes sounding on.

ERSKINE CONOLLY.

ERSKINE CONOLLY was born at Crail, Fifeshire, on the 12th of June 1796. At the burgh school of his native town, he received an ordinary education, and was afterwards apprenticed to Mr Cockburn, bookseller in Anstruther. He subsequently commenced business as a bookseller in the small town of Colinsburgh; but after a trial of several years, not having succeeded according to his expectations, he removed to Edinburgh,

where he was employed as a clerk by Mr Thomas Megget, writer to the signet. At a future period, he entered into partnership with Mr James Gillon, writer and messenger in Edinburgh; and after his partner's death, carried on the business on his own account. He died at Edinburgh on the 7th January 1843. Of highly sociable dispositions, and with talents of a superior order, Conolly was much beloved among a wide circle of friends. Unambitious of fame as a poet, though he frequently wrote verses, he never ventured on a publication. His song of "Mary Macneil," appeared in the *Edinburgh Intelligencer* of the 23d December 1840; it is much to be remarked for deep feeling and genuine tenderness.

MARY MACNEIL.

AIR—"*Kinloch of Kinloch.*"

THE last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin',
Owre mountain an' meadowland glintin' fareweel;
An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were blinkin',
As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Macneil.
A' glowin' wi' gladness she lean'd on her lover,
Her een tellin' secrets she thought to conceal,
And fondly they wander'd whar nane might discover
The tryst o' young Ronald an' Mary Macneil.

Oh! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily
That dew-draps o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;
Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley
Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.

She moved, and the graces play'd sportive around her;
She smiled, and the hearts o' the cauldest wad thrill;
She sang, and the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,
To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',
Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;
An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',
Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can heal.
The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein';
The autumn, his corse on the red battle fiel';
The winter, the maiden found heartbroken, dyin';
An' spring spread the green turf owre Mary Macneil.

GEORGE MENZIES.

GEORGE MENZIES was born in the parish of Arbuthnot, Kincardineshire, on the 21st January 1797. His father was an agricultural labourer. On completing his education at a country school, he became, in his fourteenth year, apprentice to a gardener. He prosecuted his vocation in different districts; acted some time as clerk to the contractors of the Forth and Clyde Canal; laboured as a weaver in several towns in the counties of Forfar and Kincardine; and conducted unendowed schools in various localities. In 1833, he emigrated to Canada, where he taught in different seminaries, and afterwards formed a connection with a succession of public journals. He ultimately became proprietor and editor of the *Woodstock Herald* newspaper. After a short illness, he died at Woodstock, Canada West, on the 4th March 1847, in his fifty-first year.

Menzies was possessed of good talents and indomitable energy. He wrote respectable verses, though not marked by any decided originality. In 1822, he published, at Forfar, a small volume of poems, entitled, "Poetical Trifles," of which a second and enlarged edition appeared five years afterwards. The whole of his poems, with an account of his life, in a duodecimo volume, were published at Montrose in 1854.

FARE THEE WEEL.

FARE thee weel, my bonnie lassie;
Fare thee weel for ever, Jessie!
Though I ne'er again may meet thee,
Tell na me that I'll forget thee.

By yon starry heavens I vow it!
By my love!—(I mayna rue it)—
By this hour in which we sever!
I will love but thee for ever.

Should the hand of death arrest me,
Think my latest prayer hath blest thee;
As the parting pang draws nearer,
I will love thee aye the dearer.

Still my bosom's love I'll cherish—
'Tis a spark that winna perish;
Though I ne'er again may meet thee,
Tell na me that I'll forget thee.

THE BRAES OF AUCHINBLAE.

As clear is Luther's wave, I ween,
As gay the grove, the vale as green;
But, oh! the days that we have seen
Are fled, and fled for aye, Mary!

Oh! we have often fondly stray'd
In Fordoun's green embow'ring glade,
And mark'd the moonbeam as it play'd
On Luther's bonnie wave, Mary.

Since then, full many a year and day
With me have slowly pass'd away,
Far from the braes of Auchinblae,
And far from love and thee, Mary!

And we must part again, my dear,
It is not mine to linger here;
Yes, we must part—and, oh! I fear,
We meet not here again, Mary!

For on Culloden's bloody field,
Our hapless Prince's fate is seal'd—
Last night to me it was reveal'd
Sooth as the word of heaven, Mary!

And ere to-morrow's sun shall shine
Upon the heights of Galloquhine,
A thousand victims at the shrine
Of tyranny shall bleed, Mary!

Hark! hark! they come—the foemen come—
I go; but wheresoe'er I roam,
With thee my heart remains at home.
Adieu, adieu for aye, Mary!

JOHN SIM.

JOHN SIM was born in Paisley, on the 6th of April 1797. His father, James Sim, was engineer in the factory of James Carlisle & Sons, and was highly valued by his employers. In the Grammar-school, John made rapid progress in classical learning; and in 1814 entered the University of Glasgow, with a view to the medical profession. He obtained his diploma as a surgeon on the 6th of April 1818. He commenced the practice of medicine in the village of Auchinleck, Ayrshire; but he removed in a few months to his native town. His professional success was not commensurate with his expectations; and in the hope of bettering his circumstances, he proceeded to the West Indies. He sailed from Greenock on the 19th January 1819, for Trinidad; but had only been resident in that island about eight months when he was seized with a fatal illness. The precise date of his death is unknown.

Sim was a young man of high promise. Early wedded to the muse, he was selected as the original editor of the "Harp of Renfrewshire." He published a small volume of poems and songs. His songs are somewhat imitative, but are remarkable for sweetness of expression, and are pervaded by genial sentiment.

NAE MAIR WE'LL MEET.

AIR—"*We'll meet beside the dusky glen.*"

NAE mair we'll meet again, my love, by yon burn side—
Nae mair we'll wander through the grove, by yon burn side—
Ne'er again the mavis' lay will we hail at close o' day,
Nor ne'er again we'll stray, down by yon burn side.

Yet mem'ry oft will fondly brood on yon burn side,
O'er haunts which we sae saft ha'e trod, by yon burn side;
Still the walk wi' me thou'lt share, though thy foot can never mair
Bend to earth the gowan fair, down by yon burn side.

Now far removed from every care, 'boon yon burn side,
Thou bloom'st, my love, an angel fair, 'boon yon burn side;
And if angels pity know, sure the tear for me will flow,
Who must linger here below, down by yon burn side.

BONNIE PEGGY.*

AIR—"*Bonnie lassie, O!*"

OH, we aft ha'e met at e'en, bonnie Peggy, O!
On the banks of Cart sae green, bonnie Peggy, O!
Where the waters smoothly rin,
Far aneath the roarin' linn,
Far frae busy strife and din, bonnie Peggy, O!
When the lately crimson west, bonnie Peggy, O!
In her darker robe was dress'd, bonnie Peggy, O!
And a sky of azure blue,
Deck'd with stars of golden hue,
Rose majestic to the view, bonnie Peggy, O!
When the sound of flute or horn, bonnie Peggy, O!
On the gale of ev'ning borne, bonnie Peggy, O!
We have heard in echoes die,
While the wave that rippled by
Sung a soft and sweet reply, bonnie Peggy, O!

Than how happy would we rove, bonnie Peggy, O!
Whilst thou, blushing, own'd thy love, bonnie Peggy, O!
Whilst thy quickly throbbing breast,
To my beating heart I press'd,
Ne'er was mortal half so blest, bonnie Peggy, O!
Now, alas! these scenes are o'er, bonnie Peggy, O!
Now, alas! we meet no more, bonnie Peggy, O!
Oh! never again, I ween,
Will we meet at summer e'en
On the banks of Cart sae green, bonnie Peggy, O!
Yet had'st thou been true to me, bonnie Peggy, O!
As I still ha'e been to thee, bonnie Peggy, O!
Then with bosom, oh, how light,
Had I hail'd the coming night,
And yon evening star so bright, bonnie Peggy, O!

* This song is much in the strain of the popular song of "Kelvin Grove," which, it may here be remarked, has often been erroneously ascribed to Sim. It was contributed to the "Harp of Renfrewshire," then under his editorial care, by his townsman, class-fellow, and professional brother, Mr Thomas Lyle, surgeon, Glasgow, and was published in that work (p. 144) by Mr John Murdoch, the successor of Sim in the editorship, with a number of alterations by that gentleman. Of these alterations Mr Lyle complained to Mr Sim, and received a letter from him, attributing them to Mr Murdoch. On the completion of the work, Sim was mentioned in the index as the author of the song—by the poet Motherwell, the third and last editor, who, not unnaturally, assigned to the original editor those songs which appeared anonymously in the earlier portion of the volume. The song being afterwards published with music by Mr Purdie, musicseller in Edinburgh, Mr Lyle was induced to adopt measures for establishing his title to the authorship. In the absence of the original MS., the claim was sufficiently made out by the production of Mr Sim's letter on the subject of the alterations. (*See* Memoir of Mr Lyle, *postea.*)

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL was born in High Street, Glasgow, on the 13th October 1797.* For thirteen generations, his paternal ancestors were owners of the small property of Muirsmill on the banks of the Carron, Stirlingshire. His father, who bore the same Christian name, carried on the business of an ironmonger in Glasgow. His mother, whose maiden name was Janet Barnet, was the daughter of a prosperous farmer in the parish of Auchterarder, Perthshire, from whom she inherited a considerable fortune. Of a family of six, William was the third son. His parents removed to Edinburgh early in the century; and in April 1805, he became a pupil of Mr William Lennie, a successful private teacher in Crichton Street. In October 1808, he entered the High-school of Edinburgh; but was soon after placed at the Grammar-school of Paisley, being entrusted to the care of an uncle in that place. In his fifteenth year, he became clerk in the office of the Sheriff-clerk of Paisley, and in this situation afforded evidence of talent by the facility with which he deciphered the more ancient documents. With the view of obtaining a more extended acquaintance with classical literature, he attended the Latin and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow, during the session of 1818-19, and had the good fortune soon thereafter to receive the appointment of Sheriff-clerk-depute of the county of Renfrew.

* "13th Oct. 1797, William Motherwell, merchant, and Janet Barnet, a lawful son, William."—*Glasgow Register of Births.*

From his boyhood fond of literature, Motherwell devoted his spare hours to reading and composition. He evinced poetical talent as early as his fourteenth year, when he produced the first draught of his beautiful ballad of "Jeanie Morrison." Many of his earlier sketches, both in prose and verse, were inconsiderately distributed among his friends. In 1818, he made some contributions in verse to the "Visitor," a small work published at Greenock; and in the following year became the third and last editor of the "Harp of Renfrewshire," an esteemed collection of songs, to which he supplied an interesting introductory essay and many valuable notes. Pursuing his researches on the subject of Scottish song and ballad, he appeared in 1827 as the editor of a quarto volume, entitled "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern,"—a work which considerably extended his reputation, and secured him the friendly correspondence of Sir Walter Scott. In 1828, he originated the *Paisley Magazine*, which was conducted by him during its continuance of one year; it contains several of his best poetical compositions, and a copy is now extremely rare. During the same year, he was appointed editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, a Conservative newspaper; and this office he exchanged, in January 1830, for the editorship of the *Glasgow Courier* a more influential journal in the same political interests.

On his removal to Glasgow, Motherwell rapidly extended the circle of his literary friends, and began to exercise no unimportant influence as a public journalist. To *The Day*, a periodical published in the city in 1832, he contributed many poetical pieces with some prose sketches; and about the same time furnished a preface of some length to a volume of Scottish Proverbs, edited by his ingenious friend, Andrew Henderson. Towards the close of 1832, he collected his best poetical compositions into a small volume, with the title of "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical." In 1835, he became the coadjutor of the Ettrick Shepherd in annotating an edition of Burns' Works, published by Messrs Fullarton of Glasgow; but his death took place before the completion of this undertaking. He died on the 1st of November 1835, at the age of thirty-eight. His remains were interred in the Necropolis, where an elegant monument, with a bust by Fillans, has been erected to his memory.

Motherwell was of short stature, but was well-formed. His head was large and forehead ample, but his features were somewhat coarse; his cheek-bones were prominent, and his eyes small, sunk in his head, and surmounted by thick eyelashes. In society he was reserved and often taciturn, but was free and communicative among his personal friends. He was not a little superstitious, and a firm believer in the reality of spectral illusions. Desultory in some of his literary occupations, he was laborious in pruning and perfecting his poetical compositions. His claims as a poet are not inconsiderable; "Jeanie Morrison" is unsurpassed in graceful simplicity and feeling, and though he had not written another line, it had afforded him a title to rank among the greater minstrels of his country. Eminent pathos and earnestness are his characteristics as a song-writer. The translations of Scandinavian ballads which he has produced are perhaps the most vigorous and successful efforts of the kind which have appeared in the language. An excellent edition of his poetical works, with a memoir by Dr M'Conechy, was published in Glasgow soon after his death.

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met,
By Wearie's cauld well.

We sat on the broom bank,
And look'd in the burn,
But sidelang we look'd on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corncraik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,
Above or around;
We felt that our luve lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears fill'd my ee,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea,
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

You've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
And mony braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
My first luve and last;
May thy joys be to come—
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness
This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee!

JEANIE MORRISON.*

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through mony a weary way,
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day!

The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows owre my path,
And blind my een wi' tears;
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears;
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blythe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun owre ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson—but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said
We cleek'd thegether hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The schule then skailt at noon)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thoughts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegether sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

* 'The heroine of this song, Miss Jane Morrison, afterwards Mrs Murdoch, was daughter of Mr Ebenezer Morrison, brewer in Alloa. In the autumn of 1807, when in her seventh year, she became a pupil of Mr Lennie, and for several months occupied the same classroom with young Motherwell. Of the flame which she had excited in the susceptible heart of her boy-lover, she was totally unconscious. Mr Lennie, however, in a statement published by the editor of Motherwell's poems, refers to the strong impression which she made on the young poet; he describes her as "a pretty girl, and of good capacity." "Her hair," he adds, "was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming" In 1823, Miss Morrison became the wife of Mr John Murdoch, commission-agent in Glasgow, who died in 1829. She never met the poet in after-life, and the ballad of "Jeanie Morrison" had been published for several years before she became aware that she was the heroine.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha'e been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye ha'e been to me!
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine heart, as it does mine;
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

Oh, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me!

WAE BE TO THE ORDERS.

Oh! wae be to the orders that march'd my luve awa',
And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears down fa',
Oh! wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie.
For they ha'e ta'en my luve, and left a broken heart to me.

The drums beat in the mornin', afore the screich o' day,
And the wee, wee fifes play'd loud and shrill, while yet the morn was gray;
The bonnie flags were a' unfurl'd, a gallant sight to see,
But waes me for my sodger lad that march'd to Germanie.

Oh! lang, lang is travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
Oh! dreich it is to gang on foot wi' snaw drift in the teeth!
And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gather'd in my ee,
When I gaed there to see my luve embark for Germanie.

I look'd owre the braid blue sea, sae lang as could be seen
A wee bit sail upon the ship that my sodger lad was in;
But the wind was blawin' sair an' snell, and the ship sail'd speedilie,
And the waves and cruel wars hae twinn'd my winsome luve frae me.

I never think o' dancin', and I downa try to sing,
But a' the day I speir what news kind neibour bodies bring;
I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
Syne for every loop that I cast on, I'm sure to let doun three.

My father says I'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to be;
But little weet they o' the cause that drumles sae my ee,
Oh! they ha'e nae winsome love like mine in the wars o' Germanie.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

David Macbeth Moir was born at Musselburgh on the 5th January 1798. His elementary education was conducted at a private seminary and the Grammar-school of that town. He subsequently attended the medical classes in the University of Edinburgh, and in his eighteenth year obtained a surgeon's diploma. In partnership with Dr Brown, a respectable physician of long standing, he entered on medical practice in his native place. He wrote good poetry in his fifteenth year, and about the same age contributed some prose essays to the *Cheap Magazine*, a small periodical published in Haddington. In 1816 he published a poem entitled "The Bombardment of Algiers." For a succession of years after its commencement in 1817, he wrote numerous articles for *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*. Soon after the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, he became one of its more conspicuous contributors; and his

poetical contributions, which were generally subscribed by his literary *nom de guerre*, the Greek letter Delta (Δ), long continued a source of much interest to the readers of that periodical. In 1824 he published a collection of his poetical pieces, under the title of "Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems." "The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch," originally supplied in a series of chapters to *Blackwood*, and afterwards published in a separate form, much increased his reputation as an author. In 1831 appeared his "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine;" a work which was followed, in 1832, by a pamphlet entitled, "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera;" and a further publication, with the title, "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera." A third volume of poems from his pen, entitled "Domestic verses," was published in 1843. In the early part of 1851 he delivered, at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, a course of six lectures on the "Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century," which, afterwards published in an elegant volume by the Messrs Blackwood, commanded a large share of public attention. In a state of somewhat impaired health, he proceeded to Dumfries on the 1st day of July 1851, hoping to derive benefit from a change of scene and climate. But his end was approaching; he died at Dumfries on the 6th of the same month, having reached only his 53d year. His remains were interred, at a public funeral, in the burying-ground of Musselburgh, where a monument has been erected to his memory. Indefatigable in the discharge of his professional duties, Moir regularly devoted a portion of his time to the gratification of his literary tastes. A pleasant prose writer, he will be remembered for his inimitable drollery in the adventures of "Mansie Wauch." As a poet, his style is perspicuous and simple; and his characteristics are tenderness, dignity, and grace. He is occasionally humorous, but he excels in the plaintive and elegiac. Much of his poetry breathes the odour of a genuine piety. He was personally of an agreeable presence. Tall in stature, his countenance, which was of sanguine hue, wore a serious aspect, unless kindled up by the recital of some humorous tale. His mode of utterance was singularly pleasing, and his dispositions were pervaded by a generous benignity. He loved society, but experienced his chief happiness in the social intercourse of his own family circle. He had married in 1829; and his amiable widow, with eight children, still survive. A collected edition of his best poems, in two duodecimo volumes, has been published since his death, by the Messrs Blackwood, under the editorial superintendence of Mr Thomas Aird, who has prefixed an interesting memoir.

HEIGH-HO!

A PRETTY young maiden sat on the grass—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And by a blythe young shepherd did pass,
In the summer morning so early.
Said he, "My lass will you go with me,
My cot to keep, and my bride to be;
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,
And I will love you rarely?"

"O! no, no, no!" the maiden said—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And bashfully turn'd aside her head,
On that summer morning so early.
"My mother is old, my mother is frail,
Our cottage it lies in yon green dale;
I dare not list to any such tale,
For I love my kind mother rarely."

The shepherd took her lily-white hand—
Sing heigh-ho! sing high-ho!—
And on her beauty did gazing stand,
On that summer morning so early.
"Thy mother I ask thee not to leave
Alone in her frail old age to grieve;
But my home can hold us all, believe—
Will that not please thee fairly?"

"O! no, no, no! I am all too young"—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
"I dare not list to a young man's tongue
On a summer morning so early."
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent;
Oft she strove to go, but she never went;
And at length she fondly blush'd consent—
Heaven blesses true lovers so fairly.

FAREWELL, OUR FATHERS' LAND.

FAREWELL, our fathers' land,
Valley and fountain!
Farewell, old Scotland's strand,
Forest and mountain!
Then hush the drum and hush the flute,
And be the stirring bagpipe mute—
Such sounds may not with sorrow suit—
And fare thee well, Lochaber!

This plume and plaid no more will see,
Nor philabeg, nor dirk at knee,
Nor even the broadswords which Dundee
Bade flash at Killiecrankie.
Farewell, our fathers' land, etc.

Now when of yore, on bank and brae,
Our loyal clansmen marshall'd gay;
Far downward scowls Ben Nevis grey,
On sheep-walks spreading lonely.
Farewell, our fathers' land, etc.

For now we cross the stormy sea,
Ah! never more to look on thee,
Nor on thy dun deer, bounding free,
From Etive glens to Morven.
Farewell, our fathers' land, etc.

Thy mountain air no more we'll breathe;
The household sword shall eat the sheath,
While rave the wild winds o'er the heath
Where our grey sires are sleeping.
Then farewell, our fathers' land, etc.

ROBERT FRASER.

ROBERT FRASER was born in the village of Pathhead, Fifeshire, on the 24th of June 1798. Receiving a respectable education at the various schools of the place, he became apprenticed in his fourteenth year to a wine-merchant in Kirkcaldy, with whom he continued during a period of four years. In 1819 he commenced business with a partner as an ironmonger in Kirkcaldy, and for a considerable time was prosperous in merchandise. His spare hours were devoted to literature, more especially to classical learning and the acquisition of the modern languages. He was latterly familiar with all the languages of Europe. He contributed both in prose and verse to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and other periodicals. A series of misfortunes led to his renouncing business, and in 1838 he accepted the editorship of the *Fife Herald* newspaper, when he removed his residence to Cupar-Fife. He died at Cupar, after a lingering illness, on the 22d May 1839. His "Poetical Remains," with a memoir from the pen of the poet Vedder, were published a few months after his decease. Though not entitled to a high rank, his poetry is pervaded by gracefulness, and some of his lyrics evince considerable power.

OH, I LO'ED MY LASSIE WEEL.

OH, I lo'ed my lassie weel,
How weel I canna tell;
Lang, lang ere ithers trow'd,
Lang ere I wist mysel'.
At the school amang the lave,
If I wrestled or I ran,
I cared na' for the prize,
If she saw me when I wan.

Oh, I lo'ed my lassie weel,
When thae gleesome days were gane;
'Mang a' the bonnie an' the gude,
To match her saw I nane.

Though the cauld warl' o'er me cam',
Wi' its cumber an' its toil,
My day-tide dool was a' forgot,
In her blythe e'enin' smile.

Oh, I lo'ed, nor lo'ed in vain;
An' though mony cam' to woo,
Wha to win her wad been fain,
Yet to me she aye was true.
She grat wi' very joy
When our waddin' day was set;
An' though twal' gude years sinsyne ha'e fled,
She's my darling lassie yet.

JAMES HISLOP.

James Hislop, a short-lived poet of much promise, was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, Dumfriesshire, in July 1798. Under the care of his grandfather, a country weaver, and a man of piety and worth, he taught himself to read. When little more than a child, he became a cow-herd on the farm of Dalblair, in the neighbourhood of his birthplace. About the age of thirteen, he obtained a year's schooling, which was nearly the whole amount of his regular education. He had already read many books on the hillside. In his fourteenth year, he became a shepherd, and tended his first flock at Boghead, parish of Auchinleck, Ayrshire, in the immediate vicinity of Airsmoss, the scene of the skirmish, in 1680, between a body of the soldiers of Charles II. and a small party of Covenanters, when their minister, the famous Richard Cameron, was slain. The traditions which still floated among the peasantry around the tombstone of this indomitable pastor of the persecuted Presbyterians, essentially fostered in his mind the love of poetry ; and he afterwards turned them to account in his poem of "The Cameronian's Dream." Some years having passed at this place, he removed to Corsebank, on the stream Crawick, and afterwards to Carcoe, in the neighbourhood of Sanquhar. Instead of a course of indiscriminate reading, he now followed a system of regular study ; and ere his twentieth year, was not only a respectable classical scholar, but tolerably conversant with some of the modern languages and the exact sciences. He opened an evening school for the instruction of his humble pastoral associates ; and about the close of 1819, was induced to remove to Greenock, there to make the attempt of earning a livelihood by teaching. In October of the same year, he began to contribute verses to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, which excited no inconsiderable attention, and especially called forth the kindly criticisms of the amiable editor, the Rev. Mr Morehead. Visiting Edinburgh, he was introduced by this gentleman to Mr Jeffrey and the Rev. Mr Alison, who had both been interested by his poetry.

The Greenock school adventure was unfortunate, and the poet returned to the pastoral scenes of Carcoe. At this period he composed "The Cameronian's Dream," which appearing in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for February 1821, attracted much attention. He now commenced teaching in Edinburgh ; but soon obtained, through the recommendation of Mr Jeffrey, the appointment of schoolmaster in the "Doris" frigate, about to sail for South America. At sea, he continued to apply himself to mental improvement ; and on his return from a three years' cruise along the coasts of the Western world, he published, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, a series of papers, under the title of "Letters from South America," describing the scenes which he had surveyed. In 1825 he proceeded to London, and there formed the acquaintance of Allan Cunningham, Joanna Baillie, and other literary celebrities. For some time, he reported to one of the London newspapers ; but this employment proving uncongenial, was speedily abandoned. The fidelity with which he had reported a sermon of the famous Edward Irving, gained him the personal acquaintance of that extraordinary individual, who presented him with some tokens of his regard. In 1826, he was appointed teacher of an extensive free school in the neighbourhood of London—an office which, at the end of a year, he exchanged for that of school-master on board the "Tweed" man-of-war, ordered to the Mediterranean and the Cape of Good Hope. While the vessel was cruising off the Cape de Verd islands, Hislop, along with the midshipmen, made a visit of pleasure to the island of St Jago. Sleeping a night on shore, they were all seized with fever, which, in the case of six of the

party, including poor Hislop, proved fatal. After lingering for twelve days, he died on the 4th December 1827, in his twenty-ninth year.

Of a clear head, a warm heart, and exemplary steadiness of character, Hislop was much beloved; and a wide circle of hopeful friends deeply lamented his premature decease. By Allan Cunningham, his genius has been described as "elegant rather than vigorous, sweet and graceful rather than lofty, although he was occasionally lofty, too." As the author of "The Cameronian's Dream," he is entitled to a place among the bards of his country.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night, I was wafted away
To the muirlands of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood,
And in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning, and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in lovely repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable, the clear shining dew
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heath-bells and mountain-flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, in a white sunny cloud
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But ah! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings—
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings—
And drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Conceal'd 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were crying;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheath'd,
But the vengeance that darken'd their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to heaven, in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the sweet mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'midst derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as proud and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder was rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew black, and the thunder was rolling,
As in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended:
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turn'd upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its door, bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding;
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye—
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

A RESPECTABLE contributor to the Caledonian minstrelsy, Robert Gilfillan was born at Dunfermline on the 7th July 1798. His parents were in humble circumstances; and owing to the infirmities of his father, he was required, while a mere youth, to engage in manual labour for the support of the family. He found a solace to his toils in the gratification of a turn for verse-making, which he inherited from his mother. In his thirteenth year, he entered on an apprenticeship to a cooper in Leith; and at the age of twenty, became a grocer's assistant in his native town. From his twenty-third till his thirty-ninth year, he acted as clerk to a wine-merchant in Leith. In 1837, he was preferred to the office of collector of poor's rates in Leith, and continued to hold this appointment till his death. This event took place on the 4th December 1850, in his fifty-second year.

A man of amiable and social dispositions, Gilfillan was much cherished among the wits of the capital. A volume of lyrics from his pen passed through two editions; and several of his songs have been set to music, and have attained a well-merited popularity. His style is remarkable for graceful simplicity.

MANOR BRAES.

TUNE—"*Logan Water.*"

WHERE Manor stream rins blythe an' clear,
And Castlehill's white wa's appear,
I spent ae day, aboon a' days,
By Manor stream, 'mang Manor braes.
The purple heath was just in bloom,
And bonnie waved the upland broom,
The flocks on flowery braes lay still,
Or, heedless, wander'd at their will.

'Twas there, 'mid Nature's calm repose,
Where Manor clearest, saftest flows,
I met a maiden fair to see,
Wi' modest look and bashfu' ee:
Her beauty to the mind did bring
A morn where summer blends wi' spring,
So bright, so pure, so calm, so fair,
'Twas bliss to look—to linger there!

Ilk word cam' frae her bosom warm,
Wi' love to win and sense to charm,
So much of nature, nought of art,
She'll live enthroned within my heart!
Aboon her head the laverock sang,
And 'neath her feet the wild-flowers sprang;
Oh! let me dwell, where beauty strays,
By Manor stream an' Manor braes.

I speir'd gif ane sae young an' fair
Knew aught of love, wi' a' its care?
She said her heart frae love was free,
But aye she blush'd wi' downcast ee.
The parting cam' as partings come,
Wi' looks that speak, though tongues be dumb;
Yet I'll return, ere many days,
To live an' love 'mang Manor braes.

FARE THEE WELL.

TUNE—"*Roy's Wife o' Aldivalloch.*"

FARE THEE WELL, for I must leave thee;
But, oh, let not our parting grieve thee;
Happier days may yet be mine,
At least I wish them thine—believe me!

We part—but by those dew-drops clear,
My love for thee will last for ever;
I leave thee—but thy image dear,
Thy tender smiles, will leave me never.
Fare thee well, etc.

Oh! dry those pearly tears that flow—
One farewell smile before we sever;
The only balm for parting woe
Is—fondly hope 'tis not for ever.
Fare thee well, etc.

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
Calm and serene may be the morrow;
The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright
Without some mingling drops of sorrow!
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
But, oh, let not our parting grieve thee;
Happier days may yet be mine,
At least I wish them thine—believe me!

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'TIS the first rose of summer that opes to my view,
With its bright crimson bosom all bathed in the dew;
It bows to its green leaves with pride from its throne—
'Tis the queen of the valley, and reigneth alone.

Oh! why, lovely stranger! thus early in bloom,
Art thou here to assure us that summer is come?
The primrose and harebell appear with the spring,
But tidings of summer the young roses bring.

Thou fair gift of nature (I welcome the boon),
Was't the lark of the morning that woke thee so soon?
Yet I weep, thou sweet floweret! for soon, from the sky,
The lark shall repose where thy leaves wither'd lie.

Oh! if beauty could save thee, thou ne'er would'st decay,
But, alas! soon thou'lt perish and wither away;
And thy kindred may blossom, and blossom as fair—
Yet I'll mourn, lonely rosebud! when thou art not there.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

TUNE—*"My ain countrie."*

OH! why left I my hame,
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea;
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie,
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain;
But the first joys o' our youth
Come never back again!
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

OH! the happy days o' youth are fast gaun by,
And age is coming on, wi' its bleak winter sky;
An' whar shall we shelter frae its storms when they blaw,
When the gladsome days o' youth are flown awa'?

They said that wisdom cam' wi' manhood's riper years,
But naething did they tell o' its sorrows an' tears;
Oh! I'd gi'e a' the wit, gif ony wit be mine,
For ae sunny morning o' bonnie langsyne.

I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn,
For the blythe happy days that never can return;
When joy was in the heart, an' love was on the tongue,
An' mirth on ilka face, for ilka face was young.

Oh! the bonnie weaving broom, whaur aften we did meet,
Wi' its yellow flowers that fell like gowd 'mang our feet;
The bird would stop its sang, but only for a wee,
As we gaed by its nest, 'neath its ain birk-tree.

Oh! the sunny days o' youth, they couldna aye remain—
There was owre meikle joy and owre little pain;
Sae fareweel, happy days! an' fareweel, youthfu' glee!
The young may court your smiles, but ye're gane frae me.

'TIS SAIR TO DREAM.

'TIS sair to dream o' them we like,
That waking we sall never see;
Yet oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me!
I thought we sat beside the burn
That wimples down the flowery glen,
Where, in our early days o' love,
We met that ne'er sall meet again.

The simmer sun sank 'neath the wave,
And gladden'd wi' his parting ray
The woodland wild and valley green,
Fast fading into gloamin' grey.
He talk'd of days o' future joy,
And yet my heart was haflins sair;
For when his eye it beam'd on me,
A withering death-like glance was there!

I thought him dead, and then I thought
That life was young and love was free;
For o'er our heads the mavis sang,
And hameward hied the janty bee!
We pledged our love and plighted troth,
But cauld, cauld was the kiss he gave;
When, starting from my dream, I found
His troth was plighted to the grave!

I canna weep, for hope is fled,
And nought would do but silent mourn,
Were't no for dreams that should na come,
To whisper back my love's return.
'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,
That waking we sall never see;
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me!

THE BONNIE BRAES OF SCOTLAND.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland,
My blessings on them a',
May peace be found in ilka cot
And joy in ilka ha!
Whaure'er a beild, however laigh,
By burn or brae appears,
Be there the gladsome smile o' youth,
And dignity of years.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland
Sae blooming and sae fair,
There's mony a hame o' kindness
And couthie dwallin' there;
And mair o' warldly happiness
Than folk wad seem to ken,
For the leal and happy heart
Mak's the canty but and ben.

O! wha wad grasp at fame or power,
Or walth seek to obtain,
Be't 'mang the busy scenes o' life,
Or on the stormy main;
When the shepherd on his hill,
Or the peasant at his plew,
Finds sic a share o' happiness
Wi' unco sma' ado?

The wind may whistle loud and cauld,
And sleety blasts may blaw,
Or swirlin' round in whitening wreathes,
May drift the wintry snaw:
But the gloamin' star comes blinkin'
Afore he maist does ken,
And his wifie's cheerfu' smile
Maks the canty but and ben.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland
To my remembrance bring
The lang, lang simmer sunny day,
When life was in its spring;
When, 'mang the wild flowers wandering,
The happy hours went by,
The future wakening no a fear,
Nor yet the past a sigh.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland,
Hame o' the fair and free,
And hame it is a kindly word,
Whaure'er that hame may be;
My weary steps I'd fain retrace
Back to the sunny days,
When youthfu' hearts together joy'd
'Mang Scotland's bonnie braes.

THE MAID OF ALLAN.

AIR—"*Gala Water.*"

FAIR was the morn, an' clear the sky,
On every flower the dew had fallen,
While I, to join in summer's joy,
Stray'd by the bonnie Brig of Allan;
And there, in beauty's artless guise,
A maiden fair did blooming wander,
Pure as the morning light that lies
On Allan stream o' sunny splendour.

The saft winds breathed amang the woods,
Whaur ne'er a leaf was scared or fallen;
The sun flung gowd adown the cluds,
To please the bonnie maid of Allan.
Sweet bloom'd the flowers in simmer bowers,
While birdies, in their leafy dwallin',
Together sang, an' echoes rang
For joy around the maid of Allan.

How sweet the voice of wakening spring
On bud an' blossom fondly callin'!
But nature lists when she does sing,
For nane sing like the maid of Allan.
I canna boast of fortune's smile,
For aft her frown has on me fallen,
Yet walth could ne'er my care beguile
Like her, the bonnie maid of Allan.

O! for a cot by Allan's stream,
Wi' her whose love could banish sorrow,
Then days would glide in blissfu' dream!
Wi' ne'er a dread of coming morrow.
I've wander'd far by burn an' brae,
Through mony a Highland glen an Lawlan';
But had I her that I wad ha'e,
'Twould be the bonnie maid of Allan.

BONNIE PEGGIE GORDON.

TUNE—"*Highland Harry back again.*"

Now simmer walks in robes o' green,
On ilka flowery bank she's seen,
Then come, my love, thou'rt simmer's queen,
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

We'll wander where the primrose springs,
Where the rose-bud dewy hings,
Where the burnie murmuring sings,
"Bonnie Peggie Gordon!"

I'll lead thee down yon sunny lea,
Where the scented hawthorn tree
Sheds its fragrant sweets for thee,
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

The bee has left its foggy den,
An' comes—O! weel its notes I ken—
Saft humming frae the moorland glen,
"Bonnie Peggie Gordon!"

O, saft's the burnie's rocky fa',
An' saft's the winds that owre it blaw,
But love has tales mair saft than a',
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

The flowery earth, the sunny sky,
May please the sense, may charm the eye,
But, to my heart, nought gives sic joy
As bonnie Peggie Gordon.

Down yon birken shaw amang,
Where the blackbird wakes his sang,
There, my fairest, wilt thou gang?
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

There I'll woo thee, seen by nane,
Gaze on thy fair charms alane,
Forgetting a' this warld o' pain
In bonnie Peggie Gordon.

O! TAKE ME TO YON SUNNY ISLE.

TUNE—"*Gramachree.*"

O! take me to yon sunny isle
That stands in Fortha's sea,
For there, all lonely, I may weep,
Since tears my lot must be.
The cavern'd rocks alone shall hear
My anguish and my woe,
But can their echoes Mary bring?
Ah! no, no, no!

I'll wander by the silent shore,
Or climb the rocky steep,
And list to ocean murmuring
The music of the deep;
But when the soft moon lights the waves
In evening's silver glow,
Shall Mary meet me 'neath its light?
Ah! no, no, no!

I'll speak of her to every flower—
And lovely flowers are there;
They'll maybe bow their heads and weep,
For she, like them, was fair.
And every bird I'll teach a song,
A plaintive song of woe;
But Mary cannot hear their strains?
Ah! no, no, no!

Slow steals the sun adown the sky,
As loath to part with day,
But airy morn, with carolling voice,
Shall wake him forth as gay;
Yet Mary's sun rose bright and fair,
And now that sun is low:
Shall its fair beam e'er grace the morn?
Ah! no, no, no!

But I must shed the hidden tear,
Lest Mary mark my care:
The stifling groan may break my heart,
But it shall linger there!
I'll even feign the outward smile,
To hide my inward woe:
I would not have her weep in heaven?
Ah! no, no, no!

HURRAH FOR THE LAND OF THE BRAVE!

THE glory of England shall rise,
As riseth the sun o'er the wave,
In the temple of Fame they shall echo her name—
Hurrah for the land of the brave!

Here freedom hath gladdened the soil
That never was trod by a slave,
And beauty's fair smile gives a charm to the isle—
Hurrah for the land of the brave!

Tread light where our battle-fields lie,
Each spot is a warrior's grave;
Their bold deeds we'll tell, while the chorus shall swell—
Hurrah for the land of the brave!

Old ocean encircles the free,
And liberty's banner shall wave
In pride o'er the main, while the harp sounds the strain—
Hurrah for the land of the brave!

MRS MARGARET M. INGLIS.

THE writer of spirited and elegant poetry, Mrs Margaret Maxwell Inglis, was the youngest daughter of Alexander Murray, a medical practitioner, who latterly accepted a small Government situation in the town of Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire. She was born at Sanquhar on the 27th October 1774, and at an early age became the wife of a Mr Finlay, who held a subordinate post in the navy. On the death of her husband, which took place in the West Indies, she resided with the other members of her family in Dumfries; and in 1803, she married Mr John Inglis, only son of John Inglis, D.D., minister of Kirkmabreck, in Galloway. By the death of Mr Inglis in 1826, she became dependent, with three children by her second marriage, on a small annuity arising from an appointment which her late husband had held in the Excise. She relieved the sadness of her widowhood by a course of extensive reading, and of

composition both in prose and verse. In 1838 she published, at the solicitation of friends, a duodecimo volume, entitled "Miscellaneous Collection of Poems, chiefly Scriptural Pieces." Of the compositions in this volume, there are several of very superior merit, while the whole are marked by a vein of elegant fancy.

Mrs Inglis died in Edinburgh on the 21st December 1843. Eminently gifted as a musician, she could boast of having been complimented by the poet Burns on the grace with which she had, in his presence, sung his own songs. Of retiring and unobtrusive habits, she mixed sparingly in general society; but among her intimate friends, she was held in estimation for the extent of her information, and the unclouded cheerfulness of her disposition. She left some MSS. of poems and songs, which are now in the possession of the editor of this work.

SWEET BARD OF ETTRICK'S GLEN.*

AIR—"*Banks of the Devon.*"

SWEET bard of Ettrick's glen!
Where art thou wandering?
Miss'd is thy foot on the mountain and lea.
Why round yon craggy rocks
Wander thy heedless flocks,
While lambies are list'ning and bleating for thee?
Cold as the mountain stream,
Pale as the moonlight beam,
Still is thy bosom, and closed is thine ee,
Wild may the tempest's wave
Sweep o'er thy lonely grave;
Thou art deaf to the storm—it is harmless to thee.

Like a meteor's brief light,
Like the breath of the morning,
Thy life's dream hath pass'd as a shadow gone by;
Till thy soft numbers stealing
O'er mem'ry's warm feeling,
Each line is embalm'd with a tear or a sigh.
Sweet was thy melody,
Rich as the rose's dye,
Shedding its odours o'er sorrow or glee;
Love laugh'd on golden wing,
Pleasure's hand touch'd the string,
All taught the strain to sing, Shepherd, by thee.

Cold on Benlomond's brow
Flickers the drifted snow,
While down its sides the wild cataracts foam;
Winter's mad winds may sweep
Fierce o'er each glen and steep,
Thy rest is unbroken, and peaceful thy home.
And when on dewy wing
Comes the sweet bird of spring,
Chanting its notes on the bush or the tree;
The Bird of the Wilderness,
Low in the waving grass,
Shall, cow'ring, sing sadly its farewell to thee.

* This song was composed by Mrs Inglis, in honour of the Ettrick Shepherd, shortly after the period of his death.

CHARLIE'S BONNET'S DOWN, LADDIE.

AIR—"*Tullymet.*"

LET Highland lads, wi' belted plaids,
And bonnets blue and white cockades,
Put on their shields, unsheathe their blades,
And conquest fell begin;
And let the word be Scotland's heir:
And when their swords can do nae mair,
Lang bowstrings o' their yellow hair
Let Hieland lasses spin, laddie.
Charlie's bonnet's down, laddie,
Kilt yer plaid and scour the heather;
Charlie's bonnet's down, laddie,
Draw yer dirk and rin.

Mind Wallace wight, auld Scotland's light,
And Douglas bright, and Scrymgeour's might,
And Murray Bothwell's gallant knight,
And Ruthven light and trim—
Kirkpatrick black, wha in a crack
Laid Cressingham upon his back,
Garr'd Edward gather up his pack,
And ply his spurs and rin, laddie.
Charlie's bonnet's down, etc.

YOUNG JAMIE.*

AIR—"*Drummond Castle.*"

LEAFLESS and bare were the shrub and the flower,
Cauld was the drift that blew over yon mountain,
But caulder my heart at his last ling'ring hour,
Though warm was the tear-drap that fell frae my e'e.
O saft is the tint o' the gowan sae bonny,
The blue heather-bell and the rose sweet as ony,
But softer the blink o' his bonnie blue ee,
And sweeter the smile o' young Jamie.

Dark lowers the cloud o'er yon mountain sae hie,
Faint gloams the sun through the mists o' the ocean,
Rough rows the wave on whose bosom I see
The wee bit frail bark that bears Jamie frae me.

* Here first printed.

Oh, lang may I look o'er yon wild waste sae dreary,
And lang count the hours, now so lonesome and weary,
And oft may I see the leaf fade frae the tree,
Ere I see the blythe blink o' his bonnie blue ee.

Cheerless and wae, on yon snaw-cover'd thorn,
Mournfu' and lane is the chirp o' the Robin,
He looks through the storm, but nae shelter can see;
Come, Robin, and join the sad concert wi' me.
Oh, lang may I look o'er yon foam-crested billow,
And Hope dies away like a storm-broken willow;
Sweet Robin, the blossom again ye may see,
But I'll ne'er see the blink o' his bonnie blue ee.

HEARD YE THE BAGPIPE?

Heard ye the bagpipe, or saw ye the banners
That floated sae light o'er the fields o' Kildairlie;
Saw ye the broadswords, the shields, and the tartan hose,
Heard ye the muster-roll sworn to Prince Charlie?
Saw ye brave Appin, wi' bonnet and belted plaid.
Or saw ye the Lords o' Seaforth and Airlie;
Saw ye the Glengarry, M'Leod, and Clandonachil,
Plant the white rose in their bonnets for Charlie?

Saw ye the halls o' auld Holyrood lighted up,
Kenn'd ye the nobles that revell'd sae rarely;
Saw ye the chiefs o' Lochiel and Clanronald,
Wha rush'd frae their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
But saw ye the blood-streaming fields of Culloden,
Or kenn'd ye the banners were tatter'd sae sairly;
Heard ye the pibroch sae wild and sae wailing,
That mourn'd for the chieftains that fell for Prince Charlie.

Wha, in yon Highland glen, weary and shelterless,
Pillows his head on the heather sae barely;
Wha seeks the darkest night, wha maunna face the light,
Borne down by lawless might—gallant Prince Charlie?
Wha, like the stricken deer,
Chased by the hunter's spear,
Fled frae the hills o' his father sae scaredly;
But wha, by affection's chart, reins in auld Scotland's heart—
Wha but the royal, the gallant Prince Charlie?

JAMES KING.

James King was born in Paisley in 1776. His paternal ancestors, for a course of centuries, were farmers in the vicinity of Gleniffer Braes. Having been only one year at school, he was, at the age of eight, required to assist his father in his trade of muslin-weaving. Joining a circulating library, he soon acquired an acquaintance with books; he early wrote verses, and became the intimate associate of Tannahill, who has honourably mentioned him in one of his poetical epistles. In his fifteenth year he enlisted in a fencible regiment, which was afterwards stationed at Inverness. On its being disembodied in 1798, he returned to the loom at Paisley, where he continued till 1803, when he became a recruit in the Renfrewshire county militia. He accompanied this regiment to Margate, Deal, Dover, Portsmouth, and London, and subsequently to Leith, the French prisoners' depôt at Penicuick, and the Castle of Edinburgh. At Edinburgh his poetical talents recommended him to some attention from Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and several others of the poets of the capital.

Accused of exciting disaffection, and promoting an attempt made by a portion of his comrades to resist lawful authority while the regiment was stationed at Perth, King, though wholly innocent of the charge, fearing the vengeance of the adjutant who was hostile to him, contrived to effect his escape. By a circuitous route, so as to elude the vigilance of parties sent to apprehend him, he reached the district of Galloway, where he obtained employment as a shepherd and agricultural labourer. He subsequently wrought as a weaver at Crieff till 1815, when, on his regiment being disembodied, he was honourably acquitted from the charge preferred against him, and

granted his discharge. He now settled as a muslin-weaver, first at Glasgow, and afterwards at Paisley and Charleston. He died at Charleston, near Paisley, on the 28th September 1849, in his seventy-third year.

Of vigorous intellect, lively fancy, and a keen appreciation of the humorous, King was much esteemed among persons of a rank superior to his own. His mind was of fine devotional cast, and his poetical compositions are distinguished by earnestness of expression and sentiment.

THE LAKE IS AT REST.

THE lake is at rest, love,
The sun's on its breast, love,
How bright is its water, how pleasant to see;
Its verdant banks showing
The richest flowers blowing,
A picture of bliss and an emblem of thee!

Then, O fairest maiden!
When earth is array'd in
The beauties of heaven o'er mountain and lea,
Let me still delight in
The glories that brighten,
For they are, dear Anna, sweet emblems of thee.

But, Anna, why redden?
I would not, fair maiden,
My tongue could pronounce what might tend to betray;
The traitor, the demon,
That could deceive woman,
His soul's all unfit for the glories of day.

Believe me then, fairest,
To me thou art dearest;
And though I in raptures view lake, stream, and tree,
With flower blooming mountains,
And crystalline fountains,
I view them, fair maid, but as emblems of thee.

LIFE'S LIKE THE DEW.

AIR—*"Scott's Boat Song."*

No sound was heard o'er the broom-cover'd valley,
Save the lone stream o'er the rock as it fell,
Warm were the sunbeams, and glancing so gaily,
That gold seem'd to dazzle along the flower'd vale.
At length from the hill I heard,
Plaintively wild, a bard,
Yet pleasant to me was his soul's ardent flow;
"Remember what Morard says,
Morard of many days,
Life's like the dew on the hill of the roe.

"Son of the peaceful vale, keep from the battle plain,
Sad is the song that the bugle-horns sing;
Though lovely the standard it waves o'er the mangled slain,
Widows' sighs stretching its broad gilded wing.
Hard are the laws that bind
Poor foolish man and blind;
But free thou may'st walk as the breezes that blow,
Thy cheek's with health's roses spread,
Till time clothes with snow thy head,
Fairer than dew on the hill of the roe.

"Wouldst thou have peace in thy mind when thou'rt hoary,
Shun vice 's paths in the days of thy bloom;
Innocence leads to the summit of glory,
Innocence gilds the dark shades of the tomb.
The tyrant, whose hands are red,
Trembles alone in bed;
But pure is the peasant's soul, pure as the snow,
No horror fiends haunt his rest,
Hope fills his placid breast,
Hope bright as dew on the hill of the roe."

Ceased the soft voice, for grey mist was descending,
Slow rose the bard, and retired from the hill,
The blackbird's mild notes with the thrush's were blending,
Oft scream'd the plover her wild notes and shrill;
Yet still from the hoary bard,
Methought the sweet song I heard,
Mix'd with instruction and blended with woe;
And oft as I pass along,
Chimes in mine ear his song,
"Life's like the dew on the hill of the roe."

ISOBEL PAGAN.

THE author of a sweet pastoral lyric, which has been praised both by Robert Burns and Allan Cunningham, Isobel Pagan claims a biographical notice. She was born in the parish of New Cumnock, Ayrshire, in 1743, and assumed her mother's family name. Possessing only an imperfect education, she was led into a course of irregu-

larities which an early moral training would have probably prevented. She was lame and singularly ill-favoured, but her manners were spirited and amusing. Her chief employment was the composition of verses, and these she sung as a mode of subsistence. She published, in 1805, a volume of doggerel rhymes, and was in the habit of satirising in verse those who had offended her. Her one happy effort in song-making has preserved her name. She lived chiefly in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk. She died on the third November 1821, in her eightieth year, and her remains were interred in the churchyard of Muirkirk. A tombstone marks her grave.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.*

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad;
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie.

"Will ye gang down the water side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

"Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon to thy white feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie."

"If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie."

"While water wimples to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie."

* Of this song a new version was composed by Burns, the original chorus being retained. Burns' version commences—"Hark the mavis' evening sang."

JOHN MITCHELL.

JOHN MITCHELL, the Paisley bard, died in that place on the 12th August 1856, in his seventieth year. He was born at Paisley in 1786. The labour of shoemaking he relieved by the composition of verses. In 1838, he appeared as the author of "A Night on the Banks of the Doon, and other Poems," a volume which was followed in 1840 by "The Wee Steeple's Ghaist, and other Poems and Songs," the latter being dedicated to Professor Wilson. In the year 1848, he produced, jointly with a Mr Dickie, the "Philosophy of Witchcraft," a work which, published by Messrs Oliver & Boyd, was well received. His next publication appeared in 1845, with the title, "One Hundred Original Songs." His last work, "My Grey Goose Quill, and other Poems and Songs," was published in 1852. Mitchell employed himself latterly in forwarding the sale of his publications, and succeeded by this course in securing a comfortable maintenance. He wrote verses with much readiness, and with occasional power. His songs, which we have selected for the present work, are distinguished by graceful simplicity and elegant pathos. His manners were eccentric, and he was not unconscious of his poetical endowments.

BEAUTY.

WHAT wakes the Poet's lyre?
'Tis Beauty;
What kindles his poetic fire?
'Tis Beauty;

What makes him seek, at evening's hour,
The lonely glen, the leafy bower,
When dew hangs on each little flower
Oh! it is Beauty.

What melts the soldier's soul?
'Tis Beauty;
What can his love of fame control?
'Tis Beauty;
For oft, amid the battle's rage,
Some lovely vision will engage
His thoughts, and war's rough ills assuage:
Such power has Beauty.

What tames the savage mood!
'Tis Beauty;
What gives a polish to the rude?
'Tis Beauty;
What gives the peasant's lowly state
A charm which wealth cannot create,
And on the good alone will wait?
'Tis faithful Beauty.

Then let our favourite toast
Be Beauty;
Is it not king and peasant's boast?
Yes, Beauty;
Then let us guard with tender care
The gentle, th' inspiring fair,
And Love will a diviner air
Impart to Beauty.

OH! WAFT ME TO THE FAIRY CLIME.

Oh! waft me to the fairy clime
Where Fancy loves to roam,
Where Hope is ever in her prime,
And Friendship has a home;
There will I wander by the streams
Where Song and Dance combine,
Around my rosy waking dreams
Ecstatic joys to twine.

On Music's swell my thoughts will soar
Above created things,
And revel on the boundless shore
Of rapt imaginings.
The rolling spheres beyond earth's ken
My fancy will explore,
And seek, far from the haunts of men,
The Poet's mystic lore.

Love will add gladness to the scene,
And strew my path with flowers;
And Joy with Innocence will lean
Amid my rosy bowers.
Then waft me to the fairy clime
Where Fancy loves to roam,
Where Hope is ever in her prime,
And Friendship has a home.

THE LOVE-SICK MAID.

The love-sick maid, the love-sick maid,
Ah! who will bring comfort to the love-sick maid?
Can the doctor cure her woe
When she will not let him know
Why the tears incessant flow
From the love-sick maid?

The flaunting day, the flaunting day,
She cannot bear the glare of the flaunting day!
For she sits and pines alone,
And will comfort take from none;
Nay, the very colour's gone
From the love-sick maid.

The secret's out, the secret's out,
A doctor has been found, and the secret's out!
For she finds at e'ening's hour,
In a rosy woodland bower,
Charms worth a prince's dower
To a love-sick maid.

JOHN GOLDIE.

A short-lived poet and song-writer of some promise, John Goldie was born at Ayr on the 22d December 1798. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was a respectable shipmaster. Obtaining an ample education at the academy of his native town, he became, in his fifteenth year, assistant to a grocer in Paisley; he subsequently held a similar situation in a stoneware and china shop in Glasgow. In 1821 he opened, on his own account, a stoneware establishment at Ayr; but proving unfortunate in business, he abandoned the concerns of trade. From his boyhood being devoted to literature, he now resolved on its cultivation as a means of support. Already known as an occasional contributor, both in prose and verse, to the public press, he received the appointment of assistant editor of the *Ayr Courier*, and shortly after obtained the entire literary superintendence of that journal. In 1821, he published a pamphlet of respectable verses; and in the following year appeared as the author of a duodecimo volume of "Poems and Songs," which he inscribed to the Ettrick Shepherd. Of the compositions in the latter publication, the greater portion,

he intimates in the preface, "were composed at an early age, chiefly betwixt the years of sixteen and twenty;" and as the production of a very young man, the volume is altogether creditable to his genius and taste.

Deprived of the editorship of the *Courier*, in consequence of a change in the proprietary, Goldie proceeded to London, in the hope of forming a connection with some of the leading newspapers in the metropolis. Unsuccessful in this effort, he formed the project of publishing *The London Scotsman*, a newspaper to be chiefly devoted to the consideration of Scottish affairs. Lacking that encouragement necessary to the ultimate success of this adventure, he abandoned the scheme after the third publication, and in very reduced circumstances returned to Scotland. He now projected the *Paisley Advertiser*, of which the first number appeared on the 9th October 1824. The editorship of this newspaper he retained till his death, which took place suddenly on the 27th February 1826, in his twenty-eighth year.

Of a vigorous intellect, and possessed of a correct literary taste, Goldie afforded excellent promise of eminence as a journalist. As a poet and song-writer, a rich vein of humour pervades certain of his compositions, while others are marked by a plaintive tenderness. Of sociable and generous dispositions, he was much esteemed by a circle of admiring friends. His personal appearance was pleasing, and his countenance wore the aspect of intelligence.

AND CAN THY BOSOM?

AIR—"*Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes.*"

AND can thy bosom bear the thought
To part frae love and me, laddie?
Are all those plighted vows forgot,
Sae fondly pledged by thee, laddie?
Canst thou forget the midnight hour,
When in yon love-inspiring bower,
You vow'd by every heavenly power
You'd ne'er lo'e ane but me, laddie?
Wilt thou—wilt thou gang and leave me—
Win my heart and then deceive me?
Oh! that heart will break, believe me,
Gin ye part wi' me, laddie.

Aft ha'e ye roos'd my rosy cheek,
Aft praised my sparkling ee, laddie,
Aft said nae bliss on earth ye'd seek,
But love and live wi' me, laddie.
But soon those cheeks will lose their red,
Those eyes in endless sleep be hid,
And 'neath the turf the heart be laid
That beats for love and thee, laddie.
Wilt thou—wilt thou gang and leave me—
Win my heart and then deceive me?
Oh! that heart will break, believe me,
Gin ye part frae me, laddie.

You'll meet a form mair sweet and fair,
Where rarer beauties shine, laddie,
But, oh! the heart can never bear
A love sae true as mine, laddie.
But when that heart is laid at rest—
That heart that lo'ed ye last and best—
Oh! then the pangs that rend thy breast
Will sharper be than mine, laddie.

Broken vows will vex and grieve me,
Till a broken heart relieve me—
Yet its latest thought, believe me,
Will be love an' thine, laddie.

SWEET'S THE DEW.

SWEET's the dew-deck'd rose in June
And lily fair to see, Annie,
But there's ne'er a flower that blooms
Is half so fair as thee, Annie.
Beside those blooming cheeks o' thine
The opening rose its beauties tine,
Thy lips the rubies far outshine,
Love sparkles in thine ee, Annie.

The snaw that decks yon mountain top
Nae purer is than thee, Annie;
The haughty mien and pridefu' look
Are banish'd far frae thee, Annie.
And in thy sweet angelic face
Triumphant beams each modest grace;
And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A form sae bright as thine, Annie.

Wha could behold thy rosy cheek
And no feel love's sharp pang, Annie?
What heart could view thy smiling looks,
And plot to do thee wrang, Annie?
Thy name in ilka sang I'll weave,
My heart, my soul, wi' thee I'll leave,
And never, till I cease to breathe,
I'll cease to think on thee, Annie.

J. C. DENOVAN.

J. C. DENOVAN was born at Edinburgh in 1798. Early evincing a predilection for a seafaring life, he was enabled to enter a sloop of war, with the honorary rank of a midshipman. After accomplishing a single voyage, he was necessitated, by the death of his father, to abandon his nautical occupation, and to seek a livelihood in Edinburgh. He now became, in his sixteenth year, apprentice to a grocer; and he subsequently established himself as a coffee-roaster in the capital. He died in 1827. Of amiable dispositions, he was an agreeable and unassuming member of society. He courted the Muse to interest his hours of leisure, and his poetical aspirations received the encouragement of Sir Walter Scott and other men of letters.

OH DERMOT, DEAR LOVED ONE!

THOU hast left me, dear Dermot! to cross the wide seas,
And thy Norah lives grieving in sadness forlorn,
She laments and looks back on the past happy days
When thy presence had left her no object to mourn;
Those days that are past,
Too joyous to last,
A pang leaves behind them, 'tis Heaven's decree;
No joy now is mine,
In sadness I pine,
Till Dermot, dear Dermot, returns back to me.

O Dermot, dear Dermot! why, why didst thou leave
The girl who holds thee so dear in her heart?
Oh! couldst thou hold a thought that would cause her to grieve,
Or think for one moment from Norah to part?
Couldst thou reconcile
To leave this dear isle,
In a far unknown country, where dangers there be?
Oh! for thy dear sake
This poor heart will break,
If thou, dear beloved one, return not to me.

In silence I'll weep till my Dermot doth come,
Alone will I wander by morn, noon, and night,
Still praying of Heaven to send him safe home
To her who'll embrace him with joy and delight.
Then come, like a dove,
To thy faithful love,
Whose heart will entwine thee, fond, joyous, and free;
From danger's alarms
Speed to her open arms,
O Dermot, dear loved one! return back to me.

JOHN IMLAH.

JOHN IMLAH, one of the sweetest and most patriotic of Scottish song-writers, was born in North Street, Aberdeen, on the 15th November 1799.* His progenitors were farmers in the parish of Fyvie, but his father followed the profession of an innkeeper. Of seven sons, born in succession to his parents, the poet was the youngest. On completing an ordinary education at the grammar-school, he was apprenticed to a pianoforte maker in Aberdeen. Excelling as a piano-tuner, he, in this capacity, sought employment in London, and was fortunate in procuring an engagement from the Messrs Broadwood. For the first six months of the year he performed the duties of a tuner in the metropolis, and during the remaining six months prosecuted his vocation in Scotland. Attached to his native country, he took delight in celebrating her strains. He composed songs from his boyhood. In 1827 he published "May Flowers," a duodecimo volume of lyrics, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, which he

* "Nov. 15, 1799. Peter Imlah, stabler, and Elizabeth Imlah, his wife, had a son born named John."—*Aberdeen Register of Births.*

followed by a second volume of "Poems and Songs" in 1841. He contributed to Macleod's "National Melodies" and the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. On the 9th January 1846 his death took place at Jamaica, whither he had gone on a visit to one of his brotners.

Imlah was a person of amiable dispositions and agreeable manners. Of his numerous lyrics, each is distinguished by a rich fancy, and several of his songs will maintain a lasting place in the national minstrelsy.

KATHLEEN.

AIR—"*The Humours of Glen.*"

O DISTANT but dear is that sweet island, wherein
My hopes with my Kathleen and kindred abide;
And far though I wander from thee, emerald Erin!
No space can the links of my love-chain divide.
Fairest spot of the earth! brightest gem of the ocean!
How oft have I waken'd my wild harp in thee!
While, with eyes of expression, and heart of emotion,
Listen'd, Kathleen mavourneen, cuishlih ma chree!

The bloom of the moss-rose, the blush of the morning,
The soft cheek of Kathleen discloses their dye;
What ruby can rival the lip of mavourneen?
What sight-dazzling diamond can equal her eye?
Her silken hair vies with the sunbeam in brightness,
And white is her brow as the surf of the sea;
Thy footstep is like to the fairy's in lightness,
Of Kathleen mavourneen, cuishlih ma chree!

Fair muse of the minstrel! beloved of my bosom!
As the song of thy praise and my passion I breathed,
Thy fair fingers oft, with the triad leaf'd blossom,
Sweet Erin's green emblem, my wild harp have wreathed;
While with soft melting murmurs the bright river ran on,
That by thy bower follows the sun to the sea;
And oh! soon dawn the day I review the sweet Shannon
And Kathleen mavourneen, cuishlih ma chree!

HIELAN' HEATHER.

AIR—"*O'er the Muir amang the Heather.*"

HEY for the Hielan' heather!
Hey for the Hielan' heather!
Dear to me, an' aye shall be,
The bonnie braes o' Hielan' heather!

The moss-muir black an' mountain blue,
Whare mists at morn an' gloamin' gather;
The craigs an' cairns o' hoary hue,
Whare blooms the bonnie Hielan' heather!
Hey for the Hielan' heather!

Whare mony a wild bird wags its wing,
Baith sweet o' sang an' fair o' feather;
While cavern'd cliffs wi' echo ring
Amang the hills o' Hielan' heather!
Hey for the Hielan' heather!

Whare, light o' heart an' light o' heel,
Young lads and lasses trip thegether
The native Norlan' rant and reel
Amang the halesome Hielan' heather!
Hey for the Hielan' heather!

The broom an' whin, by loch an' lin,
Are tipp'd wi' gowd in simmer weather;
How sweet an' fair! but meikle mair
The purple bells o' Hielan' heather!
Hey for the Hielan' heather!

Whare'er I rest, whare'er I range,
My fancy fondly travels thither;
Nae country charms, nae customs change
My feelings frae the Hielan' heather!
Hey for the Hielan' heather!

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

AIR—"*Kinloch.*"

LOVED land of my kindred, farewell—and for ever!
Oh! what can relief to the bosom impart;
When fated with each fond endearment to sever,
And hope its sweet sunshine withholds from the heart!
Farewell, thou fair land! which, till life's pulse shall perish,
Though doom'd to forego, I shall never forget;
Wherever I wander, for thee will I cherish
The dearest regard and the deepest regret.

Farewell, ye great Grampians, cloud-robed and crested!
Like your mists in the sunbeam ye melt in my sight;
Your peaks are the king-eagle's thrones—where have rested
The snow-falls of ages—eternally white.

Ah! never again shall the falls of your fountains
Their wild murmur'd music awake on mine ear;
No more the lake's lustre that mirrors your mountains,
I'll pore on with pleasure—deep, lonely, yet dear.

Yet—yet Caledonia! when slumber comes o'er me,
Oh! oft will I dream of thee, far, far away;
But vain are the visions that rapture restore me,
To waken and weep at the dawn of the day.
Ere gone the last glimpse, faint and far o'er the ocean,
Where yet my heart dwells—where it ever shall dwell,
While tongue, sigh, and tear, speak my spirit's emotion,
My country—my kindred—farewell, oh, farewell!

THE ROSE OF SEATON VALE.

A BONNIE Rose bloom'd wild and fair,
As sweet a bud, I trow,
As ever breathed the morning air,
Or drank the evening dew.
A Zephyr loved the blushing flower,
With sigh and fond love tale;
It woo'd within its briery bower
The Rose of Seaton Vale.

With wakening kiss the Zephyr press'd
This bud at morning light;
At noon it fann'd its glowing breast,
And nestled there at night.
But other flowers sprung up thereby,
And lured the roving gale;
The Zephyr left to droop and die
The Rose of Seaton Vale.

A matchless maiden dwelt by Don,
Loved by as fair a youth;
Long had their young hearts throbb'd as one
Wi' tenderness and truth.
Thy warmest tear, soft Pity, pour—
For Ellen's type and tale
Are in that sweet, ill-fated flower,
The Rose of Seaton Vale.

KATHERINE AND DONALD.

YOUNG Donald dearer loved than life
The proud Dunallan's daughter;
But, barr'd by feudal hate and strife,
In vain he loved and sought her.
She loved the Lord of Garry's glen,
The chieftain of Clanronald;
A thousand plaided Highlandmen
Clasp'd the claymore for Donald.

On Scotland rush'd the Danish hordes,
Dunallan met his foemen;
Beneath him bared ten thousand swords
Of vassal, serf, and yeomen.
The fray was fierce—and at its height
Was seen a visor'd stranger,
With red lance foremost in the fight,
Unfearing Dane and danger.

"Be praised—brave knight! thy steel hath striven
The sharpest in the slaughter;
Crave what thou wilt of me—though even
My fair—my darling daughter!"
He lifts the visor from his face—
The chieftain of Clanronald!
And foes enclasp in friends' embrace,
Dunallan and young Donald.

Dunallan's halls ring loud with glee—
The feast-cup glads Glengarry—
The joy that should for ever be
When mutual lovers marry.
The shout and shell the revellers raise,
Dunallan and Clanronald;
And minstrel measures pour to praise
Fair Kath'rine and brave Donald!

GUID NIGHT, AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'

GUID night, and joy be wi' you a'!
Since it is sae that I maun gang;
Short seem'd the gate to come, but ah!
To gang again as wearie lang.
Sic joyous nights come nae sae thrang
That I sae sune sou'd haste awa';
But since its sae that I maun gang,
Guid night, an' joy be wi' you a'!

This night, I ween, we've had the heart
To gar auld Time tak' to his feet;
That makes us a' fu' laith to part,
But aye mair fain again to meet!
To dree the winter's drift and weet
For sic a night is nocht ava,
For hours the sweetest o' the sweet;
Guid night, an' joy be wi' you a'!

Our bald-pow'd daddies here we've seen,
In younker revels fidgin' fain;
Our grey-hair'd grannies here ha'e been,
Like daffin hizzies, young again!
To mony a merry auld Scot's strain
We've deftly danced the time awa':
We met in mirth—we part wi' pain—
Guid night, an' joy be wi' you a'!

My nimble grey neighs at the yett,
My shouthers roun' the plaid I throw;
I've clapt the spur upon my buit,
The guid braid bonnet on my brow!
Then night is wearing late, I trow—
My hame lies mony a mile awa';
The mair's my need to mount and go—
Guid night, an' joy be wi' you a'!

THE GATHERING.*

Rise, rise! Lowland and Highlandmen,
Bald sire to beardless son, each come and early;
Rise, rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie;
Down from the mountain steep,
Up from the valley deep,
Out from the clachan, the bothie, and shieling,
Bugle and battle-drum
Bid chief and vassal come,
Bravely our bagpipes the pibroch is pealing.

Men of the mountains—descendants of heroes!
Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers;
Say, shall the Southern—the Sassenach fear us
When to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers?
Too long on the trophied walls
Of your ancestral halls,
Red rust hath blunted the armour of Albin;
Seize, then, ye mountain Macs,
Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Breadalbin!

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,
Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal!
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald Macdonald!
Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on!

MARY.

Air—"*The Dawtie.*"

There lives a young lassie
Far down yon lang glen,
How I lo'e that lassie
There's nae ane can ken!
Oh! a saint's faith may vary,
But faithfu' I'll be—
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan
Her smiling wee mou',
An' white as the gowan
Her breast and her brow;
Wi' the foot o' a fairy
She links o'er the lea—
Oh! weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

Where yon tall forest timmer,
An' lowly broom bower,
To the sunshine o' simmer,
Spread verdure an' flower;
There, when night clouds the cary,
Beside her I'll be—
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me!

OH! GIN I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS.*

Oh! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins—
Oh, gin I were where Gadie rins
By the foot o' Bennachie!

I've roam'd by Tweed, I've roam'd by Tay,
By Border Nith, and Highland Spey,
But dearer far to me than they
The braes o' Bennachie.

When blade and blossoms sprout in spring,
And bid the burdies wag the wing,
They blythely bob, and soar, and sing
By the foot o' Bennachie.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene
Wi' licht o' gow'd and leaves o' green,
I fain would be where aft I've been
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barn-yards stored wi' stooks o' corn,
'Tis blythe to toom the clyack horn
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still
At the foot o' Bennachie.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot o' Bennachie.

Oh, gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins—
Oh, gin I were where Gadie rins
By the foot o' Bennachie.

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* A MS. copy of this song had been sent by the author to the Ettrick Shepherd. Having been found among the Shepherd's papers after his decease, it was regarded as his own composition, and has consequently been included in the posthumous edition of his songs, published by the Messrs Blackie. The song appears in Imlah's "May Flowers," published in 1827.

* The chorus of this song, which is said to have been originally connected with a plaintive Jacobite ditty, now lost, has suggested several modern songs similar in manner and sentiment. Imlah composed two songs with this chorus. The earlier of these compositions appears in the "May Flowers." It is evidently founded upon a rumour, which prevailed in Aberdeenshire during the first quarter of the century, to the effect that a Scottish officer, serving in Egypt, had been much affected on hearing a soldier's wife *crooning* to herself the original words of the air. We have inserted in the text Imlah's second version, as being somewhat smoother in versification. It is the only song which we have transcribed from his volume, published in 1841. The Gadie is a rivulet, and Bennachie a mountain in Aberdeenshire. *See* article, John Park, D.D., *postea*.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

THOMAS ATKINSON, a respectable writer of prose and verse, was born at Glasgow about the year 1800. Having completed an apprenticeship to Mr Turnbull, bookseller, Trongate, he entered into copartnership with Mr David Robertson, subsequently King's publisher in the city. Of active business habits, he conducted, along with his partner, an extensive bookselling trade, yet found leisure for the pursuits of elegant literature. At an early age he published "The Sextuple Alliance," a series of poems on the subject of Napoleon Bonaparte, which afforded considerable promise, and received the commendation of Sir Walter Scott. In 1827, he published "The Ant," a work in two volumes, one of which consists of entirely original, and the other of selected matter. "The Chameleon," a publication of the nature of an annual, commenced in 1831, and extended to three octavo volumes. Of this work, a *melange* of prose and poetry, the contents for the greater part were of his own composition. The last volume appeared in September 1833, shortly before his death.

Deeply interested in the public affairs, Atkinson was distinguished as a public speaker. At the general election, subsequent to the passing of the Reform Bill, he was invited to become a candidate in the liberal interest for the parliamentary representation of the Stirling burghs, in opposition to Lord Dalmeny, who was returned. Naturally of a sound constitution, the exertions of his political canvass superinduced an illness, which terminated in pulmonary consumption. During a voyage he had undertaken to Barbadoes for the recovery of his health, he died at sea on the 10th October 1833. His remains placed in an oaken coffin, which he had taken along with him, were buried in the deep. He bequeathed a sum, to be applied, after accumulation, in erecting a building in Glasgow for scientific purposes. A monument to his memory has been erected in the Glasgow Necropolis. The following stanzas were composed by the dying poet at the outset of his voyage, and less than three weeks prior to his decease; they are dated the "River Mersey," 21st September 1833:—

I could not, as I gazed my last—there was on me a spell,
In all its simple agony—breathe that lone word—"Farewell,"
Which hath no hope that clings to it, the closer as it dies,
In song alone 'twould pass the lips that loved the dear disguise.

I go across a bluer wave than now girds round my bark,
As forth the dove went trembling—but to my Father's ark
Shall I return? I may not ask my doubting heart, but yet
To hope and wish in one—how hard the lesson to forget.

* * * * *

But drooping head and feeble limbs—and, oh! a beating heart,
Remind the vow'd to sing no more of all his weary part;
Yet, with a voice that trembles as the sounds unloose the spell,
In this, his last and rudest lay, he now can breathe—"Farewell."

In the "Chameleon" several of Mr Atkinson's songs are set to music, but, with the exception of "Mary Shearer," none of them are likely to obtain popularity.

MARY SHEARER.

SHE's aff and awa', like the lang summer-day,
And our hearts and our hills are now lanesome and dreary;
The sun-blinks o' June will come back ower the brae,
But lang for blythe Mary fu' mony may weary.
For mair hearts than mine
Kenn'd o' nane that were dearer;
But nane mair will pine
For the sweet Mary Shearer!

She cam' wi' the spring, just like ane o' its flowers,
And the blue-bell and Mary baith blossom'd thegether;
The bloom o' the mountain again will be ours,
But the rose o' the valley nae mair will come hither.
Their sweet breath is fled—
Her kind looks still endear her;
For the heart maun be dead
That forgets Mary Shearer!

Than her brow ne'er a fairer wi' jewels was hung;
An ee that was brighter ne'er glanced on a lover;
Sounds safter ne'er dropt frae an aye-saying tongue,
Nor mair pure is the white o' her bridal-bed cover.
Oh! he maun be bless'd
Wha's allow'd to be near her;
For the fairest and best
O' her kind's Mary Shearer!

But farewell Glenlin, and Dunoon, and Loch Striven,
My country and kin—since I've sae lov'd the stranger;
Whare she's been maun be either a pine or a heaven—
Sae across the braid warld for a while I'm a ranger.
Though I try to forget,
In my heart still I'll wear her,
For mine may be yet—
Name and a'—Mary Shearer!

ROBERT HOGG.

Robert Hogg was born in the parish of Stobo, about the close of the century. His father was William Hogg, eldest brother of the Ettrick Shepherd. William Hogg was also a shepherd, a sensible, well-conducted man, and possessed of considerable literary talent. Receiving a classical education at the grammar-school of Peebles, Robert proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, with the intention of studying for the Church. Abandoning his original views, he became corrector of the press, or reader, in the printing-office of Messrs Ballantyne. John Wilson, the future vocalist was his yoke-fellow in office. His official duties were arduous, but he contrived to find leisure for contributing, both in prose and verse, to the periodicals. His literary talents attracted the favourable notice of Mr J. G. Lockhart, who, on being appointed, in 1825, to conduct the *Quarterly Review*, secured his services as secretary or literary assistant. He therefore proceeded to London, but as it was found there was not sufficient occasion for his services in his new appointment, he returned in a few months to the duties of his former situation. For a short period he acted as amanuensis to Sir Walter Scott, while the "Life of Napoleon" was in progress. According to his own account,* this must have been no relief from his ordinary toils, for Sir Walter was at his task from early morning till almost evening, excepting only two short spaces for meals. When *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* was commenced, Hogg was asked by his former schoolfellow, Mr Robert Chambers, to undertake the duties of assistant-editor, on a salary superior to that which he then received; but this office, from a conscientious scruple about his ability to give satisfaction, he was led to decline. He was an extensive contributor, both in prose and verse, to the two first volumes of this popular periodical; but before the work had gone further, his health began to give way, and he retired to his father's house in Peeblesshire, where he died in 1834. He left a young wife and one child.

Robert Hogg was of low stature, and of retiring manners. He was fond of humour, but was possessed of the strictest integrity and purity of heart. His compositions are chiefly scattered among the contemporary periodical literature. He contributed songs to the "Scottish and Irish Minstrels" and "Select Melodies" of R. A. Smith; and a ballad, entitled "The Tweeddale Raide," composed in his youth,

* *See* Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott."

was inserted by his uncle in the "Mountain Bard." Those which appear in the present work are transcribed from a small periodical, entitled "The Rainbow," published at Edinburgh, in 1821, by R. Ireland; and from the Author's Album, in the possession of Mr Scott Riddell, to whom it was presented by his parents after his decease. In the "Rainbow," several of Hogg's poetical pieces are translations from the German, and from the Latin of Buchanan. All his compositions evince taste and felicity of expression, but they are defective in startling originality and power.*

* We have to acknowledge our obligations to Dr Robert Chambers for many of the particulars contained in this memoir.

WHEN AUTUMN COMES.

When autumn comes an' heather bells
Bloom bonnie owre yon moorland fells,
An' corn that waves on lowland dales
Is yellow ripe appearing;

Bonnie lassie will ye gang
Shear wi' me the hale day lang;
An' love will mak' us eithly bang
The weary toil o' shearing?

An' if the lasses should envy,
Or say we love, then you an' I
Will pass ilk ither slyly by,
As if we werena caring.

But aye I wi' my heuk will whang
The thistles, if in prickles strang
Your bonnie milk-white hands they wrang,
When we gang to the shearing.

An' aye we'll haud our rig afore,
An' ply to ha'e the shearing o'er,
Syne you will soon forgot you bore
Your neighbours' gibes and jeering.

For then, my lassie, we'll be wed,
When we ha'e proof o' ither had,
An' nae mair need to mind what's said
When we're thegether shearing.

BONNIE PEGGIE, O!

Gang wi' me to yonder howe, bonnie Peggie, O!
Down ayont the gowan knowe, bonnie Peggie, O!
When the siller burn rins clear,
When the rose blooms on the brier,
An' where there is none to hear, bonnie Peggie, O!

I ha'e lo'ed you e'en an' morn, bonnie Peggie, O!
You ha'e laugh'd my love to scorn, bonnie Peggie, O!
My heart's been sick and sair,
But it shall be sae nae mair,
I've now gotten a' my care, bonnie Peggie, O!

You ha'e said you love me too, bonnie Peggie, O!
An' you've sworn you will be true, bonnie Peggie, O!
Let the world ga'e as it will,
Be it weel or be it ill,
Nae hap our joy shall spill, bonnie Peggie, O!
Gang wi' me to yonder howe, bonnie Peggie, O!
Where the flowers o' simmer grow, bonnie Peggie, O!
Nae mair my love is cross'd,
Sorrow's sairest pang is past,
I am happy at the last, bonnie Peggie, O!

I LOVE THE MERRY MOONLIGHT.*

I love the merry moonlight,
So wooingly it dances,
At midnight hours, round leaves and flowers,
On which the fresh dew glances.

I love the merry moonlight,
On lake and pool so brightly
It pours its beams, and in the stream's
Rough current leaps so lightly.

I love the merry moonlight,
It ever shines so cheerily
When night clouds flit, that, but for it,
Would cast a shade so drearily.

I love the merry moonlight,
For when it gleams so mildly,
The passions rest that rule the breast
At other times so wildly.

I love the merry moonlight,
For 'neath it I can borrow
Such blissful dreams, that this world seems
Without a sin or sorrow.

OH, WHAT ARE THE CHAINS OF LOVE MADE OF?†

Oh, what are the chains of love made of,
The only bonds that can,
As iron gyves the body, thrall
The free-born soul of man?

Can you twist a rope of beams of the sun,
Or have you power to seize,
And round your hand, like threads of silk,
Wind up the wandering breeze?

* Printed from the author's MS., in the possession of Mr H. S. Riddell.
† From the original MS.

Can you collect the morning dew
And, with the greatest pains,
Beat every drop into a link,
And of these links make chains?

More fleeting in their nature still,
And less substantial are
Than sunbeam, breeze, and drop of dew,
Smile, sigh, and tear—by far.

And yet of these Love's chains are made,
The only bonds that can,
As iron gyves the body, thrall
The free-born soul of man.

JOHN WRIGHT.

An unfortunate but accomplished poet, John Wright was born on the 1st September 1805, at the farm-house of Auchincloigh, in the parish of Sorn, Ayrshire. From his mother, a woman of much originality and shrewdness, he inherited a strong inclination towards intellectual culture. His school education was circumscribed, but he experienced delight in improving his mind, by solitary musings amidst the amenities of the vicinity of Galston, a village to which his father had removed. At the age of seven, he began to assist his father in his occupation of a coal driver; and in his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to the loom. His master supplied him with books, which he perused with avidity, and he took an active part in the weekly meetings of apprentices for mutual literary improvement; but his chief happiness was still experienced in lonely rambles amidst the interesting scenes of the neighbourhood, which, often celebrated by the poets, were especially calculated to foment his own rapidly developing fancy. He fell in love, was accepted, and ultimately cast off—incidents which afforded him opportunities of celebrating the charms and deploring the inconstancy of the fair. He composed a poem, of fifteen hundred lines, entitled "Mahomet, or the Hegira," and performed the extraordinary mental effort of retaining the whole on his memory, at the period being unable to write. "The Retrospect," a poem of more matured power, was announced in 1824. At the recommendation of friends, having proceeded to Edinburgh to seek the counsel of men of letters, he submitted the MS. of his poem to Professor Wilson, Dr M'Crie, Mr Glassford Bell, and others, who severally expressed their approval, and commended a publication. "The Retrospect," accordingly, appeared with a numerous list of subscribers, and was well received by the press. The poet now removed to Cambuslang, near Glasgow, where he continued to prosecute his occupation of weaving. He entered into the married state by espousing Margaret Chalmers, a young woman of respectable connections and considerable literary tastes. The desire of obtaining funds to afford change of climate to his wife, who was suffering from impaired health, induced him to propose a second edition of his poems, to be published by subscription. During the course of his canvass, he unfortunately contracted those habits of intemperance which have proved the bane of so many of the sons of genius. Returning to the loom at Cambuslang, he began to exchange the pleasures of the family hearth for the boisterous excitement of the tavern. He separated from his wife and children, and became the victim of dissipation. In 1853, some of his literary friends published the whole of his poetical works in a duodecimo volume, in the hope of procuring the means of extricating him from his painful condition. The attempt did not succeed. He died in an hospital in Glasgow, of fever, contracted by intemperance. As a poet, he was possessed of a rich fancy, with strong descriptive powers. His "Retrospect" abounds with beautiful passages; and some of his shorter poems and songs are destined to survive.

THE MAIDEN FAIR.

THE moon hung o'er the gay greenwood,
The greenwood o'er the mossy stream,
That roll'd in rapture's wildest mood,
And flutter'd in the fairy beam.
Through light clouds flash'd the fitful gleam
O'er hill and dell,—all Nature lay
Wrapp'd in enchantment, like the dream
Of her that charm'd my homeward way!

Long had I mark'd thee, maiden fair!
And drunk of bliss from thy dark eye,
And still, to feed my fond despair,
Bless'd thy approach, and, passing by,
I turn'd me round to gaze and sigh,
In worship wild, and wish'd thee mine,
On that fair breast to live and die,
O'erpower'd with transport so divine!

Still sacred be that hour to love,
And dear the season of its birth,
And fair the glade, and green the grove,
Its bowers ne'er droop in wintry dearth
Of melody and woodland mirth!—
The hour, the spot, so dear to me!
That wean'd my soul from all on earth,
To be for ever bless'd in thee.

THE OLD BLIGHTED THORN.

ALL night, by the pathway that crosses the moor,
I waited on Mary, I linger'd till morn,
Yet thought her not false—she had ever been true
To her tryst by the old blighted thorn.

I had heard of Love lighting to darken the heart,
Fickle, fleeting as wind and the dews of the morn;
Such were not my fears, though I sigh'd all night long,
And wept 'neath the old blighted thorn.

The snows, that were deep, had awaken'd my dread,
I mark'd as footprints far below by the burn;
I sped to the valley—I found her deep sunk,
On her way to the old blighted thorn!

I whisper'd, "My Mary!"—she spoke not: I caught
Her hand, press'd her pale cheek—'twas icy and cold;
Then sunk on her bosom—its throbbings were o'er—
Nor knew how I quitted my hold.

THE WRECKED MARINER.

STAY, proud bird of the shore!
Carry my last breath with thee to the cliff,
Where waits our shatter'd skiff—
One that shall mark nor it nor lover more.

Fan with thy plumage bright
Her heaving heart to rest, as thou dost mine;
And, gently to divine
The tearful tale, flap out her beacon-light.

Again swoop out to sea,
With lone and lingering wail—then lay thy head,
As thou thyself wert dead,
Upon her breast, that she may weep for me.

Now let her bid false Hope
For ever hide her beam, nor trust again
The peace-bereaving strain—
Life has, but still far hence, choice flowers to crop.

Oh! bid not her repine,
And deem my loss too bitter to be borne,
Yet all of passion scorn
But the mild, deep'ning memory of mine.

Thou art away, sweet wind!
Bear the last trickling tear-drop on thy wing,
And o'er her bosom fling
The love-fraught pearly shower till rest it find!

JOSEPH GRANT.

JOSEPH GRANT, a short-lived poet and prose writer, was born on the farm of Affrusk, parish of Banchory-Ternan, Kincardineshire, on the 26th of May 1805. He was instructed in the ordinary branches at the parish school, and employed as a youth in desultory labour about his father's farm. From boyhood he cherished a passionate love for reading, and was no less ardent in his admiration of the picturesque and beautiful in nature. So early as his fourteenth year he composed verses of some merit. In 1828, he published "Juvenile Lays," a collection of poems and songs; and in 1830, "Kincardineshire Traditions"—a small volume of ballads—both of which obtained a favourable reception. Desirous of emanating from the retirement of his native parish,

he accepted, in 1831, the situation of assistant to a shopkeeper in Stonehaven, and soon afterwards proceeded to Dundee, where he was employed in the office of the *Dundee Guardian* newspaper, and subsequently as clerk to a respectable writer.

Grant furnished a series of tales and sketches for *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.* In 1834, he published a second small volume of "Poems and Songs;" and subsequently, in the same year, committed to the press a prose work, entitled "Tales of the Glens," which he did not, however, survive to publish. After an illness of fifteen weeks, of a pulmonary complaint, he died on the 14th April 1835, in his thirtieth year. His remains were interred in the churchyard of Strachan, Kincardineshire, where a tombstone, inscribed with some elegiac verses, has been erected to his memory. The "Tales of the Glens" were published shortly after his decease, under the editorial care of the late Mr James M'Cosh, of Dundee, editor of the *Northern Warder* newspaper; and, in 1836, an edition of his collected works was published at Edinburgh, with a biographical preface by the poet Nicol.

Of a fine genius, a gentle and amiable nature, and pure Christian sentiments, Grant afforded eminent promise, with a prolonged career, of becoming an ornament to literature. Cut down in the bloom of youth, his elegy has been recorded by the Brechin poet, Alexander Laing—

"A kinder, warmer heart than his
Was ne'er to minstrel given;
And kinder, holier sympathies
Ne'er sought their native heaven."

LOVE'S ADIEU.

The ee o' the dawn, Eliza,
Blinks over the dark green sea,
An' the moon's creepin' down to the hill-tap,
Richt dim and drowsilie.
An' the music o' the mornin'
Is murmurin' alang the air;
Yet still my dowie heart lingers
To catch one sweet throb mair.

We've been as blest, Eliza,
As children o' earth can be,
Though my fondest wish has been knit by
The bonds of povertie;
An' through life's misty sojourn,
That still may be our fa',
But hearts that are link'd for ever
Ha'e strength to bear it a'.

The cot by the mutterin' burnie,
Its wee bit garden an' field,
May ha'e mair o' the blessin's o' Heaven
Than lichts o' the lordliest bield;
There's many a young brow braided
Wi' jewels o' far-off isles,
But woe may be drinkin' the heart-springs
While we see nought but smiles.

But adieu, my ain Eliza!
Where'er my wanderin's be,
Undyin' remembrance will make thee
The star o' my destinie;
An' well I ken, thou loved one,
That aye, till I return,
Thou'lt treasure pure faith in thy bosom,
Like a gem in a gowden urn.

THE BLACKBIRD'S HYMN IS SWEET.

The blackbird's hymn is sweet
At fall of gloaming,
When slow, o'er grove and hill,
Night's shades are coming;
But there is a sound that far
More deeply moves us—
The low sweet voice of her
Who truly loves us.

Fair is the evening star
Rising in glory,
O'er the dark hill's brow,
Where mists are hoary;
But the star whose rays
The heart falls nearest,
Is the love-speaking eye
Of our heart's dearest.

Oh, lonely, lonely is
The human bosom,
That ne'er has nursed the sweets
Of young Love's blossom!
The loveliest breast is like
A starless morning,
When clouds frown dark and cold,
And storms are forming.

DUGALD MOORE.

A POET of remarkable ingenuity and power, Dugald Moore was born in Stockwell Street, Glasgow, in 1805. His father, who was a private soldier in one of the Highland regiments, died early in life, leaving his mother in circumstances of poverty. From his mother's private tuition, he received the whole amount of his juvenile education. When a child he was sent to serve as a tobacco-boy for a small pittance of wages, and as a youth was received into the copper-printing branch of the establishment of Messrs James Lumsden & Son, booksellers, Queen Street. He very early began to write verses, and some of his compositions having attracted the notice of Mr Lumsden, senior, that benevolent gentleman afforded him every encouragement in the prosecution of his literary tastes. Through Mr Lumsden's personal exertions in procuring subscribers, he was enabled to lay before the public in 1829 a volume of poems entitled "The African, a Tale: and other Poems." Of this work a second edition was required in the following year, when he likewise gave to the world a second volume, with the title "Scenes from the Flood; the Tenth Plague; and other Poems." "The Bridal Night, and other Poems," a volume somewhat larger than its predecessors, appeared from his pen in 1831. The profits of these publications enabled him to commence on his own account as a bookseller and stationer in the city. His shop, No. 96 Queen Street, became the rendezvous of men of letters, and many of the influential families gave its occupant the benefit of their custom.

In 1833 Moore published "The Bard of the North, a series of Poetical Tales, illustrative of Highland Scenery and Character;" in 1835, "The Hour of Retribution, and other Poems;" and in 1839, "The Devoted One, and other Poems." He died unmarried, after a brief illness, on the 2d January 1841, in his thirty-sixth year, leaving a competency for the support of his aged mother. Buried in the Necropolis of the city, a massive monument, surmounted by a bust, has been raised by his personal friends in tribute to his memory. Though slightly known to fame, Moore is entitled to rank among the most gifted of the modern national poets. Possessed of a vigorous conception, a lofty fancy, intense energy of feeling, and remarkable powers of versification, his poetry is everywhere impressed with the most decided indications of genius. He has chosen the grandest subjects, which he has adorned with the richest illustration, and an imagery copious and sublime. Had he occupied his Muse with themes less exalted, he might have enjoyed a wider temporary popularity; as it is, his poems will find admirers in future times.

RISE, MY LOVE.

RISE, my love! the moon unclouded,
Wanders o'er the dark-blue sea;
Sleep the tyrant's eye has shrouded,
Hynda comes to set thee free!
Leave those vaults of pain and sorrow,
On the long and dreaming deep;
A bower will greet us ere to-morrow,
Where our eyes may cease to weep.

Oh! some little isle of gladness,
Smiling in the waters clear,
Where the dreary tone of sadness
Never smote the lonely ear—
Soon will greet us, and deliver
Souls so true, to freedom's plan;
Death may sunder us, but never
Tyrant's threats, nor fetters can.

Then our lute's exulting numbers,
Unrestrain'd will wander on,
While the night has seal'd in slumbers,
Fair creation, all her own.
And we'll wed, while music stealeth
Through the starry fields above,
While each bounding spirit feeleth
All the luxury of love.

Then we'll scorn oppression's minions,
All the despot's bolts and powers;
While Time wreathes his heavy pinions
With love's brightest passion-flowers.
Rise, then! let us fly together,
Now the moon laughs on the sea;
East or west, I care not whither,
When with love and liberty!

THE FORGOTTEN BRAVE.

'Tis finish'd, they've died for their forefathers' land,
As the patriot sons of the mountain should die,
With the mail on each bosom, the sword in each hand,
On the heath of the desert they lie.
Like their own mountain eagles they rush'd to the fight,
Like the oaks of their desert they braved its rude blast;
Their blades in the morning look'd dazzling and bright,
But red when the battle was past.

They rush'd on, exulting in honour, and met
The foes of their country in battle array;
But the sun of their glory in darkness hath set,
And the flowers of the forest are faded away!
Oh! far from the scenes of their childhood they sleep,
No friend of their bosom, no loved one is near,
To add a grey stone to their cairns on the steep,
Or drop o'er their ashes a tear.

THE FIRST SHIP.

The sky in beauty arch'd
The wide and weltering flood,
While the winds in triumph march'd
Through their pathless solitude—
Rousing up the plume on ocean's hoary crest,
That like space in darkness slept,
When his watch old Silence kept,
Ere the earliest planet leapt
From its breast.

A speck is on the deeps,
Like a spirit in her flight;
How beautiful she keeps
Her stately path in light!
She sweeps the shining wilderness in glee—
The sun has on her smiled,
And the waves, no longer wild,
Sing in glory round that child
Of the sea.

'Twas at the set of sun
That she tilted o'er the flood,
Moving like God alone
O'er the glorious solitude—
The billows crouch around her as her slaves.
How exulting are her crew—
Each sight to them is new,
As they sweep along the blue
Of the waves!

Fair herald of the fleets
That yet shall cross the wave,
Till the earth with ocean meets
One universal grave,
What armaments shall follow thee in joy!
Linking each distant land
With trade's harmonious band.
Or bearing havoc's brand
To destroy!

WEEP NOT.

Though this wild brain is aching,
Spill not thy tears with mine;
Come to my heart, though breaking,
Its firmest half is thine.
Thou wert not made for sorrow,
Then do not weep with me;
There is a lovely morrow
That yet will dawn on thee.

When I am all forgotten—
When in the grave I lie—
When the heart that loved thee's broken,
And closed the sparkling eye;—
Love's sunshine still will cheer thee,
Unsullied, pure, and deep;
For the God who's ever near thee,
Will never see thee weep.

REV. T. G. TORRY ANDERSON.

The author of the deservedly popular words and air of "The Araby Maid," Thomas Gordon Torry Anderson, was the youngest son of Patrick Torry, D.D., bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane. His mother, Jane Young, was the daughter of Dr William Young, of Fawside, Kincardineshire. Born at Peterhead on the 9th July 1805, he received his elementary education at the parish school of that place. He subsequently prosecuted his studies in Marischal College, Aberdeen, and the University of Edinburgh. In 1827, he received holy orders, and was admitted to the incum-

bency of St John's Church, Portobello. He subsequently became assistant in St George's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, and was latterly promoted to the pastorate of St Paul's Episcopal Church, Dundee.

Devoted to the important duties of the clerical office, Mr Torry Anderson experienced congenial recreation in the cultivation of music and song, and in the occasional composition of both. He composed, in 1833, the words and air of "The Araby Maid," which speedily obtained a wide popularity. The music and words of the songs, entitled "The Maiden's Vow," and "I Love the Sea," were composed in 1837 and 1854, respectively. To a work, entitled "Poetical Illustrations of the Achievements of the Duke of Wellington and his Companions in Arms," published in 1852, he extensively contributed. During the summer of 1855, he fell into bad health, and was obliged to resign his incumbency. He afterwards resided on his estate of Fawside, to which he had succeeded, in 1850, on the death of his uncle, Dr Young. He died at Aberdeen on the 20th of June 1856, in his fifty-first year. He was three times married—first, in 1828, to Mrs Gaskin Anderson of Tushielaw, whose name he adopted to suit the requirements of an entail; secondly, he espoused, in 1838, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Dr Thomas Sutter, R.N.; and lastly, Mrs Hill, widow of Mr William Hill, R.N., whom he married in 1854. He left a widow and six children.

THE ARABY MAID.

AWAY on the wings of the wind she flies,
Like a thing of life and light—
And she bounds beneath the eastern skies,
And the beauty of eastern night.

Why so fast flies the bark through the ocean's foam,
Why wings it so speedy a flight?
'Tis an Araby maid who hath left her home,
To fly with her Christian knight.

She hath left her sire and her native land,
The land which from childhood she trode,
And hath sworn, by the pledge of her beautiful hand,
To worship the Christian's God.

Then away, away, oh swift be thy flight,
It were death one moment's delay;
For behind there is many a blade glancing bright—
Then away—away—away!

They are safe in the land where love is divine,
In the land of the free and the brave—
They have knelt at the foot of the holy shrine.
Nought can sever them now but the grave.

THE MAIDEN'S VOW.

THE maid is at the altar kneeling,
Hark the chant is loudly pealing—
Now it dies away!

Her prayers are said at the holy shrine,
No other thought but thought divine
Doth her sad bosom fill.

The world to her is nothing now,
For she hath ta'en a solemn vow
To do her father's will.

But why hath one so fair, so young,
The joys of life thus from her flung—
Why hath she ta'en the veil?

Her lover fell where the brave should fall,
Amidst the fight, when the trumpet's call
Proclaim'd the victory.

He fought, he fell, a hero brave—
And though he fill a lowly grave,
His name can never die.

The victory's news to the maiden came—
They loudly breath'd her lover's name,
Who for his country fell.

But vain the loudest trumpet tone
Of fame to her, when he was gone
To whom the praise was given!

Her sun of life had set in gloom—
Its joys were wither'd in his tomb—
She vow'd herself to Heaven.

I LOVE THE SEA.

I LOVE the sea, I love the sea,
My childhood's home, my manhood's rest,
My cradle in my infancy—
The only bosom I have press'd.
I cannot breathe upon the land,
Its manners are as bonds to me,
Till on the deck again I stand,
I cannot feel that I am free.

Then tell me not of stormy graves—
Though winds be high, there let them roar;
I'd rather perish on the waves
Than pine by inches on the shore.
I ask no willow where I lie,
My mourner let the mermaid be,
My only knell the sea-bird's cry,
My winding-sheet the boundless sea!

GEORGE ALLAN.

George Allan was the youngest son of John Allan, farmer at Paradykes, near Edinburgh, where he was born on the 2d February 1806. Ere he had completed his fourteenth year, he became an orphan by the death of both his parents. Intending to prosecute his studies as a lawyer, he served an apprenticeship in the office of a Writer to the Signet. He became a member of that honourable body, but almost immediately relinquished legal pursuits, and proceeded to London, resolved to commence the career of a man of letters. In the metropolis his literary aspirations were encouraged by Allan Cunningham and Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall. In 1829 he accepted an appointment in Jamaica; but, his health suffering from the climate of the West Indies, he returned in the following year. Shortly after his arrival in Britain, he was fortunate in obtaining the editorship of the *Dumfries Journal*, a respectable Conservative newspaper. This he conducted with distinguished ability and success for three years, when certain new arrangements, consequent on a change in the proprietary, rendered his services unnecessary. A letter of Allan Cunningham, congratulating him on his appointment as a newspaper editor, is worthy of quotation, from its shrewd and sagacious counsels:

"Study to fill your paper," writes Cunningham, "with such agreeable and diversified matter as will allure readers; correct intelligence, sprightly and elegant paragraphs, remarks on men and manners at once free and generous; and local intelligence pertaining to the district, such as please men of the Nith in a far land. These are the staple commodity of a newspaper, and these you can easily have. A few literary paragraphs you can easily scatter about; these attract booksellers, and booksellers will give advertisements where they find their works are noticed. Above all things, write cautiously concerning all localities; if you praise much, a hundred will grumble; if you are severe, one only may complain, but twenty will shake the head. You will have friends on one side of the water desiring one thing, friends on the other side desiring the reverse, and in seeking to please one you vex ten. An honest heart, a clear head, and a good conscience, will enable you to get well through all."

On terminating his connection with the *Dumfries Journal*, Allan proceeded to Edinburgh, where he was immediately employed by the Messrs Chambers as a literary assistant. In a letter addressed to a friend, about this period, he thus expresses himself regarding his enterprising employers:

"They are never idle. Their very recreations are made conducive to their business, and they go through their labours with a spirit and cheerfulness, which show how consonant these are with their dispositions. "Mr Robert Chambers," he adds, "is the most mild, unassuming, kind-hearted man I ever knew, and is perfectly uneasy if he thinks there is any one uncomfortable about him. The interest which he has shown in my welfare has been beyond everything I ever experienced, and the friendly yet delicate way in which he is every other day asking me if I am all comfortable at home, and bidding me apply to him when I am in want of anything, equally puzzles me to understand or express due thanks for."

Besides contributing many interesting articles to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and furnishing numerous communications to the *Scotsman* newspaper, Allan wrote a "Life of Sir Walter Scott," in an octavo volume, which commanded a wide sale, and was much commended by the public press. In preparing that elegant work, the "Original National Melodies of Scotland," the ingenious editor, Mr Peter M'Leod, was favoured by him with several songs, which he set forth in that publication with suitable music. In 1834, some of his relatives succeeded, by political influence, in obtaining for him a subordinate situation in the Stamp Office,—one which at once afforded him a certain subsistence, and did not necessarily preclude the exercise of his literary talents. But a constitutional weakness of the nervous system did not permit of his long enjoying the smiles of fortune. He died suddenly at Junefield, near Leith, on

the 15th August 1835, in his thirtieth year. In October 1831, he had espoused Mrs Mary Hill, a widow, eldest daughter of Mr William Pagan, of Curriestanes, and niece of Allan Cunningham, who, with one of their two sons, still survives. Allan was a man of singularly gentle and amiable dispositions, a pleasant companion, and devoted friend. In person he was tall and rather thin, with a handsome, intelligent countenance. An enthusiast in the concerns of literature, it is to be feared that he cut short his career by overstrained application. His verses are animated and vigorous, and are largely imbued with the national spirit.

I WILL THINK OF THEE YET.

I WILL think of thee yet, though afar I may be,
In the land of the stranger, deserted and lone,
Though the flowers of this earth are all wither'd to me,
And the hopes which once bloom'd in my bosom are gone;
I will think of thee yet, and the vision of night
Wilt oft bring thine image again to my sight,
And the tokens will be, as the dream passes by,
A sigh from the heart and a tear from the eye.

I will think of thee yet, though misfortune fall chill
O'er my path, as yon storm-cloud that low'rs on the lea,
And I'll deem that this life is worth cherishing still,
While I know that one heart still beats warmly for me.
Yes! Grief and Despair may encompass me round,
'Till not e'en the shadow of peace can be found;
But mine anguish will cease when my thoughts turn to you
And the wild mountain land which my infancy knew.

I will think of thee: oh! if I e'er can forget
The love that grew warm as all others grew cold,
'Twill but be when the sun of my reason hath set,
Or memory fled from her care-haunted hold;
But while life and its woes to bear on is my doom,
Shall my love, like a flower in the wilderness, bloom;
And thine still shall be, as so long it hath been,
A light to my soul when no other is seen.

LASSIE, DEAR LASSIE.

LASSIE, dear lassie, the dew's on the gowan,
And the brier-bush is sweet whar the burnie is rowin',
But the best buds of Nature may blaw till they weary,
Ere they match the sweet ee or the cheek o' my dearie!

I wander alane, when the grey gloamin' closes,
And the lift is spread out like a garden o' roses;
But there's nought which the earth or the sky can discover
Sae fair as thysel' to thy fond-hearted lover!

The snaw-flake is pure frae the clud when it's shaken,
And melts into dew ere it fa's on the bracken,
Oh, sae pure is the heart I ha'e won to my keepin'!
But warm as the sun-blink that thaw'd it to weepin'!

Then come to my arms, and the bosom thou'rt pressing
Will tell by its throbs a' there's joy in confessing,
For my lips could repeat it a thousand times over,
And the tale still seem new to thy fond-hearted lover.

IS YOUR WAR-PIPE ASLEEP?*

I.—(CLANSMAN.)

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Crimman?
Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever?
Shall the pibroch, that welcomed the foe to Benaer,
Be hush'd when we seek the dark wolf in his lair,
To give back our wrongs to the giver?
To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have gone,
Like the course of the fire-flaught the clansmen pass'd on,
With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have boon'd them,
And have ta'en to the field with their vassals around them;

* In Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," this song is attributed to the Rev. George Allan, D.D. It is also inserted among the songs of the Ettrick Shepherd, published by the Messrs Blackie. The latter blunder is accounted for by the fact that a copy of the song, which was sent to the Shepherd by Mr H. S. Riddell, as a specimen of Mr Allan's poetical talents, had been found among his papers subsequent to his decease. This song, with the two immediately following, appeared in M'Leod's "National Melodies," but they are here transcribed from the author's MSS.

Then raise your wild slogan-cry—on to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pinewood, and glen;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomond's re-echo the challenge again!

II.—(M'Crimman.)

Youth of the daring heart! bright be thy doom
As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit now,
But the fate of M'Crimman is closing in gloom,
And the breath of the grey wraith hath pass'd o'er his brow;
Victorious, in joy, thou'lt return to Benaer,
And be clasp'd to the hearts of thy best beloved there,
But M'Crimman, M'Crimman, M'Crimman, never—
Never! Never! Never!

III.—(Clansman.)

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can'st shun not, M'Crimman?
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can'st shun not?
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon know
That the soul of M'Crimman ne'er quail'd when a foe
Bared his blade in the land he had won not!
Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild breeze behind,
And the red heather-bloom gives its sweets to the wind,
There our broad pennon flies, and the keen steeds are prancing,
'Mid the startling war-cries, and the war-weapons glancing,
Then raise your wild slogan-cry—on to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pinewood, and glen;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

Though a native of Ireland, Charles Doyne Sillery has some claim to enrolment among the minstrels of Caledonia. His mother was a Scotswoman, and he was himself brought up and educated in Edinburgh. He was born at Athlone, in Ireland, on the 2d of March 1807. His father, who bore the same Christian and middle names, was a captain of the Royal Artillery.* He distinguished himself in the engagements of Talavera on the 27th and 28th of July 1809; but from his fatigues died soon after. His mother, Catherine Fyfe, was the youngest daughter of Mr Barclay Fyfe, merchant in Leith. She subsequently became the wife of James Watson, Esq., now of Tontley Hall, Berkshire.

Of lively and playful dispositions, Sillery did not derive much advantage from scholastic training. His favourite themes were poetry and music, and these he assiduously cultivated, much to the prejudice of other important studies. At a subsequent period he devoted himself with ardour to his improvement in general knowledge. He read extensively, and became conversant with the ancient and some of the modern languages. Disappointed in obtaining a commission in the Royal Artillery, on which he had calculated, he proceeded to India as midshipman in a merchant vessel. Conceiving a dislike to a seafaring life, after a single voyage, he entered on the study of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. From early youth he composed verses. In 1829, while only in his twenty-second year, he published, by subscription, a poem, in nine cantos, entitled "Vallery; or, the Citadel of the Lake." This production, which refers to the times of Chivalry, was well received; and, in the following year, the author ventured on the publication of a second poem, in two books, entitled "Eldred of Erin." In the latter composition,

* Captain Doyne Sillery, sen., was born in Drogheda, Ireland, of which place his father was mayor during the Rebellion of 1798, and where he possessed considerable property. He was descended from one of the most ancient and illustrious families in France, of which the representative took refuge in England during the persecution of the Protestants in the sixteenth century. On the reduction of priestly power in Ireland by Cromwell, the family settled in that portion of the United Kingdom. The family name was originally Brulart. Nicolas Brulart, Marquis de Sillery, Lord de Pinsieux, de Marinis, and de Berny, acquired much reputation from the many commissions in which he served in France. (*See* "L'Histoire Généalogique et Chronologique des Chanceliers de France," tom. vi. p. 524). On the maternal side Captain Sillery was lineally descended from Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the famous Chancellor.

which is pervaded by devotional sentiment, the poet details some of his personal experiences. In 1834 he published, in a small duodecimo volume, "The Exiles of Chamouni; a Drama," a production which received only a limited circulation. About the same period he became a contributor of verses to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. He ultimately undertook the editorial superintendence of a religious periodical.

Delicate in constitution, and of a highly nervous temperament, Sillery found the study of medicine somewhat uncongenial, and had formed the intention of qualifying himself for the Church. He calculated on early ecclesiastical preferment through the favour of Her Majesty Queen Adelaide, to whom he had been presented, and who had evinced some interest on his behalf. But his prospects were soon clouded by the slow but certain progress of an insidious malady. He was seized with pulmonary consumption, and died at Edinburgh on the 16th May 1836, in his twenty-ninth year.

Of sprightly and winning manners, Sillery was much cherished in the literary circles of the capital. He was of the ordinary height, and of an extremely slender figure; and his eye, remarkably keen and piercing, was singularly indicative of power. Poetry, in its every department, he cherished with the devotion of an enthusiast; and though sufficiently modest on the subject of his poetical merits, he took delight in singing his own songs. Interested in the history of the Middle Ages, he had designed to publish an "Account of Ancient Chivalry." Latterly, his views were more concentrated on the subject of religion. Shortly before his death, he composed a "Discourse on the Sufferings of Christ," the proof-sheets of which he corrected on his deathbed. As a poet, with more advanced years, he would have obtained a distinguished place. With occasional defects, the poem of "Vallery" is possessed of much boldness of imagery, and force and elegance of expression.

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Let the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bowers,
His pasture of perfume, and rose-cover'd dells;
While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers—
The blue-bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bells.

Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the mountain,
For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells,
And dreadful your wrath as the foam-flashing fountain,
That calms its wild waves 'mid the Scottish blue-bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus for ever and ever—
The blue-bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bells.

Sublime are your hills when the young day is beaming,
And green are your groves with their cool crystal wells,
And bright are your broadswords, like morning dews gleaming
On blue-bells of Scotland, on Scottish blue-bells.

Awake! ye light fairies that trip o'er the heather,
Ye mermaids, arise from your coralline cells—
Come forth with your chorus, all chanting together—
The blue-bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus, for ever and ever—
The blue-bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bells.

SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

She died in beauty! like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty! like a pearl
Dropp'd from some diadem.

She died in beauty! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty! like the song
Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty! like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;

She died in beauty! like a star
Lost on the brow of day.

She *lives* in glory! like night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory! like the sun
Amid the blue of June!

ROBERT MILLER.

ROBERT MILLER, the author of the two following songs, was a native of Glasgow, and was educated for the legal profession. He contributed verses to the periodicals, but did not venture on any separate publication. He died at Glasgow, in September 1834, at the early age of twenty-four. His "Lay of the Hopeless" was written within a few days of his decease.

WHERE ARE THEY?

THE loved of early days!
Where are they?—where?
Not on the shining braes,
The mountains bare;—
Not where the regal streams
Their foam-bells cast—
Where childhood's time of dreams
And sunshine pass'd.

Some in the mart, and some
In stately halls,
With the ancestral gloom
Of ancient walls;
Some where the tempest sweeps
The desert waves;
Some where the myrtle weeps
On Roman graves.

And pale young faces gleam
With solemn eyes;
Like a remember'd dream
The dead arise;
In the red track of war
The restless sweep;
In sunlit graves afar
The loved ones sleep.

The braes are dight with flowers,
The mountain streams
Foam past me in the showers
Of sunny gleams;
But the light hearts that cast
A glory there,
In the rejoicing past,
Where are they?—where?

LAY OF THE HOPELESS.

OH! would that the wind that is sweeping now
O'er the restless and weary wave,
Were swaying the leaves of the cypress bough
O'er the calm of my early grave;

And my heart with its pulses of fire and life,
Oh! would it were still as stone.
I am weary, weary, of all the strife,
And the selfish world I've known.

I've drunk up bliss from a mantling cup,
When youth and joy were mine;
But the cold black dregs are floating up,
Instead of the laughing wine;
And life hath lost its loveliness,
And youth hath spent its hour,
And pleasure palls like bitterness,
And hope hath not a flower.

And love! was it not a glorious eye
That smiled on my early dream?
It is closed for aye, where the long weeds sigh,
In the churchyard by the stream:
And fame—oh! mine were gorgeous hopes
Of a flashing and young renown:
But early, early the flower-leaf drops
From the withering seed-cup down.

And beauty! have I not worshipp'd all
Her shining creations well?
The rock—the wood—the waterfall,
Where light or where love might dwell.
But over all, and on my heart,
The mildew hath fallen sadly;
I have no spirit, I have no part
In the earth that smiles so gladly!

I only sigh for a quiet bright spot
In the churchyard by the stream,
Whereon the morning sunbeams float,
And the stars at midnight dream;
Where only Nature's sounds may wake
The sacred and silent air,
And only her beautiful things may break
Through the long grass gathering there.

ALEXANDER HUME.

Alexander Hume was born at Kelso on the 1st of February 1809. His father, Walter Hume, occupied a respectable position as a retail trader in that town. Of the early history of our author little has been ascertained. His first teacher was Mr Ballantyne of Kelso, a man somewhat celebrated in his vocation. To his early preceptor's kindness of heart, Hume frequently referred with tears. While under Mr Ballantyne's scholastic superintendence, his love of nature first became apparent. After school hours it was his delight to wander by the banks of the Tweed, or reclining on its brink, to listen to the music of its waters. From circumstances his family were induced to remove from Kelso to London. The position they occupied we have not learned; but young Hume is remembered as being a quick, intelligent, and most affectionate boy; eager, industrious, self-reliant, and with an occasional dash of independence that made him both feared and loved.

About this period (1822 or 1823), when irritated by those who had authority over him, he suddenly disappeared from home, and allied himself to a company of strolling players, with whom he associated for several months. He had an exquisite natural voice, and sung the melting melodies of Scotland in a manner seldom equalled. With the itinerant manager he was a favourite, because he was fit for anything—tragedy, comedy, farce, a hornpipe, and, if need be, a comic song, in which making faces at the audience was an indispensable accomplishment. Getting tired of his new profession, and disgusted with his associates, poorly clad and badly fed, he slipped away when his companions were fast asleep, and returned to London. Here, weary and footsore, he presented himself to a relative, who received him kindly, and placed him in a position where by industry he might provide for his necessities.

In 1827, he obtained a situation with Forbes & Co. of Mark Lane, the highly respectable agents for Berwick & Co. of Edinburgh, the celebrated brewers of Scotch ale. His position being one of considerable responsibility, he was obliged to find security in the sum of £500, which he obtained from the relative who had always stood his friend. But such was his probity and general good conduct, that his employers cancelled the security, and returned the bond as a mark of their appreciation of his integrity and worth.

About this period it was that he first gave utterance to his feelings in verse. Impulsive and impassioned naturally, his first strong attachment roused the deepest feelings of the man, and awoke the dormant passion of the poet. The non-success of his first-wooing only made his song the more vehement for a while, but as no flame can burn intensely for ever, his love became more subdued, and his song gradually assumed that touching pathos which has ever characterised the best lyrics of Scotland.

Some time between the years 1830 and 1833, he became a member of the Literary and Scientific Institution, Aldersgate Street, where he made the acquaintance of many kindred spirits, young men of the same standing as himself, chiefly occupied in the banks, offices, and warehouses of the city of London. There they had classes established for the study of history, for the discussion of philosophical and literary subjects, and for the practice of elocution. The recitations of the several members awoke the embers that smouldered in his heart from the time he had left the stage. His early experience had made him acquainted with the manner in which the voice ought to be modulated to make the utterance effective; and although he seldom ventured to recite, he was always a fair critic and a deeply interested auditor. The young ambition of a few had led them to aspire to authorship, and they established a monthly

magazine. Although the several articles were not of the highest order, they were, nevertheless, quite equal to the average periodical writings of the day. In this magazine it is believed that Hume published his first song. It had been sent in the ordinary way, signed *Daft Wattie*, and the editor, not appreciating the northern dialect in which it was written, had tossed it aside. Shortly afterwards, one of the managers on turning over the rejected papers was attracted by the verses, read them, and was charmed. He placed them back in the editor's box, certifying them as fit for publication by writing across them,

"Musical as is Apollo's lute,"

to which he signed his name, "William Raine." This circumstance soon led to an intimate acquaintance with Mr Raine, who was a man of considerable original power, excellent education, and of a social and right manly nature. This new acquaintance coloured the whole of Hume's future life. They became fast friends, and were inseparable. The imagination of Hume was restrained by the acute judgment and critical ability of Mr Raine. When Hume published his first volume of "Songs," it would perhaps be difficult to determine whether their great success and general popularity resulted from the poet whose name they bore, or from the friend who weighed and suggested corrections in almost every song, until they finally came before the public in a collected form. The volume was dedicated to Allan Cunningham, and in the preface he says: "I composed them by no rules excepting those which my own observation and feelings formed; I knew no other. As I thought and felt, so have I written. Of all poetical compositions, songs, especially those of the affections, should be natural, warm gushes of feeling—brief, simple, and condensed. As soon as they have left the singer's lips they should be fast around the hearer's heart."

In 1837 Hume married Miss Scott, a lady well calculated to attract the eye and win the heart of a poet. He remained connected with the house of Berwick & Co. until 1840, when, to recover his health, which had been failing for some time, he was advised to visit America, where he travelled for several months. On his return to England he entered into an engagement with the Messrs Lane, of Cork, then the most eminent brewers in the south of Ireland. To this work he devoted himself with great energy, and was duly rewarded for his labour by almost immediate success. The article he sold became exceedingly popular in the metropolis; nor was he disappointed in the hope of realising considerable pecuniary advantages.

For several years he had written very little. The necessity to make provision for a rapidly increasing family, and the ambition to take a high position in the business he had chosen, occupied his every hour, and became with him a passion as strong as had ever moved him in works of the imagination.

In 1847 there were slight indications of a return of the complaint from which he had suffered in 1840, and he again crossed the Atlantic. Although he returned considerably improved in health, he was by no means well. Fortunately he had secured the services of a Mr Macdonald as an assistant in his business, whose exertions in his interest were unremitting. Mr Hume's health gradually declined, and ultimately incapacitated him for the performance of any commercial duty. In May 1851 he died at Northampton, leaving a widow and six children.

As a song writer, Hume is entitled to an honourable place among those authors whose writings have been technically called "the Untutored Muse of Scotland." His style is eminently graceful, and a deep and genuine pathos pervades his compositions. In 1845 a complete edition of his "Songs and Poems" was published at London in a thin octavo volume.

MY WEE, WEE WIFE.

AIR—"*The Boatie Rows.*"

My wee wife dwells in yonder cot,
My bonnie bairnies three;
Oh! happy is the husband's lot,
Wi' bairnies on his knee.
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three;
How bright is day how sweet is life!
When love lights up the ee.

The king o'er me may wear a crown,
Have millions bow the knee,
But lacks he love to share his throne,
How poor a king is he!
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three,
Let kings ha'e thrones, 'mang warld's strife,
Your hearts are thrones to me.

I've felt oppression's galling chain,
I've shed the tear o' care,
But feeling ay lost a' its pain,
When my wee wife was near.
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three,
The chains we wear are sweet to bear,
How sad could we go free!

O POVERTY!

AIR—"*The Posie.*"

ELIZA was a bonnie lass, and O! she lo'ed me weel,
Sic love as canna find a tongue, but only hearts can feel;
But I was poor, her faither doure, he wadna look on me;
O poverty! O poverty! that love should bow to thee.

I went unto her mother, and I argued and I fleech'd,
I spak' o' love and honesty, and mair and mair beseech'd,
But she was deaf to a' my grief, she wadna look on me;
O poverty! O poverty! that love should bow to thee.

I next went to her brother, and I painted a' my pain,
I told him o' our plighted troth, but it was a' in vain;
Though he was deep in love himsel', nae feeling he'd for me;
O poverty! O poverty! that love should bow to thee.

Oh! wealth it makes the fool a sage, the knave an honest man,
And canker'd grey locks young again, if he has gear and lan';
To age maun beauty ope her arms, though wi' a tearfu' ee;
O poverty! O poverty! that love should bow to thee.

But wait a wee, oh! love is slee, and winna be said nay,
It breaks a' chains, except its ain, but it will ha'e its way;
In spite o' fate we took the gate, now happy as can be;
O poverty! O poverty! we're wed in spite o' thee.

NANNY.

AIR—"*Fee him, Father.*"

THERE'S mony a flower beside the rose,
And sweets beside the honey;
But laws maun change ere life disclose
A flower or sweet like Nanny.
Her ee is like the summer sun,
When clouds can no conceal it,
Ye're blind if it ye look upon,
Oh! mad if ere ye feel it.

I've mony bonnie lassies seen,
Baith blythesome, kind, an' canny;
But oh! the day has never been
I've seen another Nanny!
She's like the mavis in her sang,
Amang the brakens bloomin';
Her lips ope to an angel's tongue,
But kiss her, oh! she's woman.

MY BESSIE.

AIR—"*The Posie.*"

MY Bessie, oh! but look upon these bonnie budding flowers,
Oh! do they no remember ye o' mony happy hours,
When on this green and gentle hill we aften met to play,
An' ye were like the morning sun, an' life a nightless day?

The gowans blossom'd bonnilie, I'd pu' them from the stem,
An' rin in noisy blythesomeness to thee, my Bess, wi' them,
To place them in thy lily breast, for ae sweet smile on me,
I saw nae mair the gowans then, then saw I only thee.

Like two fair roses on a tree, we flourish'd an' we grew,
An' as we grew, sweet love grew too, an' strong 'tween me an' you;
How aft ye'd twine your gentle arms in love about my neck,
An' breathe young vows that after years o' sorrow has na brak'!

We'd raise our lisping voices in auld Coila's
melting lays,
An' sing that tearfu' tale about Doon's bonnie
banks and braes;
But thoughtna' we o' banks and braes, except
those at our feet,
Like yon wee birds we sang our sang, yet
ken'd no that 'twas sweet.

Oh! is na this a joyous day, a' Nature's
breathing forth
In gladness an' in loveliness owre a' the wide,
wide earth?
The linties they are lilting love, on ilka bush
an' tree;
Oh! may such joy be ever felt, my Bess, by
thee and me!

MENIE HAY.

AIR—"*Heigh-ho! for Somebody.*"

A WEE bird sits upon a spray,
And aye it sings o' Menie Hay;
The burthen o' its cheery lay
Is "Come away, dear Menie Hay!
Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Fair, I trow, O Menie Hay!
There's not a bonnie flower in May
Shows a bloom wi' Menie Hay."

A light in yonder window's seen,
And wi' it seen is Menie Hay;
Wha gazes on the dewy green,
Where sits the bird upon the spray?
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Fair, I trow, O Menie Hay!
At sic a time, in sic a way,
What seek ye there, O Menie Hay?"

"What seek ye there, my daughter dear?
What seek ye there, O Menie Hay?"
"Dear mother, but the stars sae clear
Around the bonnie Milky Way."
"Sweet are thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
Ye something see ye daurna say,
Pawkie, winsome Menie Hay!"

The window's shut, the light is gone,
And wi' it gane is Menie Hay;
But wha is seen upon the green,
Kissing sweetly Menie Hay?
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
For ane sae young ye ken the way,
And far from blate, O Menie Hay!"

"Gae scour the country, hill and dale;
Oh! waes me, where is Menie Hay?
Search ilka nook, in town or vale,
For my daughter, Menie Hay."
"Sweet are thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
I wish you joy, young Johnnie Fay,
O' your bride, sweet Menie Hay."

I'VE WANDER'D ON THE SUNNY HILL.

I'VE wander'd on the sunny hill, I've wander'd
in the vale,
Where sweet wee birds in fondness meet to
breathe their am'rous tale;
But hills or vales, or sweet wee birds, nae
pleasures gae to me—
The light that beam'd its ray on me was Love's
sweet glance from thee.

The rising sun, in golden beams, dispels the
night's dark gloom—
The morning dew to rose's hue imparts a
freshening bloom;
But sunbeams ne'er so brightly play'd in dance
o'er yon glad sea,
Nor roses laved in dew sae sweet as Love's
sweet glance from thee.

I love thee as the pilgrims love the water in
the sand,
When scorching rays or blue simoom sweep
o'er their withering band;
The captive's heart nae gladlier beats when set
from prison free,
Than I when bound wi' Beauty's chain in
Love's sweet glance from thee.

I loved thee, bonnie Bessie, as the earth adores
the sun,
I ask'd nae lands, I craved nae gear, I prized
but thee alone;
Ye smiled in look, but no in heart—your heart
was no for me;
Ye planted hope that never bloom'd in Love's
sweet glance from thee.

OH! YEARS HA'E COME.

OH! years ha'e come, an' years ha'e gane,
Sin' first I sought the warld alane,
Sin' first I mused wi' heart sae fain
On the hills o' Caledonia.
But oh! behold the present gloom—
My early friends are in the tomb,
And nourish now the heather bloom
On the hills o' Caledonia.

My father's name, my father's lot,
Is now a tale that's heeded not,
Or sang unsung, if no forgot
On the hills o' Caledonia.
O' our great ha' there's left nae stane—
A' swept away, like snaw lang gane;
Weeds flourish o'er the auld domain
On the hills o' Caledonia.

The Ti'ot's banks are bare and high,
The stream rins sma' an' mournfu' by,
Like some sad heart maist grutten dry
On the hills o' Caledonia.
The wee birds sing no frae the tree,
The wild flowers bloom no on the lea,
As if the kind things pitied me
On the hills o' Caledonia.

But friends can live, though cold they lie,
An' mock the mourner's tear an' sigh,
When we forget them, then they die
On the hills o' Caledonia.

An' howsoever changed the scene,
While mem'ry and my feeling's green,
Still green to my auld heart an' een
Are the hills o' Caledonia.

THOMAS SMIBERT.

A POET and indefatigable prose-writer, Thomas Smibert was born in Peebles on the 8th February 1810. Of his native town his father held for a period the office of chief magistrate. With a view of qualifying himself for the medical profession, he became apprentice to an apothecary, and afterwards attended the literary and medical classes in the University of Edinburgh. Obtaining license as a surgeon, he commenced practice in the village of Innerleithen, situated within six miles of his native town. He was induced to adopt this sphere of professional labour from an affection which he had formed for a young lady in the vicinity, who, however, did not recompense his devotedness, but accepted the hand of a more prosperous rival. Disappointed in love, and with a practice scarcely yielding emolument sufficient to pay the annual rent of his apothecary's store, he left Innerleithen after the lapse of a year, and returned to Peebles. He now began to turn his attention to literature, and was fortunate in procuring congenial employment from the Messrs Chambers, as a contributor to their popular *Journal*. Of this periodical he soon attained the position of sub-editor; and in evidence of the indefatigable nature of his services in this literary connection, it is worthy of record that, during the period intervening between 1837 and 1842, he contributed to the *Journal* no fewer than five hundred essays, one hundred tales, and about fifty biographical sketches. Within the same period he edited a new edition of Paley's "Natural Theology," with scientific notes, and wrote extensively for a work of the Messrs Chambers, entitled "Information for the People." In 1842, he was appointed to the sub-editorship of the *Scotsman* newspaper. The bequest of a relative afterwards enabled him to relinquish stated literary occupation, but he continued to exhibit to the world pleasing evidences of his learning and industry. He became a frequent contributor to *Hogg's Instructor*, an Edinburgh weekly periodical; produced a work on "Greek History;" and collated a "Rhyming Dictionary." A large, magnificently illustrated volume, the "Clans of the Highlands of Scotland," was his most ambitious and successful effort as a prose-writer. His poetical compositions, which were scattered among a number of the periodicals, he was induced to collect and publish in a volume, with the title, "Io Anche! Poems chiefly Lyrical;" Edinburgh, 1851, 12mo. An historical play from his pen, entitled "Condè's Wife," founded on the love of Henri Quatre for Marguerite de Montmorency, whom the young Prince of Condè had wedded, was produced in 1842 by Mr Murray in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and during a run of nine nights was received with applause.

Smibert died at Edinburgh on the 16th January 1854, in his forty-fourth year. With pleasing manners, he was possessed of kindly dispositions, and was much cherished for his intelligent and interesting conversation. In person he was strongly built, and his complexion was fair and ruddy. He was not undesirous of reputation both as a poet and prose-writer, and has recorded his regret that he had devoted so much time to evanescent periodical literature. His poetry is replete with patriotic sentiment, and his strain is forcible and occasionally brilliant. His songs indicate a fine fancy and deep pathos.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOW'S LAMENT.

AFORE the Lammas tide
Had dun'd the birken-tree,
In a' our water side
Nae wife was bless'd like me.
A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns were 'round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens,
I see him 'mang the ferns—
The lover o' my teens,
The faither o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw,
As gloamin' aye drew near,
But my a's now awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie rigs theirsel'
Reca' my waes to mind;
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I ha'e tyned;
For wha our wheat will saw,
And wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
In the fa' o' the year?

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' pass'd awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet;
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heaven abune!
To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune
In pity o' her maen.
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year!

THE HERO OF ST JEAN D'ACRE.*

ONCE more on the broad-bosom'd ocean appearing
The banner of England is spread to the breeze,
And loud is the cheering that hails the uprearing
Of glory's loved emblem, the pride of the seas.
No tempest shall daunt her,
No victor-foe taunt her,
What manhood can do in her cause shall be done—
Britannia's best seaman,
The boast of her freemen,
Will conquer or die by his colours and gun.

On Acre's proud turrets an ensign is flying,
Which stout hearts are banded till death to uphold;
And bold is their crying, and fierce their defying,
When trench'd in their ramparts, unconquer'd of old.
But lo! in the offing,
To punish their scoffing,
Brave Napier appears, and their triumph is done;
No danger can stay him,
No foeman dismay him,
He conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

Now low in the dust is the Crescent flag humbled,
Its warriors are vanquish'd, their freedom is gone;
The strong walls have tumbled, the proud towers are crumbled,
And England's flag waves over ruin'd St Jean.
But Napier now tenders
To Acre's defenders
The aid of a friend when the combat is won;
For mercy's sweet blossom
Blooms fresh in his bosom,
Who conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

"All hail to the hero!" his country is calling,
And "hail to his comrades!" the faithful and brave,
They fear'd not for falling, they knew no appalling,
But fought like their fathers, the lords of the wave.
And long may the ocean,
In calm and commotion,
Rejoicing convey them where fame may be won;
And when foes would wound us,
May Napiers be round us,
To conquer or die by their colours and gun!

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* Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

OH! BONNIE ARE THE HOWES.

Oh! bonnie are the howes,
And sunny are the knowes
That feed the kye and yowes
Where my life's morn dawn'd;
And brightly glance the rills
That spring amang the hills,
And ca' the merry mills
In my ain dear land.

But now I canna see
The lammies on the lea,
Nor hear the heather bee
On this far, far strand.
I see nae father's ha',
Nae burnie's waterfa',
But wander far awa'
Frae my ain dear land.

My heart was free and light,
My ingle burning bright,
When ruin cam' by night
Through a foe's fell hand.
I left my native air,
I gaed to come nae mair;
And now I sorrow sair
For my ain dear land.

But blythely will I bide
Whate'er may yet betide,
When ane is by my side
On this far, far strand.
My Jean will soon be here
This waefu' heart to cheer,
And dry the fa'ing tear
For my ain dear land.

OH! SAY NA YOU MAUN GANG AWA'.

Oh! say na you maun gang awa',
Oh! say na you maun leave me;
The dreaded hour that parts us twa
Of peace and hope will reave me.

When you to distant shores are gane,
How could I bear to tarry,
Where ilka tree and ilka stane
Would mind me o' my Mary?

I couldna wander near yon woods
That saw us oft caressing,
And on our heads let fa' their buds
In earnest o' their blessing.

Ilk stane wad mind me how we press'd
Its half-o'erspreading heather,
And how we lo'ed the least the best
That made us creep thegether.

I couldna bide, when you are gane,
My ain, my winsome dearie;
I couldna stay to pine my lane—
I live but when I 'm near ye.

Then say na you maun gang awa',
Oh! say na you maun leave me;
For ah! the hour that parts us twa
Of life itself will reave me.

JOHN BETHUNE.

The younger of two remarkable brothers, whose names are justly entitled to remembrance, John Bethune was born at the Mount, in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire, during the summer of 1810. The poverty of his parents did not permit his attendance at a public school; he was taught reading by his mother, and writing and arithmetic by his brother Alexander,* who was considerably his senior. After some years' employment as a cow-herd, he was necessitated, in his twelfth year, to break stones on the turnpike-road. At the recommendation of a comrade, he apprenticed himself, early in 1834, to a weaver in a neighbouring village. In his new profession he rapidly acquired dexterity, so that, at the end of one year, he could earn the respectable weekly wages of fifteen shillings. Desirous of assisting his aged parents,

* Alexander Bethune, the elder brother of the poet, and his constant companion and coadjutor in literary work, was born at Upper Rankeillor, parish of Monimail, in July 1804. His education was limited to a few months' attendance at a subscription school in his sixth year, with occasional lessons from his parents. Like his younger brother, he followed the occupation of a labourer, frequently working in the quarry or breaking stones on the public road. Early contracting a taste for literature, his leisure hours were devoted to reading and composition. In 1835, several of his productions appeared in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry," a volume by the brothers, of which the greater portion was written by Alexander, was published in 1838; their joint treatise on "Practical Economy" in the year following. In 1843, Alexander published a volume of tales, entitled "The Scottish Peasant's Fireside," which was favourably received. During the same year he was offered the editorship of the *Dumfries Standard* newspaper, with a salary of £100 a-year, but he was unable to accept the appointment from impaired health. He died at Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh, on the 13th June 1843, and his remains were interred in his brother's grave in Abdie churchyard. An interesting volume of his Memoirs, embracing "Selections from his Correspondence and Literary Memoirs," was published in 1845 by Mr William M'Combie.

he now purchased a loom and settled as a weaver on his own account, with his elder brother as his apprentice. A period of mercantile embarrassments which followed, severely affecting the manufacturing classes, pressed heavily on the subject of this notice; his earnings became reduced to six shillings weekly, and he was obliged to exchange the labours of the shuttle for those of the implements of husbandry. During the period of his apprenticeship his thoughts had been turned to poetical composition, but it was subsequent to the commercial disasters of 1825 that he began earnestly to direct his attention towards the concerns of literature. Successive periods of bad health unfitting him for continued labour in the fields, were improved by extensive reading and composition. Before he had completed his nineteenth year he had produced upwards of twenty poetical compositions, each of considerable length, and the whole replete with power, both of sentiment and expression. Till considerably afterwards, however, his literary productions were known only to his brother Alexander, or at furthest to his parents. "Up to the latter part of 1835," writes his brother in a biographical sketch, "the whole of his writing had been prosecuted as stealthily as if it had been a crime punishable by law. There being but one apartment in the house, it was his custom to write by the fire, with an old copy-book, upon which his paper lay, resting on his knee, and this, through life, was his only writing-desk. On the table, which was within reach, an old newspaper was kept constantly lying, and as soon as the footsteps of any one were heard approaching the door, pens and inkstand were thrust under this covering, and before the visitor came in, he had, in general, a book in his hand, and appeared to have been reading."

For a number of years Bethune had wrought as a day-labourer in the grounds of Inchrye, in the vicinity of his birthplace. On the death of the overseer on that property he was appointed his successor, entering on the duties at the term of Martinmas 1835, his brother accompanying him as his assistant. The appointment yielded £26 yearly, with the right of a cow's pasturage—emoluments which considerably exceeded the average of his previous earnings. To the duties of his new situation he applied himself with his wonted industry, still continuing to dedicate his evenings and the intervals of toil to literary occupation. But his comparative prosperity was of short duration. During the summer following his appointment at Inchrye the estate changed owners, and the new proprietor dispensed with his services at the next term. In another year the landlord required the little cottage at Lochend, occupied by his parents. Undaunted by these reverses, John Bethune and his brother summoned stout courage; they erected a cottage at Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh, the walls being mostly reared by their own hands. The future career of Bethune was chiefly occupied in literary composition. He became a contributor to the *Scottish Christian Herald*, "Wilson's Tales of the Borders," and other serial publications. In 1838 appeared "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry," the mutual production of the poet and his brother—a work which, published in Edinburgh, was well received. A work on "Practical Economy," on which the brothers had bestowed much pains, and which had received the favourable opinion of persons of literary eminence, was published in May 1839, but failed to attract general interest. This unhappy result deeply affected the health of the poet, whose constitution had already been much shattered by repeated attacks of illness. He was seized with a complaint which proved the harbinger of pulmonary consumption. He died at Mount Pleasant on the 1st September 1839, in his thirtieth year.

With a more lengthened career John Bethune would have attained a high reputation, both as an interesting poet and an elegant prose writer. His genius was versatile and brilliant; of human nature, in all its important aspects, he possessed an intuitive perception, and he was practically familiar with the character and habits of the sons

of industry. His tales are touching and simple; his verses lofty and contemplative. In sentiment eminently devotional, his life was a model of genuine piety. His Poems, prefaced by an interesting Memoir, were published by his surviving brother in 1840; and from the profits of a second edition, published in the following year, a handsome tombstone has been erected at his grave in the churchyard of Abdie.

A SPRING SONG.

THERE is a concert in the trees,
  There is a concert on the hill,
There's melody in every breeze,
  And music in the murmuring rill.
  The shower is past, the winds are still,
The fields are green, the flow'rets spring,
  The birds, and bees, and beetles fill
The air with harmony, and fling
  The rosied moisture of the leaves
In frolic flight from wing to wing,
  Fretting the spider as he weaves
His airy web from bough to bough;
  In vain the little artist grieves
Their joy is his destruction now.

Alas! that, in a scene so fair,
  The meanest being e'er should feel
The gloomy shadow of despair
  Or sorrow o'er his bosom steal.
  But in a world where woe is real,
Each rank in life, and every day,
  Must pain and suffering reveal,
And wretched mourners in decay—
  When nations smile o'er battles won,
When banners wave and streamers play,
  The lonely mother mourns her son
Left lifeless on the bloody clay;
  And the poor widow, all undone,
Sees the wild revel with dismay.

Even in the happiest scenes of earth,
  When swell'd the bridal song on high,
When every voice was tuned to mirth,
  And joy was shot from eye to eye,
  I've heard a sadly-stifled sigh;
And, 'mid the garlands rich and fair,
  I've seen a cheek, which once could vie
In beauty with the fairest there,
  Grown deadly pale, although a smile
Was born above to cloak despair.
  Poor maid! it was a hapless wile
Of long-concealed and hopeless love
  To hide a heart, which broke the while
With pangs no lighter heart could prove.

The joyous spring and summer gay
  With perfumed gifts together meet,
And from the rosy lips of May
  Breathe music soft and odours sweet;
  And still my eyes delay my feet
To gaze upon the earth and heaven,
  And hear the happy birds repeat
Their anthems to the coming even;
  Yet is my pleasure incomplete;
I grieve to think how few are given
  To feel the pleasures I possess,
While thousand hearts, by sorrow riven,
  Must pine in utter loneliness,
Or be to desperation driven.

Oh! could we find some happy land,
  Some Eden of the deep blue sea,
By gentle breezes only fann'd,
  Upon whose soil, from sorrow free,
  Grew only pure felicity!
Who would not brave the stormiest main
  Within that blissful isle to be,
Exempt from sight or sense of pain?
  There is a land we cannot see,
Whose joys no pen can e'er portray;
  And yet, so narrow is the road,
From it our spirits ever stray—
  Shed light upon that path, O God!
And lead us in the appointed way.

There only joy shall be complete,
  More high than mortal thoughts can reach,
For there the just and good shall meet,
  Pure in affection, thought, and speech;
  No jealousy shall make a breach,
Nor pain their pleasure e'er alloy;
  There sunny streams of gladness stretch,
And there the very air is joy.
  There shall the faithful, who relied
On faithless love till life would cloy,
  And those who sorrow'd till they died
O'er earthly pain and earthly woe,
  See Pleasure, like a 'whelming tide,
From an unbounded ocean flow.

ALLAN STEWART.

ALLAN STEWART, a short-lived poet of no inconsiderable merit, was born in the village of Houston, Renfrewshire, on the 30th January 1812. His father prosecuted the humble vocation of a sawyer. Deprived of his mother in early life, the loss was in some degree repaired by the kind attentions of his maternal aunt, Martha Muir, whose letters on religious subjects have been published. Receiving an ordinary education

at school, he followed the trade of a weaver in Paisley. His leisure hours were employed in reading, and in the composition of verses. He died of typhus fever, at Paisley, on the 12th November 1837, in his twenty-sixth year. His "Poetical Remains" were published in 1838, in a thin duodecimo volume, with a well-written biographical sketch from the pen of his friend, Mr Charles Fleming.

Stewart was a person of modest demeanour, and of a thoughtful and somewhat melancholy cast. His verses are generally of a superior order; his songs abound in sweetness of expression and elegance of sentiment.

THE SEA-BOY.

AIR—"*The Soldier's Tear.*"

THE storm grew faint as daylight tinged
The lofty billows' crest;
And love-lit hopes, with fears yet fringed,
Danced in the sea-boy's breast.
And perch'd aloft, he cheer'ly sung
To the billows' less'ning roar—
"O Ellen, so fair, so free, and young,
I'll see thee yet once more!"

And O what joy beam'd in his eye,
When, o'er the dusky foam,
He saw, beneath the northern sky,
The hills that mark'd his home!
His heart with double ardour strung,
He sung this ditty o'er—
"O Ellen, so fair, so free, and young,
I'll see thee yet once more!"

Now towers and trees rise on his sight,
And many a dear-loved spot;
And, smiling o'er the blue waves bright,
He saw young Ellen's cot.
The scenes on which his memory hung
A cheerful aspect wore;
He then, with joyous feeling, sung,
"I'll see her yet once more!"

The land they near'd, and on the beach
Stood many a female form;
But, ah! his eye it could not reach
His hope in many a storm.
He through the spray impatient sprung,
And gain'd the wish'd-for shore;
But Ellen, so fair, so sweet, and young,
Was gone for evermore!

MENIE LORN.

WHILE beaus and belles parade the streets
On summer gloamings gay,
And barter'd smiles and borrow'd sweets,
And all such vain display;
My walks are where the bean-field's breath
On evening's breeze is borne,
With her, the angel of my heart—
My lovely Menie Lorn.

Love's ambuscades her auburn hair,
Love's throne her azure eye,
Where peerless charms and virtues rare
In blended beauty lie.
The rose is fair at break of day,
And sweet the blushing thorn,
But sweeter, fairer far than they,
The smile of Menie Lorn.

O tell me not of olive groves,
Where gold and gems abound;
Of deep blue eyes and maiden loves,
With every virtue crown'd.
I ask no other ray of joy
Life's desert to adorn,
Than that sweet bliss, which ne'er can cloy—
The love of Menie Lorn.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

AIR—"*The Banks of the Devon.*"

O SAY not o' war the young soldier is weary,
Ye wha in battle ha'e witness'd his flame;
Remember his daring when danger was near ye,
Forgive ye the sigh that he heaves for his hame.
Past perils he heeds not, nor dangers yet coming,
Frae dark-brooding terror his young heart is free;
But it pants for the place whar in youth he was roaming;
He turns to the north wi' the tear in his ee.

'Tis remembrance that saftens what war never daunted,
'Tis the hame o' his birth that gives birth to the tear;
The warm fondled hopes his first love had implanted,
He langs now to reap in his Jeanie sae dear.
An' aften he thinks on the bonny clear burnie,
Whar oft in love's fondness they daff'd their young day;
Nae tear then was shedded, for short was the journey
'Tween Jeanie's broom bower and the blaeberry brae.

An' weel does he mind o' that morning, when dressing,
In green Highland garb, to cross the wide sea;
His auld mither grat when she gi'ed him her blessing—
'Twas a' that the puir body then had to gi'e.

The black downy plume on his bonny cheek babbit,
As he stood at the door an' shook hands wi' them a';
But sair was his heart, an' sair Jeanie sabbit,
Whan down the burn-side she convoy'd him awa'.

Now high-headed Alps an' dark seas divide them,
Wilds ne'er imagined in love's early dream;
Their Alps then the knowes, whare the lambs lay beside them,
Their seas then the hazel an' saugh-shaded stream.
An' wha couldna sigh when memory's revealing
The scenes that surrounded our life's early hame?
The hero whose heart is cauld to that feeling
His nature is harsh, and not worthy the name.

ROBERT L. MALONE.

Robert L. Malone was a native of Anstruther, in Fife, where he was born in 1812. His father was a captain in the navy, and afterwards was employed in the Coast Guard. He ultimately settled at Rothesay, in Bute. Receiving a common school education, Robert entered the navy in his fourteenth year. He served on board the gun-brig *Marshall*, which attended the Fisheries department in the west; next in the Mediterranean Sea; and latterly in South America. Compelled, from impaired health, to renounce the seafaring life, after a service of ten years, he returned to his family at Rothesay, but afterwards settled in the town of Greenock. In 1845, he became a clerk in the Long Room of the Customs at Greenock, an appointment which he retained till nigh the period of his death. A lover of poetry from his youth, he solaced the hours of sickness by the composition of verses. He published, in 1845, a duodecimo volume of poetry, entitled, "The Sailor's Dream, and other Poems," a work which was well received. His death took place at Greenock on the 5th of July 1850, in his thirty-eighth year. Of modest and retiring dispositions, Malone was unambitious of distinction as a poet. His style is bold and animated, and some of his pieces evince considerable power.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

Air—"*Humours o' Glen.*"

Though fair blooms the rose in gay Anglia's bowers,
And green be thy emblem, thou gem of the sea,
The greenest, the sweetest, the fairest of flowers,
Is the thistle—the thistle of Scotland, for me!

Far lovelier flowers glow, the woodlands adorning,
And breathing perfume over moorland and lea,
But there breathes not a bud on the freshness of morning
Like the thistle—the thistle of Scotland, for me!

What scenes o' langsyne even thy name can awaken,
Thou badge of the fearless, the fair, and the free,
And the tenderest chords of the spirit are shaken;
The thistle—the thistle of Scotland, for thee!

Still'd be my harp, and forgotten its numbers,
And cold as the grave my affections must be,
Ere thy name fail to waken my soul from her slumbers;
The thistle—the thistle of Scotland for me!

On the fields of their fame, while proud laurels she gathers,
Caledonia plants, wi' the tear in her e'e,
Thy soft downy seeds on the graves of our fathers;
The thistle—the thistle of Scotland for me!

HAME IS AYE HAMELY.

Air—"*Love's Young Dream.*"

Oh! hame is aye hamely still, though poor at times it be,
An' ye winna find a place like hame in lands beyond the sea;
Though ye may wander east an' west, in quest o' wealth or fame,
There's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame, hame!
Oh! there's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame, hame!

There's gowd in gowpens got, they say, on India's sunny strand,
Then wha would bear to linger here in this bleak, barren land?
I'll hie me ower the heaving wave, and win myself a name,
And in a palace or a grave forget my Hieland hame.

'Twas thus resolved the peasant boy, and left his native stream,
And Fortune crown'd his every wish, beyond his fondest dream;
His good sword won him wealth and power, and loud and loud acclaim;
But could not banish from his thoughts his dear-loved mountain hame.

No! the peasant's heart within the peer beat true to nature still,
For on his vision oft would rise the cottage on the hill;
And young companions, long forgot, would join him in the game,
As erst in life's young morning, around his Hieland hame.

Oh! in the Brahmin, mild and grey, his father's face he saw;
He thought upon his mother's tears the day he gaed awa';
And her he loved—his Hieland girl—there's magic in the name—
They a' combine to wile him back to his far Hieland hame.

He sigh'd for kindred hearts again, and left the sunny lands,
And where his father's cottage stood, a stately palace stands;
And with his grandchild on his knee—the old man's heart on flame—
'Tis thus he trains his darling boy to cherish thoughts of hame.

Oh! hame is aye hamely, dear, though poor at times it be—
Ye winna find a spot like hame in lands beyond the sea;
Oh! ye may wander east or west, in quest o' wealth or fame,
But there's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame, hame,
Oh! there's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame, hame.

PETER STILL.

Peter Still was born in the parish of Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire, on the 1st day of January 1814. At the time of his birth his father rented a farm, but, being unfortunate, he was compelled to seek the support of his family by manual labour. With a limited education at the parish-school of Longside, whither his parents had removed, the subject of this memoir was sent, in his eleventh year, to tend cattle. When somewhat older, he found employment as a farm servant; but having married in his twentieth year, he afterwards followed the more precarious occupation of a day-labourer. Of a delicate constitution, he suffered much from impaired health, being frequently, for months together, confined to the sick-chamber. During the periods of convalescence from illness, he composed verses, which he gave to the world in three separate publications. His last work—"The Cottar's Sunday, and other Poems"—appeared in 1845, in a handsome duodecimo volume. He closed a life of much privation and suffering at Peterhead, on the 21st March 1848.

Of sound religious principles and devoted Christian feeling, Still meekly submitted to the bitterness of his lot in life. He was fortunate in arresting the attention of some, who occasionally administered to his wants, and contributed, by their patronage, to the increase of his reputation. His verses are largely pervaded with poetical fervour and religious sentiment, while his songs are generally true to nature. In person he was tall and slender, of a long thin countenance, large dark blue eyes, and curling black hair.

JEANIE'S LAMENT.

Air—"*Lord Gregory.*"

I never thocht to thole the waes
It's been my lot to dree;
I never thocht to sigh sae sad
Whan first I sigh'd for thee.

I thocht your heart was like mine ain,
As true as true could be;
I couldna think there was a stain
In ane sae dear to me.

Whan first amang the dewy flowers,
Aside yon siller stream,
My lowin' heart was press'd to yours,
Nae purer did they seem;
Nae purer seem'd the draps o' dew,
The flowers on whilk they hung,
Than seem'd the heart I felt in you
As to that heart I clung.

But I was young an' thochtless then,
An' easy to beguile;
My mither's warnin's had nae weight
'Bout man's deceitfu' smile.
But noo, alas! whan she is dead,
I've shed the sad, saut tear,
And hung my heavy, heavy head
Aboon my father's bier!

They saw their earthly hope betray'd,
They saw their Jeanie fade;
They couldna thole the heavy stroke,
An' baith are lowly laid!
Oh, Jamie! but thy name again
Shall ne'er be breathed by me,
For, speechless through yon gow'ny glen,
I'll wander till I die.

YE NEEDNA' BE COURTIN' AT ME.

AIR—*"John Todd."*

"YE needna' be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna' be courtin' at me;
Ye're threescore an' three, an' ye're blin' o' an ee,
Sae ye needna' be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna' be courtin' at me.

"Stan' aff, noo, an' just lat me be, auld man.
Stan' aff, noo, an' just lat me be;
Ye're auld an' ye're cauld, an' ye're blin' an' ye're bald,
An' ye're nae for a lassie like me, auld man,
Ye're nae for a lassie like me."

"Ha'e patience, an' hear me a wee, sweet lass,
Ha'e patience, an' hear me a wee;
I've gowpens o' gowd, an' an aumry weel stow'd,
An' a heart that lo'es nane but thee, sweet lass,
A heart that lo'es nane but thee.

"I'll busk you as braw as a queen, sweet lass,
I'll busk you as braw as a queen;
I've guineas to spare, an', hark ye, what's mair,
I'm only twa score an' fifteen, sweet lass,
Only twa score an' fifteen."

"Gae hame to your gowd an' your gear, auld man,
Gae hame to your gowd an' your gear;
There's a laddie I ken has a heart like mine ain,
An' to me he shall ever be dear, auld man,
To me he shall ever be dear.

"Get aff, noo, an' fash me nae mair, auld man,
Get aff, noo, an' fash me nae mair;
There's a something in love that your gowd canna move—
I'll be Johnie's although I gang bare, auld man,
I'll be Johnie's although I gang bare."

THE BUCKET FOR ME.

The bucket, the bucket, the bucket for me!
Awa' wi' your bickers o' barley bree;
Though good ye may think it, I'll never mair drink it—
The bucket, the bucket, the bucket for me!
There's health in the bucket, there's wealth in the bucket,
There's mair i' the bucket than mony can see;
An' aye whan I leuk in't, I find there's a beuk in't
That teaches the essence o' wisdom to me.

Whan whisky I swiggit, my wifie aye beggit,
An' aft did she sit wi' the tear in her e'e;
But noo—wad you think it?—whan water I drink it,
Right blythesome she smiles on the bucket an' me.

The bucket's a treasure nae mortal can measure,
It's happit my wee bits o' bairnies an' me;
An' noo roun' my ingle, whare sorrows did mingle,
I've pleasure, an' plenty, an' glances o' glee.

The bucket's the bicker that keeps a man sicker,
The bucket's a shield an' a buckler to me;
In pool or in gutter nae langer I'll splutter,
But walk like a freeman wha feels he is free.

Ye drunkards, be wise noo, an' alter your choice noo—
Come, cling to the bucket, an' prosper like me;
Ye'll find it is better to swig "caller water,"
Than groan in a gutter without a bawbee!

ROBERT NICOLL.

One of the most gifted and hopeful of modern Scottish song writers, Robert Nicoll was born at Little Tulliebeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire, on the 7th January 1814.* Of a family of nine children, he was the second son. His father, who bore the same Christian name, rented a farm at the period of his birth and for five years afterwards, when, involved in an affair of cautionary, he was reduced to the condition of an agricultural labourer. Young Nicoll received the rudiments of his education from his mother, a woman of superior shrewdness and information; subsequently to his seventh year he tended cattle in the summer months, to procure the means of attending the parish school during the other portion of the year. From his childhood fond of reading, books were his constant companions—in the field, on the highway, and during the intervals of leisure in his father's cottage. In his thirteenth year, he wrote verses, and became the correspondent of a newspaper. Apprenticed to a grocer and wine-merchant in Perth, and occupied in business from seven o'clock morning till nine o'clock evening, he prosecuted mental culture by abridging the usual hours of rest. At the age of nineteen he communicated a tale to *Johnstone's Magazine*, an Edinburgh periodical, which was inserted, and attracted towards him the notice of Mr Johnstone, the ingenious proprietor. By this gentleman he was introduced, during a visit he made to the capital, to some men of letters, who subsequently evinced a warm interest in his career.

In 1834, Nicoll opened a small circulating library in Dundee, occupying his spare time in reading and composition, and likewise taking part in public meetings convened for the support of Radical or extreme liberal opinions. To the liberal journals of the town he became a frequent contributor both in prose and verse, and in 1835 appeared as the author of a volume of "Poems and Lyrics." This publication was highly esteemed by his friends, and most favourably received by the press. Abandoning business in Dundee, which had never been prosperous, he meditated proceeding as a literary adventurer to London, but was induced by Mr Tait, his friendly publisher, and some other well-wishers, to remain in Edinburgh till a suitable opening should occur. In the summer of 1836 he was appointed editor of the *Leeds Times* newspaper, with a salary of £100. The politics of this journal were Radical, and to the exposition and advocacy of these opinions he devoted himself with equal ardour and success. But the unremitting labour of conducting a public journal soon began materially to undermine the energies of a constitution which, never robust, had been already impaired by a course of untiring literary occupation. The excitement of a political contest at Leeds, during a general parliamentary election, completed the physical prostration of the poet; he removed from Leeds to Knaresborough, and from thence to Laverock Bank, near Edinburgh, the residence of his friend Mr Johnstone. His case was hopeless; after lingering a short period in a state of entire prostration, he departed this life in December 1837, in his twenty-fourth year. His remains, attended by a numerous assemblage, were consigned to the churchyard of North Leith.

Possessed of strong poetical genius, Robert Nicoll has attained a conspicuous and honoured niche in the temple of the national minstrelsy. Several of his songs, especially "Bonnie Bessie Lee" and "Ordé Braes," have obtained an equal popularity with the best songs of Burns. Since the period of his death, four different editions of his "Poems" have been called for. The work has latterly been published by the Messrs Blackie of Glasgow in a handsome form, prefaced by an interesting memoir.

* "1814, January 7. Robert Nicoll, Tullybeltane, had a child by his wife, Grace Fenwick, born and baptized, named Robert."—*Auchtergaven Register of Births.*

Nicoll's strain is eminently smooth and simple; and, though many of his lyrics published after his decease had not the benefit of his revision, he never falls into mediocrity. Of extensive sympathies, he portrays the loves, hopes, and fears of the human heart; while he depicts nature only in her loveliness. His sentiments breathe a devoted and simple piety, the index of an unblemished life. In person Nicoll was rather above the middle height, with a slight stoop. His countenance which was of a sanguine complexion, was thoughtful and pleasing; his eyes were of a deep blue, and his hair dark brown. In society he was modest and unobtrusive, but was firm and uncompromising in the maintenance of his opinions. His political views were founded on the belief that the industrial classes had suffered oppression from the aristocracy. The solace of his hours of leisure were the songs and music of his country. He married shortly prior to his decease, but was not long survived by his widow. A monument to his memory has been erected on the Ordé Braes, in his native parish.

ORDÉ BRAES.

THERE'S nae hame like the hame o' youth,
Nae ither spot sae fair;
Nae ither faces look sae kind
As the smilin' faces there.
An' I ha'e sat by mony streams,
Ha'e travell'd mony ways;
But the fairest spot on the earth to me
Is on bonnie Ordé Braes.

An ell-lang wee thing then I ran
Wi' the ither neebor bairns,
To pu' the hazel's shining nuts,
An' to wander 'mang the ferns;
An' to feast on the bramble-berries brown,
An' gather the glossy slaes,
By the burnie's side, an' aye sinsyne
I ha'e loved sweet Ordé Braes.

The memories o' my father's hame,
An' its kindly dwellers a',
O' the friends I loved wi' a young heart's love
Ere care that heart could thraw,
Are twined wi' the stanes o' the silver burn,
An' its fairy crooks an' bays,
That onward sang 'neath the gowden broom
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

Aince in a day there were happy hames
By the bonnie Ordé's side:
Nane ken how meikle peace an' love
In a straw-roof'd cot can bide.
But the hames are gane, an' the hand o' time
The roofless wa's doth raze;
Laneness an' sweetness hand in hand
Gang ower the Ordé Braes.

Oh! an' the sun were shinin' now,
An' oh! an' I were there,
Wi' twa three friends o' auld langsyne,
My wanderin' joy to share!
For though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame
The flock o' the hills doth graze,
Some kind hearts live to love me yet
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

THE MUIR O' GORSE AN' BROOM.

I WINNA bide in your castle ha's,
Nor yet in your lofty towers;
My heart is sick o' your gloomy hame,
An' sick o' your darksome bowers;
An' oh! I wish I were far awa'
Frae their grandeur an' their gloom,
Where the freeborn lintie sings its sang
On the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

Sae weel as I like the healthfu' gale
That blaws fu' kindly there,
An' the heather brown, an' the wild blue-bell
That wave on the muirland bare;
An' the singing birds, an' the humming bees,
An' the little lochs that toom
Their gushing burns to the distant sea
O'er the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

Oh! if I had a dwallin' there,
Biggit laigh by a burnie's side,
Where ae aik tree, in the summer time,
Wi' its leaves that hame might hide;
Oh! I wad rejoice frae day to day,
As blythe as a young bridegroom;
For dearer than palaces to me
Is the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom!

In a lanely cot on a muirland wild,
My mither nurtured me;
O' the meek wild flowers I playmates made,
An' my hame wi' the wandering bee.
An' oh! if I were far awa'
Frae your grandeur an' your gloom,
Wi' them again, an' the bladden gale,
On the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

THE BONNIE HIELAND HILLS.

OH! the bonnie Hieland hills,
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills,
The bonnie hills o' Scotland O!
The bonnie Hieland hills.

There are lands on the earth where the vine ever blooms,
Where the air that is breathed the sweet orange perfumes;

But mair dear is the blast the lane shepherd that chills
As it wantons along o'er our ain Hieland hills.
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

There are rich garden lands wi' their skies ever fair;
But o' riches or beauty we mak' na our care;
Wherever we wander ae vision aye fills
Our hearts to the burstin'—our ain Hieland hills.
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

In our lone and deep valleys fair maidens there are,
Though born in the midst o' the elements' war;
O sweet are the damsels that sing by our rills,
As they dash to the sea frae our ain Hieland hills.
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

On the moss-cover'd rock wi' their broadswords in hand,
To fight for fair freedom, their sons ever stand;
A storm-nursed bold spirit each warm bosom fills,
That guards frae a' danger our ain Hieland hills.
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills,
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills;
The bonnie hills o' Scotland O!
The bonnie Hieland hills.

THE BONNIE ROWAN BUSH.

THE bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen,
Where the burnie clear doth gush
In yon lane glen;
My head is white and auld,
An' my bluid is thin an' cauld;
But I lo'e the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

My Jeanie first I met
In yon lane glen,
When the grass wi' dew was wet
In yon lane glen;
The moon was shining sweet,
An' our hearts wi' love did beat,
By the bonnie, bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

Oh! she promised to be mine,
In yon lane glen;
Her heart she did resign,
In yon lane glen;
An' mony a happy day
Did o'er us pass away,
Beside the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

Sax bonnie bairns had we
In yon lane glen—
Lads an' lassies young an' spree,
In yon lane glen;
An' a blyther family
Than ours there cou'dna be,
Beside the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

Now my auld wife's gane awa'
Frae yon lane glen,
An' though summer sweet doth fa'
On yon lane glen—
To me its beauty's gane,
For, alake! I sit alane
Beside the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

BONNIE BESSIE LEE.

BONNIE Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles,
And mirth round her ripe lip was aye dancing slee;
And light was the footfa', and winsome the wiles,
O' the flower o' the parochin, our ain Bessie Lee!
Wi' the bairns she would rin, and the school laddies paik,
And o'er the broomy braes like a fairy would flee,
Till auld hearts grew young again wi' love for her sake—
There was life in the blythe blink o' bonnie Bessie Lee!

She grat wi' the waefu', and laughed wi' the glad,
And light as the wind 'mang the dancers was she;
And a tongue that could jeer, too, the little limmer had,
Whilk keepit aye her ain side for bonnie Bessie Lee!
She could sing like the lintwhite that sports 'mang the whins,
An' sweet was her note as the bloom to the bee—
It has aft thrilled my heart whaur our wee burnie rins,
Where a' thing grew fairer wi' bonnie Bessie Lee.*

And she whiles had a sweetheart, and sometimes had twa,
A limmer o' a lassie; but atween you and me,
Her warm wee bit heartie she ne'er threw awa',
Though mony a ane had sought it frae bonnie Bessie Lee.
But ten years had gane since I gazed on her last—
For ten years had parted my auld hame and me—
And I said to mysel', as her mither's door I passed,
Will I ever get anither kiss frae bonnie Bessie Lee?

* The last four lines of this stanza are not the production of Nicoll, but have been contributed for the present work by Mr Alexander Wilson of Perth. The insertion of the lines prevents the occurrence of a half stanza, which has hitherto interfered with the singing of this popular song.

But Time changes a' thing—the ill-natured loon!
Were it ever sae rightly, he'll no let it be;
And I rubbit at my een, and I thought I would swoon,
How the carle had come roun' about our ain Bessie Lee!

The wee laughing lassie was a gudewife grown auld,
Twa weans at her apron, and ane on her knee,
She was douce too, and wise-like—and wisdom's sae cauld;
I would rather hae the ither ane than this Bessie Lee.

ARCHIBALD STIRLING IRVING.

Archibald Stirling Irving was born in Edinburgh on the 18th of December 1816. His father, John Irving, Writer to the Signet, was the intimate early friend of Walter Scott, and is "the prosperous gentleman" referred to in the general introduction to the Waverley Novels. Having a delicate constitution, young Irving was unable to follow any regular profession, but devoted himself, when health permitted, to the concerns of literature. He made himself abundantly familiar with the Latin classics, and became intimately conversant with the more distinguished British poets. Possessed of a remarkably retentive memory, he could repeat some of the longest poems in the language. Receiving a handsome annuity from his father, he resided in various of the more interesting localities of Scottish scenery, some of which he celebrated in verse. He published anonymously, in 1841, a small volume of "Original Songs," of which the song selected for the present work may be regarded as a favourable specimen. He died at Newmills, near Ardrossan, on the 20th September 1851, in his thirty-fifth year. Some time before his death, he exclusively devoted himself to serious reflection and Scriptural reading. He married in October 1850, and his widow still survives.

THE WILD-ROSE BLOOMS.

Tune—"*Caledonia.*"

The wild-rose blooms in Drummond woods,
The trees are blossom'd fair,
The lake is smiling to the sun,
And Mary wand'ring there.
The powers that watch'd o'er Mary's birth
Did Nature's charms despoil;
They stole for her the rose's blush,
The sweet lake's dimpled smile.

The lily for her breast they took,
Nut-brown her locks appear;
But when they came to make her eyes,
They robb'd the starry sphere.
But cruel sure was their design,
Or mad-like their device—
For while they fill'd her eyes with fire,
They made her heart of ice.

ALEXANDER A. RITCHIE.

Alexander Abernethy Ritchie, author of "The Wells o' Wearie," was born in the Canongate, Edinburgh, in 1816. In early youth he evinced a lively appreciation of the humorous and the pathetic, and exhibited remarkable artistic talent, sketching from nature with fidelity and ease. His parents being in humble circumstances, he was apprenticed as a house-painter, and soon became distinguished for his skill in the decorative branch of his profession. On the expiry of his apprenticeship, he cultivated painting in a higher department of the art, and his pictures held a highly

respectable place at the annual exhibitions of the Scottish Academy. Among his pictures which became favourites may be mentioned the "Wee Raggit Laddie," "The Old Church Road," "The Gaberlunzie," "Tak' your Auld Cloak about ye," and "The Captive Truant." His illustrations of his friend, Mr James Ballantine's works, "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet" and "The Miller of Deanhaugh," and of some other popular works, evince a lively fancy and keen appreciation of character. He executed a number of water-colour sketches of the more picturesque and interesting lanes and alleys of Edinburgh; and contributed to the *Illustrated London News* representations of remarkable events as they occurred in the Scottish capital. He died suddenly at St John's Hill, Canongate, Edinburgh, in 1850, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. Ritchie was possessed of a vast fund of humour, and was especially esteemed for the simplicity of his manners and his kindly dispositions. He excelled in reading poetry, whether dramatic or descriptive, and sung his own songs with intense feeling. He lived with his aged mother, whom he regarded with dutiful affection, and who survives to lament his loss. Shortly before his death he composed the following hymn, which has been set to appropriate music:

Father of blissfulness,
Grant me a resting-place
Now my sad spirit is longing for rest.
Lord, I beseech Thee,
Deign Thou to teach me
Which path to heaven is surest and best:
Lonely and dreary,
Laden and weary,
Oh! for a home in the land of the blest!

Father of holiness,
Look on my lowliness;
From this sad bondage, O Lord, set me free;
Grant that, 'mid love and peace,
Sorrow and sin may cease,
While in the Saviour my trust it shall be.
When death's sleep comes o'er me,
On waking—before me
The portals of glory all open I'll see.

THE WELLS O' WEARIE.

AIR—"*Bonnie House o' Airlie.*"

SWEETLY shines the sun on auld Edinbro' toun,
And mak's her look young and cheerie;
Yet I maun awa' to spend the afternoon
At the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

And you maun gang wi' me, my winsome Mary Grieve,
There's nought in the world to fear ye;
For I ha'e ask'd your minnie, and she has gi'en ye leave
To gang to the Wells o' Wearie.

Oh, the sun winna blink in thy bonnie blue een,
Nor tinge the white brow o' my dearie;
For I'll shade a bower wi' rashes lang and green
By the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

But, Mary, my love, beware ye dinna glower
At your form in the water so clearly,
Or the fairy will change you into a wee, wee flower,
And you'll grow by the Wells o' Wearie.

Yestreen as I wander'd there a' alane,
I felt unco douf and drearie,
For wanting my Mary, a' around me was but pain
At the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

Let fortune or fame their minions deceive,
Let fate look gruesome and eerie;
True glory and wealth are mine wi' Mary Grieve,
When we meet by the Wells o' Wearie.

Then gang wi' me, my bonnie Mary Grieve,
Nae danger will daur to come near ye;
For I ha'e ask'd your minnie, and she has gi'en ye leave
To gang to the Wells o' Wearie.

ALEXANDER LAING.

Alexander Laing was born at Brechin on the 14th May 1787. His father, James Laing was an agricultural labourer. With the exception of two winters' schooling, he was wholly self-taught. Sent to tend cattle so early as his eighth year, he regularly carried books and writing-materials with him to the fields. His books were procured by the careful accumulation of the halfpence bestowed on him by the admirers of his juvenile tastes. In his sixteenth year, he entered on the business of a flax-dresser, in his native town—an occupation in which he was employed for a period of fourteen years. He afterwards engaged in mercantile concerns, and some years before his death was enabled to retire from business.

Mr Laing early wrote verses. In 1819, several songs from his pen appeared in the "Harp of Caledonia"—a respectable collection of minstrelsy, edited by John Struthers. He subsequently became a contributor to the "Harp of Renfrewshire" and the "Scottish Minstrel," edited by R. A. Smith. His lyrics likewise adorn the pages of Robertson's "Whistle Binkie" and the "Book of Scottish Song." He published, in 1846, a collected edition of his poems and songs, in a duodecimo volume under the designation of "Wayside Flowers." A second edition appeared in 1850. He was a contributor to the local journals; furnished a number of anecdotes for the "Laird of Logan," a humorous publication of the west of Scotland; and compiled some useful elementary works for the use of Sabbath-schools. His lyrics are pervaded by a graceful simplicity, and the chief themes of his inspiration are love and patriotism. Than his song entitled "My Ain Wife," we do not know a lay more beautifully simple. His "Hopeless Exile" is the perfection of tenderness. Mr Laing died at Brechin, after a short illness, on the 14th October 1857.

AE HAPPY HOUR.

Air—"*The Cock Laird.*"

The dark grey o' gloamin',
The lone leafy shaw,
The coo o' the cushat,
The scent o' the ha;
The brae o' the burnie,
A' bloomin' in flower,
An' twa faithfu' lovers,
Make ae happy hour.

A kind winsome wifie,
A clean canty hame,
An' smilin' sweet babies
To lisp the dear name;
Wi' plenty o' labour,
An' health to endure,
Make time to row round aye
The ae happy hour.

Ye lost to affection,
Whom avarice can move
To woo an' to marry
For a' thing but love;
Awa' wi' your sorrows,
Awa' wi' your store,
Ye ken na the pleasure
O' ae happy hour.

LASS, GIN YE WAD LO'E ME.

Air—"*Lass, gin I come near you.*"

"Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,
Ye'se be ladye o' my ha',
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me.
A canty but, a cosie ben,
Weel plenish'd ye may trow me;
A brisk, a blythe, a kind gudeman—
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me!"

"Walth there's little doubt ye ha'e,
An' bidin' bein an' easy;
But brisk an' blythe ye canna be,
An' you sae auld an' crazy.
Wad marriage mak' you young again?
Wad woman's love renew you?
Awa', ye silly, doitet man,
I canna, winna lo'e you!'

"Witless hizzie, e'en's you like,
The ne'er a doit I'm carin';
But men maun be the first to speak,
An' wanters maun be speerin'.
Yet, lassie, I ha'e lo'ed you lang,
An' now I'm come to woo you;
I'm no sae auld as clashes gang,
I think you'd better lo'e me."

"Doitet bodie! auld or young,
Ye needna langer tarry,
Gin ane be loutin' o'er a rung,
He's no for me to marry.
Gae hame an' ance bethink yoursel'
How ye wad come to woo me,
An' mind me i' your latter-will,
Bodie, gin ye lo'e me!"

LASS OF LOGIE.

AIR—"*Lass of Arranteenie.*"

I'VE seen the smiling summer flower
Amang the braes of Yarrow;
I've heard the raving winter wind
Amang the hills of Barra;
I've wander'd Scotland o'er and o'er,
Frae Teviot to Strathbogie;
But the bonniest lass that I ha'e seen
Is bonnie Jean of Logie.

Her lips were like the heather bloom,
In meekest dewy morning;
Her cheeks were like the ruddy leaf,
The bloomy brier adorning;
Her brow was like the milky flower
That blossoms in the bogie;
And love was laughing in her een—
The bonnie lass of Logie.

I said, "My lassie, come wi' me,
My hand, my hame are ready;
I ha'e a lairdship of my ain,
And ye shall be my ladye.
I've ilka thing baith out and in,
To make you blythe and vogie;"
She hung her head and sweetly smiled—
The bonnie lass of Logie!

But she has smiled, and fate has frown'd,
And wrung my heart with sorrow;
The bonnie lass sae dear to me
Can never be my marrow.
For ah! she loves another lad—
The ploughman wi' his cogie;
Yet happy, happy may she be,
The bonnie lass of Logie!

MY AIN WIFE.

AIR—"*John Anderson, my Jo.*"

I WADNA gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
For, oh! my dainty ain wife,
She's aye sae dear to me.
A bonnier yet I've never seen,
A better canna be;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

Though beauty is a fadin' flower,
As fadin' as it's fair,
It looks fu' well in ony wife,
An' mine has a' her share.
She ance was ca'd a bonnie lass—
She's bonnie aye to me;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

Oh, couthy is my ingle-cheek,
An' cheery is my Jean;
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on ane.
She's gude wi' a' the neebours roun',
An' aye gude wi' me;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

But oh, her looks sae kindly,
They melt my heart outright,
When ower the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight.
She looks intil its bonnie face
An' syne looks to me;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

JEAN OF ABERDEEN.

AIR—"*Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.*"

YE'VE seen the blooming rosy brier,
On stately Dee's wild woody knowes;
Ye've seen the op'ning lily fair,
In streamy Don's gay broomy howes;
An' ilka bonnie flower that grows
Amang their banks and braes sae green—
These borrow a' their finest hues
Frae lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

Ye've seen the dew-eyed bloomy haw,
When morning gilds the welkin high;
Ye've heard the breeze o' summer blaw,
When e'ening steals alang the sky.
But brighter far is Jeanie's eye
When we're amang the braes alane,
An' softer is the bosom-sigh
Of lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

Though I had a' the valleys gay
Around the airy Bennochie,
An' a' the fleecy flocks that stray
Amang the lofty hills o' Dee;
While Mem'ry lifts her melting ee,
An' Hope unfolds her fairy scene,
My heart wi' them I'd freely gi'e
To lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

THE HOPELESS EXILE.

AIR—"*Alas! for Poor Teddy Macshane.*"

OH! where has the exile his home?
Oh! where has the exile his home?
Where the mountain is steep,
Where the valley is deep,
Where the waves of the Ohio foam;
Where no cheering smile
His woes may beguile—
Oh! there has the exile his home.

Oh! when will the exile return?
Oh! when will the exile return?
When our hearts heave no sigh,
When our tears shall be dry,
When Erin no longer shall mourn;
When his name we disown,
When his mem'ry is gone—
Oh! then will the exile return!

ALEXANDER CARLILE.

Alexander Carlile was born at Paisley in the year 1788. His progenitors were remarkable for their acquaintance with the arts, and relish for elegant literature. His eldest brother, the late Dr Carlile of Dublin, attained much eminence as a profound thinker and an accomplished theologian. Having received a liberal education, first at the grammar-school of Paisley, and afterwards in the University of Glasgow, the subject of this sketch settled as a manufacturer in his native town. Apart from the avocations of business, much of his time was devoted to the concerns of literature; he contributed to various periodicals, and composed verses for several works on the national minstrelsy. At an early period he wrote the spirited and popular song, beginning "Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha?" which has since obtained a place in all the collections. His only separate publication, a duodecimo volume of "Poems," appeared in 1855. Mr Carlile was much devoted to the interests of his native town, and sedulously endeavoured to promote the moral and social welfare of his fellow-townsmen. He died at Paisley on the 4th August 1860.

WHA'S AT THE WINDOW?*

Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha?
Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha?
Wha but blythe Jamie Glen,
He's come sax miles and ten,
To tak' bonnie Jeannie awa, awa,
To tak' bonnie Jeannie awa.

He has plighted his troth, and a', and a',
Leal love to gi'e, and a', and a',
And sae has she dune,
By a' that's abune,
For he lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'bune a', 'bune 'a,
He lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'bune a'.

Bridal-maidens are braw, braw,
Bridal-maidens are braw, braw,
But the bride's modest ee,
And warm cheek are to me
'Bune pearlins, and brooches, and a', and a',
'Bune pearlins, and brooches, and a'.

It's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',
It's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha';
There's quaffing and laughing,
There's dancing and daffing,
And the bride's father's blythest of a', of a',
The bride's father's blythest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
That my heart is sae eerie
When a' the lave's cheerie,
But it's just that she'll aye be awa, awa,
It's just that she'll aye be awa.

* The title of this song seems to have been suggested by that of a ballad recovered by Cromek, and published in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," p. 219. The first line of the old ballad runs thus: "Oh, who is this under my window."—Ed.

THE VALE OF KILLEAN.

O yes, there's a valley as calm and as sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
So bland in its beauty, so rich in its green,
'Mid Scotia's dark mountains—the Vale of Killean.

The flocks on its soft lap so peacefully roam,
The stream seeks the deep lake as the child seeks its home,
That has wander'd all day, to its lullaby close,
Singing blythe 'mid the wild-flowers, and fain would repose.

How solemn the broad hills that curtain around
This sanctuary of nature, 'mid a wilderness found,
Whose echoes low whisper, "Bid the world farewell,
And with lowly contentment here peacefully dwell!"

Then build me a cot by that lake's verdant shore,
'Mid the world's wild turmoil I'll mingle no more.
And the tidings evoking the sigh and the tear,
Of man's crimes and his follies, no more shall I hear.

Young Morn, as on tiptoe he ushers the day,
Will teach fading Hope to rekindle her ray;
And pale Eve, with her rapture tear, soft will impart
To the soul her own meekness—a rich glow to the heart.

The heavings of passion all rock'd to sweet rest,
As repose its still waters, so repose shall this breast;
And 'mid brightness and calmness my spirit shall rise,
Like the mist from the mountain, to blend with the skies.

THOMAS LYLE.

THOMAS LYLE was born at Paisley in 1792. Attending the philosophical and medical classes in the University of Glasgow, he obtained the diploma of surgeon in the year 1816. He commenced medical practice in Glasgow, where he remained till 1826, when he removed to Airth, Stirlingshire. The latter locality afforded him abundant opportunities for prosecuting his favourite study of botany; and he frequently proceeded at early dawn to great distances in quest of curious or rare plants, so as to gratify his peculiar tastes without interfering with the duties of his profession. At an earlier period of life, having cherished a love for the ancient national music, he was in the habit of collecting and noting such of the older airs as were rapidly passing into oblivion. He was particularly struck with one of these airs, which he deemed worthy of more suitable words than those to which it was commonly sung.* At this period he often resorted, in his botanical rambles, to the wooded and sequestered banks of the Kelvin, about two miles north-west of Glasgow; and in consequence he was led to compose for his favourite tune the words of his beautiful song, "Kelvin Grove." "The Harp of Renfrewshire" was now in the course of being published, in numbers, under the editorship of his college friend and professional brother, John Sim, and to this work he contributed his new song. In a future number of the work, the song appeared without his name, as was requested, but with some unauthorised alterations. Of these he complained to Mr Sim, who laid the blame on Mr John Murdoch, who had succeeded him in the editorship, and Mr Lyle did not further prosecute inquiry on the subject. On the retirement of Mr Murdoch, the editorship of "The Harp of Renfrewshire" was intrusted to the poet Motherwell, who incautiously ascribed the song to Mr Sim in the index of the work. Sim died in the West Indies before this period;† and, in the belief that the song had been composed by him, Mr Purdie, music-seller in Edinburgh, made purchase of the copyright from his representatives, and published the words, with music arranged for the piano by Robert Archibald Smith. Mr Lyle now asserted his title to the authorship, and on Mr Sim's letter regarding the alterations being submitted to Messrs Motherwell and Smith, a decision in favour of his claim was pronounced by these gentlemen. Mr Lyle was shortly after invited by Mr Smith to contribute songs for the "Irish Minstrel," one of his numerous musical publications.

In 1827 Mr Lyle published the results of his researches into the song literature of his country in a duodecimo volume, entitled "Ancient Ballads and Songs, chiefly from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Works, with Biographical and Illustrative Notices." Of this work, the more interesting portion consists of "Miscellaneous

* The former words to this air commenced, "Oh! the shearing's no for you, bonnie lassie, O!"
† *See* article "John Sim," *ante*.

Poems, by Sir William Mure, Knight of Rowallan," together with several songs of various merit by the editor.

Having acted as medical practitioner at Airth during the period of twenty-eight years, Mr Lyle, in the close of 1853, returned to Glasgow, where he actively prosecuted the duties of his profession. His death took place in Glasgow, on the 19th April 1859.

KELVIN GROVE.

LET us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O!
Where the rose in all her pride,
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie O!

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O!
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O!
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring water's fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie O!

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O!
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O!
There the May pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O!

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie O!
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O!
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O!

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O!
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O!
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O!

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O!
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant-scented breer,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O!

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O!
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O!
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

JAMES HOME.

JAMES HOME was born in 1804, on the farm of Hollybush, about a mile south of Galashiels. During a period of about thirty years, he was employed in the humble capacity of a dry-stone mason in Peebleshire. He ultimately received the office of postmaster at Rachan Mill in his native county.

Home did not venture on a publication, and latterly abandoned the composition of verses. In youth he was, writes a correspondent, "an enthusiast in love, music, and poetry." A number of his songs and poetical pieces, which he had addressed to friends, have long been popular in the south of Scotland. His song entitled "This Lassie o' Mine" has enjoyed an uncommon measure of general favour. His compositions are replete with pathos; he has skilfully told the lover's tale; and has most truthfully depicted the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, of human life. Some of his best pieces appear in the "Unknown Poets" of Mr Alexander Campbell,—a work which only reached a single number. Of mild dispositions, modest manners, and industrious habits, Home was much respected in private life. He died at Rachan Mill, on the 27th September 1868.

MARY STEEL.

I'LL think o' thee, my Mary Steel,
When the lark begins to sing,
And a thousan', thousan' joyfu' hearts
Are welcoming the spring:
When the merle and the blackbird build their nest
In the bushy forest tree,
And a' things under the sky seem blest,
My thoughts shall be o' thee.

I'll think o' thee, my Mary Steel,
When the simmer spreads her flowers,
And the lily blooms and the ivy twines
In beauty round the bowers;
When the cushat coos in the leafy wood,
And the lambs sport o'er the lea,
And every heart's in its happiest mood,
My thoughts shall be o' thee.

I'll think o' thee, my Mary Steel,
When har'st blythe days begin,
And shearers ply, in the yellow ripe field
The foremost rig to win;
When the shepherd brings his ewes to the fauld,
Where light-hair'd lasses be,
And mony a tale o' love is tauld,
My thoughts shall be o' thee.

I'll think o' thee, my Mary Steel,
When the winter winds rave high,
And the tempest wild is pourin' doun
Frae the dark and troubled sky?
When a hopeless wail is heard on land,
And shrieks frae the roaring sea,
And the wreck o' nature seems at hand,
My thoughts shall be o' thee!

OH, HAST THOU FORGOTTEN?

OH, hast thou forgotten the birk tree's shade,
And this warm, true heart o' mine, Mary?
Oh, hast thou forgotten the promise thou made,
When so fondly 'twas pressed to thine, Mary?

Oh, hast thou forgotten, what I ne'er can forget,
The hours we have spent together?
Those hours which, like stars in my memory, yet
Shine on as brightly as ever!

Oh, hast thou forgotten that moment of bliss,
So fraught with the heart's full feeling?
As we clung to each other in the last embrace,
The soul of love revealing!

Oh, hast thou forgotten that sacred spot,
Where the farewell word was spoken?
Is the sigh, and the tear, and all forgot,
The vow and the promise broken?

Then for ever farewell, thou false fair one;
Though other arms caress thee,
Though a fairer youth thy heart should gain,
And a smoother tongue should bless thee:
Yet never again on thy warm young cheek
Will breathe a soul more warm than mine,
And never again will a lover speak
Of love more pure to thine.

THE MAID OF MY HEART.

AIR—"*The last Rose of Summer.*"

WHEN the maid of my heart, with the dark rolling eye,
The only beloved of my bosom is nigh,
I ask not of Heaven one bliss to impart,
Save that which I feel with the maid of my heart.

When around and above us there's nought to be seen,
But the moon on the sky and the flower on the green,
And all is at rest in the glen and the hill,
Save the soul-stirring song of the breeze and the rill.

Then the maid of my heart to my bosom is press'd,
Then all I hold dear in this world is possess'd;
Then I ask not of Heaven one bliss to impart,
Save that which I feel with the maid of my heart.

THIS LASSIE O' MINE.*

TUNE—"*Wattie's Ramble.*"

O, saw ye this sweet bonnie lassie o' mine?
Or saw ye the smile on her cheek sae divine?
Or saw ye the kind love that speaks in her ee?
Sure naebody e'er was sae happy as me.

It 's no that she dances sae light on the green,
It 's no the simplicity marked in her mien—
But, O! it 's the kind love that speaks in her ee
That keeps me aye happy as happy can be.

To meet her alane 'mang the green leafy trees,
When naebody kens, an' when naebody sees;
To breathe out the soul in a saft melting kiss—
On earth sure there 's naething is equal to this.

I have felt every bliss which the soul can enjoy,
When friends circle round, and nought to annoy;
I have felt every joy which illumines the breast
When the full flowing bowl is most warmly caress'd.

* This song is introduced in Blackie's posthumous edition of the Ettrick Shepherd's works as one of Hogg's own compositions. The original was handed to the Shepherd by the late Mr Peter Roger of Peebles, and Hogg, with the view of directing attention to the real author, introduced it shortly after in his *Noctes Bengerianæ*, in the "Edinburgh Literary Journal" (vol. i., p. 258). Being included in this periodical paper, the editor of his posthumous works had assumed that the song was the Shepherd's own composition.

But, O! there's a sweet and a heavenly charm
In life's early day, when the bosom is warm,
When soul meets with soul in a saft melting kiss,
On earth sure there's naething is equal to this.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANT.

Oh! the land of hills is the land for me,
Where the maiden's step is light and free;
Where the shepherd's pipe, and the hunter's horn,
Awake the joys of the rosy morn.

There's a voice in the wind, when it comes from the lake,
That tells how the foamy billows break;
There's a voice in the wind, when it comes from the wood,
That tells of dreary solitude.

But, oh! when it comes from the mountain fells,
Where the Spirit of Song and Freedom dwells,
Where in youth's warm day I woke that strain
I ne'er in this world can wake again.

The warm blood leaps in its wonted course,
And fresh tears gush from their briny source,
As if I had hail'd in the passing wind
The all I have loved and left behind,

JAMES TELFER.

An ingenious prose-writer and respectable poet, James Telfer was born on the 3d December 1800, at Newbigging, near the head of Oxnam Water, in the parish of Southdean and county of Roxburgh. Like his father, he originally followed the humble avocation of a shepherd. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Scottish ballads; and when Hogg's "Queen's Wake," was published, he procured a copy, and made the book his constant companion. He first essayed verse by composing imitations of the more striking portions of the Shepherd's poem. In 1820 he became a contributor to the *Newcastle Magazine*, and in the following year published at Jedburgh a volume of "Border Ballads and Miscellaneous Poems," which he inscribed to his poetical preceptor, the Bard of Ettrick. Abandoning the crook, he now sought employment as a teacher, having duly qualified himself by a course of study. In 1827 he opened a school at Saughtrees at the head of Liddesdale. Here, in a state of seclusion from the learned world, he continued to reside, engaged during the day in the arduous duties of the schoolroom, and in the evenings devoting himself to reading and composition. He became a great authority in the poetical literature of his country. With his admirable friend, Mr Robert White of Newcastle, he maintained a literary correspondence for the period of thirty years. "Barbara Gray," an interesting prose tale proceeded from his pen in 1835. His last publication, a collected edition of his best productions in prose and verse, appeared in 1852, with the title of "Tales and Sketches." By his published writings, the poet did not add materially to his means; his school emoluments did not exceed twenty pounds a year, added to the free occupation of a wretched tenement, which formed the Saughtrees schoolhouse. In 1860 his school-buildings were restored, but not before the occupant had, by long exposure in the old wind-pierced hovel, contracted a severe pulmonary ailment. He succumbed to this complaint on the 18th January 1862, in his 62d year. Telfer was unhappily disposed to indulge in a sarcastic vein against those who had offended him; he was otherwise possessed of genial and benevolent qualities.

OH, WILL YE WALK THE WOOD WI' ME?*

"Oh, will ye walk the wood wi' me?
Oh, will ye walk the green?
Or will ye sit within mine arms,
My ain kind Jean?"

"It's I'll not walk the wood wi' thee,
Nor yet will I the green;
And as for sitting in your arms,
It's what I dinna mean."

* Portions of the first and second verses of this song are fragments of an older ditty.—*Note by the Author.*

"Oh! slighted love is ill to thole,
And weel may I compleen;
But since that better mayna be,
I e'en maun thol't for Jean."

"Gang up to May o' Mistycleugh,
Ye saw her late yestreen;
Ye'll find in her a lightsome love
Ye winna find in Jean."

"Wi' bonny May o' Mistycleugh
I carena to be seen;
Her lightsome love I'd freely gi'e
For half a blink frae Jean."

"Gang down to Madge o' Miryfaulds,
I ken for her ye green;
Wi' her ye'll get a purse o' gowd—
Ye'll naething get wi' Jean."

"For doity Madge o' Miryfaulds
I dinna care a preen;
The purse o' gowd I weel could want,
If I could ha'e my Jean."

"Oh, yes! I'll walk the wood wi' thee;
Oh, yes! I'll walk the green;
But first ye'll meet me at the kirk,
And mak' me aye your Jean."

I MAUN GAE OVER THE SEA.

"Sweet summer now is by,
And cauld winter is nigh,
The wan leaves they fa' frae the tree;
The hills are white wi' snaw,
And the frosty winds blaw,
And I maun gae over the sea, Mary,
And I maun gae over the sea.

But winter will gang by,
And summer come wi' joy,
And Nature again will be free;
And wooers you will find,
And mair ye 'll never mind
The laddie that 's over the sea, Mary,
The laddie that 's over the sea."

"Oh, Willie, since it 's sae,
My heart is very wae
To leave a' my friends and countrie;
But wi' thee I will gang,
Though the way it be lang,
And wi' thee I'll cross the saut sea, Willie,
And wi' thee I 'll cross the saut sea."

"The way is vera far,
And terrible is war,
And great are the hardships to dree;
And if I should be slain,
Or a prisoner ta'en,
My jewel, what would come o' thee, Mary?
My jewel, what would come o' thee?

"Sae at hame ye maun bide,
And should it sae betide
That a bride to anither ye be,
For ane that lo'ed ye dear
Ye'll whiles drap a tear;
I 'll aften do the same for thee, Mary,
I 'll aften do the same for thee."

The rowin' tear down fell,
Her bosom wasna well,
For she sabbit most woefullie;
"Owre the yirth I wad gang,
And never count it lang,
But I fear ye carena for me, Willie,
But I fear ye carena for me."

Nae langer could he thole,
She tore his vera soul,
He dighted her bonnie blue ee;
"Oh, what was it you said,
Oh! my ain loving maid?
I'll never love a woman but thee, Mary,
I 'll never love a woman but thee!

"The fae is forced to yield,
And freedom has the field;
Away I will ne'er gang frae thee;
Only death shall us part,
Keep sic thoughts frae my heart,
But never shall part us the sea, Mary,
But never shall part us the sea."

JAMES D. BURNS.

James Drummond Burns was born at Edinburgh on the 18th February 1823. A pupil of Heriot's Hospital, he attended the High School, and in due time entered the University. Distinguished as a student, he obtained the degree of Master of Arts, and commenced a course of theological study. As a Divinity student, he left the Established Church in 1843, and attended the prelections of Dr Chalmers and his colleagues in the Theological Hall of the Free Church. In 1845, he was, on the strong recommendation of Dr Chalmers, elected to the pastorate of the Free Church congregation at Dunblane. In impaired health he sought the mild climate of Madeira in the autumn of 1847, and on attempting to resume his duties in the following year, found himself compelled, from continued weakness, to retire from his charge. He

returned to Madeira to undertake ministerial duty in a Presbyterian congregation at Funchal. In 1852 he made a tour through Portugal, Spain, and Italy, and in the following year returned to Britain. After ministering to Presbyterian congregations at Brighton and St Helier's in Jersey, he accepted the invitation of a Presbyterian congregation at Hampstead to become their pastor. He was inducted on the 22d May 1855. In his new sphere he was eminently successful; a large and attached flock attended his ministrations. But a pulmonary weakness continued to oppress him, and at length, in January 1864, he was compelled again to seek a milder climate. After several changes he reached Vevay, in Switzerland—there he died on Sabbath the 27th November 1864. His remains were brought to Britain, and interred in the Highgate Cemetery, London.

Mr Burns published in 1854 "The Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems," 12mo. The volume, which contains compositions chiefly of a scriptural or sacred character, was hailed as manifesting evidence of a vigorous poetical fancy. A memoir of Mr Burns has lately been published, from the pen of the late Rev. Dr James Hamilton, of London.

RISE, LITTLE STAR.

Rise, little star!
O'er the dusky hill,—
See the bright course open
Thou hast to fulfil.

Climb, little star!
Higher still and higher,
With a silent swiftness
And a pulse of fire.

Stand little star!
On the peak of heaven;
But for one brief moment
Is the triumph given.

Sink, little star!
Yet make heaven bright,
Even while thou art sinking,
With thy gentle light.

Set, little star!
Gladly fade and die,
With the blush of morning
Coming up the sky.

Each little star
Crieth, Life, O man!
Should have one clear purpose
Shining round its span.

THOUGH LONG THE WANDERER MAY DEPART.

Though long the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.
To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tend'rest thoughts are cast,
And dearer still through absence grows
The memory of the past.

Though nature on another shore
Her softest smile may wear,
The vales, the hills, he loved before,
To him are far more fair.
The heavens that met his childhood's eye,
All clouded though they be,
Seem brighter than the sunniest sky
Of climes beyond the sea.

So Faith, a stranger on the earth,
Still turns its eye above;
The child of an immortal birth
Seeks more than mortal love.
The scenes of earth, though very fair,
Want home's endearing spell;
And all his heart and hope are where
His God and Saviour dwell.

He may behold them dimly here,
And see them as not nigh,
But all he loves will yet appear
Unclouded to his eye.
To that fair city, now so far,
Rejoicing he will come,
A better light than Bethlehem's star
Guides every wanderer home.

JOSEPH MACGREGOR.

JOSEPH MACGREGOR was born about the year 1805; he followed the profession of an accountant in Edinburgh. Expert as a man of business, he negotiated the arrangement of the city affairs at the period of the municipal bankruptcy. A zealous member of the Liberal party, he took a prominent interest in the Reform Bill movement, and afterwards afforded valuable assistance in the election of Francis Jeffrey as one of the representatives of the city in Parliament. He latterly occupied Ramsay Lodge, the residence of the poet Allan Ramsay, where he died about the year 1845. The following songs from his pen are published by permission of Messrs Robertson & Co., musicsellers, Edinburgh.

LADDIE, OH! LEAVE ME.

DOWN whar the burnie rins wimplin' and cheery,
When love's star was smilin' I met wi' my dearie;
Ah! vain was its smilin'—she wadna believe me;
But said wi' a saucy air, "Laddie, oh! leave me;
Leave me, leave me, laddie, oh! leave me."

"I've lo'ed thee o'er truly to seek a new dearie,
I've lo'ed thee o'er fondly through life e'er to weary,
I've lo'ed thee o'er lang, love, at last to deceive thee;
Look cauldly or kindly, but bid me not leave thee;"
Leave thee, leave thee, etc.

"There's nae ither saft ee that fills me wi' pleasure,
There's nae ither rose-lip has half o' its treasure,
There's nae ither bower, love, shall ever receive me,
Till death break this fond heart—oh! then I maun leave thee;"
Leave thee, leave thee, etc.

The tears o'er her cheeks ran like dew frae red roses;
What hope to the lover one tear-drop discloses!
I kiss'd them, and blest her—at last to relieve me
She yielded her hand, and sighed, "Oh! never leave me;"
Leave me, leave me, etc.

HOW BLYTHELY THE PIPE.

AIR—*"Kinloch of Kinloch."*

How blythely the pipe through Glenlyon was sounding,
At morn when the clans to the merry dance hied;
And gay were the love-knots, o'er hearts fondly bounding,
When Ronald woo'd Flora, and made her his bride.
But war's banner streaming soon changed their fond dreaming—
The battle-cry echoed, around and above
Broad claymores were glancing, and war-steeds were prancing;
Up, Ronald! to arms for home and your love.

All was hush'd o'er the hill, where love linger'd despairing,
With her bride-maids still decked in their gay festal gear!
And she wept as she saw them fresh garlands preparing,
Which might laurel Love's brow, or be strew'd o'er his bier!
But cheer thee, fond maiden—each wild breeze is laden
With victory's slogan, through mountain and grove;
Where death streams were gushing, and war-steeds were rushing,
Lord Ronald has conquer'd for home and for love!

WILLIAM DUNBAR, D.D.

WILLIAM DUNBAR was born at Dumfries in October 1780;* he received his elementary education in that town. Having studied at the University of Edinburgh, he was in 1805 licensed as a probationer of the Established Church. During the vacations of his theological curriculum, and the earlier portion of his probationary career, he resided chiefly in the Hebrides. At this period he composed the popular song,

* Dumfries Register of Births and Baptisms.

entitled, "The Maid of Islay," the heroine being a Miss Campbell of the island of Islay. In several collections the song has been erroneously ascribed to Joseph Train. Mr Dunbar was, in May 1807, ordained to the ministry at Applegarth, Dumfriesshire. Long reputed as one of the most successful cultivators of the honey-bee, Dr Dunbar was, in 1840, invited to prepare a treatise on the subject for the entomological series of the "Naturalist's Library." His observations were published, without his name, in a volume of the series, with the title, "The Natural History of Bees, comprehending the uses and economical management of the British and Foreign Honey Bee; together with the known wild species. Illustrated by thirty-six plates, coloured from nature, with portrait and memoir of Huber." Dr Dunbar died at the manse of Applegarth on the 6th December 1861, in the 81st year of his age, and the 54th of his ministry.

THE MAID OF ISLAY.

Rising o'er the heaving billow,
Evening gilds the ocean's swell,
While with thee, on grassy pillow,
Solitude! I love to dwell.
Lonely to the sea-breeze blowing,
Oft I chant my love-lorn strain,
To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the Maid of Islay,
Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;
'Twas for her, the cheering smile aye
Beam'd with rapture in my eye.

Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash or thunder's roll;
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image fill'd my soul.

Farewell, days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return!
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

ELLIOT AITCHISON.

Elliot Aitchison was born early in the century, in the Border town of Hawick. His uncle, Mr Robert Shortreed, Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire, was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, and the great Minstrel's first conductor into the romantic scenery of Liddesdale. The influence of his relation did not avail the future poet. His parents being in poor circumstances, and as he was the youngest of a numerous family, his education was very circumscribed He was early apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, and while still young, was necessitated to support himself and his youngest sister, owing to the death of his father, and the emigration of the other members of the family. With the exception of a short period, when, owing to feeble health, he accepted employment as a clerk, he continued throughout life to labour in a stocking-factory. He informed the editor of this work that so engrossing was his occupation that he seldom found leisure to peruse the weekly newspaper, or to engage in any other species of self-culture. Possessed of a most diffident and retiring nature, he shrunk from publicity. The present writer had the mortification to incur his grave displeasure by having unwittingly mentioned his name in a public lecture, as a man of poetical genius, deserving of encouragement. Aitchison died in his native town on the 7th October 1858. A tombstone has been raised to his memory in the parish churchyard of Wilton, where his remains are interred.

A CANZONET.

In the style of the Sixteenth Century.

To campes and courts lett others rove
In quest of ranke and fame;
To these repayre who tytles love,
To those who seeke a name.

The slaves of gayne, with toyle and payne
May compasse lande and sea;
But love who may, att home I'll stay—
A shephearde's lyfe for mee.

I'd rather rise at earlie dawne,
When summer wedds with sprynge,
And leade my flocke to hill or lawne
While merrie larks doe synge,

Than reel to bedd with aching hedde
Throwe wyne and revellrie,
Such pleasures still, pursewe who will—
A shephearde's lyfe for mee.

The straynes thatt flow in courtlie halle
May please a courtlie eare,
But give me still at evening's falle
Or rysing morne to heare

From dulcet throates the unbought notes
Of nature's minstrelsie,
Whyle syren lays reape pelf and prayse—
A shephearde's life for mee.

Let gold and state the world beguile,
Content can scorne them both;
She hangs not on a prince's smyle,
Or yett a courtier's troth.

The thyrste of gayne could Ophir drayne,
Nor quencht withal would bee;
Sae wealth adieu, and honours too—
A shephearde's lyfe for mee.

O, SWEET IS THE CALM.

O SWEET is the calm when the tempest is o'er,
And the skiff bears her freight of glad hearts to the shore;
And sweet is the spring when its infant caress
Brings a smile o'er the gloom of creation's distress;
Then the bosom beats light, and an impulse is given
To bless the kind interposition of Heaven.

And he, from the couch of affliction and pain
Who to life in its vigour uprises again,
He alone can conceive, though he cannot disclose
The pleasures of health and the sweets of repose.
Oh, none with a relish like his can inhale
The fragrance that breathes in a soft summer gale;
For a paradise joy to the moments is given,
That bring such an interposition of heaven.

But, ah! not so grateful to pallid disease
Comes the spirit of health on the wing of the breeze;
Nor the spring time to nature dejected and drear;
Nor a calm to the bark in its headlong career,
As the accents of mercy breathed softly within,
To the terror-struck victim of folly and sin—
The voice that bids dread and despondency cease,
And conducts to the path of repentance and peace,
While angels exult o'er a sinner forgiven,
And bless the kind interposition of Heaven.

SPRING.

THE moon in virgin blushes drest,
Spreads o'er the eastern sky;
The lark forsakes her lowly nest,
And wings her flight on high.

The fleecy clouds which garnish heaven,
Are tinged with roseate hue,
And, now no more by tempests driven,
Repose on ether blue.

With joy we mark th' approach of spring
In every budding bough;
The feather'd tribes begin to sing,
The genial breezes blow.

The rustic to his healthful toil
With gladness hies again;
And blythely to the furrowed soil
Commits the hoarded grain.

Spontaneous o'er the dark brown mould
A pleasing verdure spreads;
The crocus studs with gems of gold
The garden's sheltered beds.

With antic gambols o'er the mead
The frisking lambkins play,
While prattlers emulate their speed
As light of heart as they.

White through the herbage dank and green
The modest daisy peers;
Delight pervades the vernal scene,
And music charms our ears.

ALEXANDER BALD.

Alexander Bald was born at Alloa, on the 9th June 1783. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was a native of Culross, where he was originally employed in superintending the coal works in that vicinity, under the late Earl of Dundonald. He subsequently became agent for the collieries of John Francis Erskine, aftewards Earl of Mar. A book of arithmetical tables and calculations from his pen, entitled, "The Corn-dealer's Assistant," was long recognised as an almost indispensable guide for tenant farmers.

The subject of this notice was early devoted to literary pursuits. Along with his friend, Mr John Grieve, the future patron of the Ettrick Shepherd, he made a visit to the forest bard, attracted by the merit of his compositions, long prior to his public recognition as a poet. He established a literary association in his native town, entitled, "The Shakspeare Club;" which, at its annual celebrations, was graced by the presence of men of genius and learning. To the *Scots' Magazine* he became a poetical contributor early in the century. A man of elegant tastes and Christian worth, Mr Bald was a cherished associate of the more distinguished literary Scotsmen of the past generation. During the period of half a century, he conducted business in his native town as a timber merchant and brick manufacturer. Mr Bald died at Alloa, on the 21st October 1859. His brother, Mr Robert Bald, was highly distinguished as a mining engineer.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.*

Tune—"*Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.*"

The lily of the vale is sweet,
And sweeter still the op'ning rose,
But sweeter far my Mary is
Than any blooming flower that blows.
Whilst spring her fragrant blossoms spreads,
I'll wander oft by Mary's side;
And whisper saft the tender tale,
By Forth, sweet Forth's meandering tide.

There will we walk at early dawn,
Ere yet the sun begins to shine;
At eve oft, too, the lawn we'll tread,
And mark that splendid orb's decline.
The fairest, choicest flowers I'll crop,
To deck my lovely Mary's hair;
And while I live, I vow and swear,
She'll be my chief—my only care.

* This song was originally published in the *Scots' Magazine* for October 1806. In the "Book of Scottish Song," it has been attributed to Allan Ramsay.

HOW SWEET ARE THE BLUSHES OF MORN.

How sweet are the blushes of morn,
And sweet is the gay blossom'd grove;
The linnet chants sweet from the thorn,
But sweeter's the smile of my love.

Awhile, my dear Mary, farewell,
Since fate has decreed we should part;
Thine image shall still with me dwell;
Though absent, you'll reign in my heart.

But by winding Devon's green bowers,
At eve's dewy hour as I rove,
I'll grieve for the pride of her flowers,
And the pride of her maidens, my love.

The music shall cease in the grove,
Thine absence the linnet shall mourn;
But the lark, in strains bearing love,
Soft warbling, shall greet thy return.

GEORGE WILSON.

George Wilson was born on the 20th June 1784, in the parish of Libberton, and county of Lanark. Deprived of both his parents early in life, he was brought to the house of his paternal uncle, who rented a sheep-farm in the vicinity of Peebles. At the burgh school of that place he received an ordinary education, and in his thirteenth year hired himself as a cow-herd. Passing through the various stages of rural em-

ployment at Tweedside, he resolved to adopt a trade, and in his eighteenth year became apprenticed to his maternal uncle, a cabinetmaker in Edinburgh. On fulfilling his indenture, he accepted employment as a journeyman cabinetmaker; he subsequently conducted business on his own account. He published "The Laverock," a volume of poems and songs, in 1829. He died at 5 Newington Place, Edinburgh on the 9th November 1857. The following lyrics from his pen evince no inconsiderable vigour, and seem worthy of preservation.

MILD AS THE MORNING.

AIR—"*Bonny Dundee.*"

Mild as the morning, a rose-bud of beauty,
Young Mary, all lovely, had come from afar,
With tear-streaming eyes, and a grief-burden'd bosom,
To view with sad horror the carnage of war.
She sought her brave brother with sighing and sorrow;
Her loud lamentations she pour'd out in vain;
The hero had fallen, with kinsmen surrounded,
And deep he lay buried 'mong heaps of the slain.

"Oh! Donald, my brother, in death art thou sleeping?
Or groan'st thou in chains of some barbarous foe?
Are none of thy kindred in life now remaining,
To tell a sad tale of destruction and woe?"
A hero who struggled in death's cold embraces,
Whose bosom, deep gash'd, was all clotted with gore—
"Alas! Lady Mary, the mighty M'Donald,
Will lead his brave heroes to battle no more."

She turn'd, and she gazed all around, much confounded;
The tidings of sorrow sunk deep in her heart;
She saw her brave kinsman laid low, deadly wounded,
He wanted that succour, she could not impart—
"Oh! Murdoch, my kinsman," with hands raised to heaven,
"Thy strength, bloom, and beauty, alas! all are o'er;
And oh, my brave brother, my brave gallant brother,
Lies sleeping beside thee, to waken no more."

THE BEACONS BLAZED.

AIR—"*Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar.*"

THE beacons blazed, the banners flew,
The war-pipes loud their pibrochs blew,
The trusty clans their claymores drew,
To shield their Royal Charlie.

Come a' ye chiefs, bring a' your clans,
Frae a' your mountains, muirs, and glens,
Bring a' your spears, swords, dirks, and guns,
To shield and save Prince Charlie.

They, like their fathers, bold and brave,
Came at a call, wi' dirk and glaive;
Of danger fearless, sworn to save
Or fa' for Royal Charlie.

Famed Scotia's chiefs, intrepid still,
Led forth their tribes frae strath and hill,
And boldly dared, wi' right guid will,
To shield their Royal Charlie.

The forests and the rocks replied
To shouts which rung both far and wide:
Our prince is come, his people's pride—
Oh, welcome hame, Prince Charlie!

Thee, Scotia's rightful prince we own;
We'll die, or seat thee on the throne,
Where many a Scottish king has shone;
The sires o' Royal Charlie.

No faithful Scot now makes a pause;
Plain truth and justice plead thy cause;
Each fearlessly his weapon draws,
To shield and save Prince Charlie.

Now, lead us on against thy foes;
Thy rightful claim all Europe knows;
We'll scatter death with all our blows,
To shield and save Prince Charlie.

Now, chiefs and clans, your faith display,
By deathless deeds in battle day,
To stretch them pale on beds of clay,
The foes of Royal Charlie.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

WARLIKE chieftains now assembled,
Fame your daring deeds shall tell,
Fiercest foes have fear'd and trembled,
When you raised your warlike yell.
Bards shall sing when battle rages,
Scotia's sons shall victors be;
Bards shall sing in after ages,
Caledonians aye were free.

Blest be every bold avenger,
Cheer'd the heart that fears no wound;
Dreadful in the day of danger
Be each chieftain ever found.

Let the hills our swords have shielded,
Ring to every hero's praise;
And the tribes who never yielded,
Their immortal trophies raise.

Heroes brave, be ever ready,
At your king and country's call;
When your dauntless chiefs shall lead you,
Let the foe that dares you fall.

Let the harp to strains resounding,
Ring to cheer the dauntless brave;
Let the brave like roes come bounding
On to glory or a grave.

Let your laurels never-fading,
Gleam like your unconquer'd glaive;
Where your thistle springs triumphant,
There let freedom's banner wave.

JOHN YOUNGER.

JOHN YOUNGER, author of a Prize Essay on the Sabbath, has some claim to enrolment among the minstrels of his country. He was born on the 5th July 1785, at Longnewton village, in the parish of Ancrum, and county of Roxburgh. As early as his ninth year, he began to work at his father's trade of a shoemaker. In 1810 he married, and commenced shoemaking in the village of St Boswell's, in his native county. He became village postmaster, and added to his emoluments by dressing hooks for anglers in the Tweed.

A man of superior intellect and varied information, John Younger enjoyed the respect of a wide circle of friends. His cottage was long the resort of anglers of every rank; and among his correspondents he enumerated many noted literary characters. He published a poetical *brochure* with the title, "Thoughts as they Rise;" also a "Treatise on River Angling." His Prize Essay on the Sabbath, entitled, "The Light of the Week," was published in 1849, and commanded a wide circulation. He died on the 19th July 1860.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS GETS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

OH, dinna be sae sair cast down,
My ain sweet bairnies dear,
Whatever storms in life may blaw,
Take nae sic heart o' fear.
Though life's been aye a checker'd scene
Since Eve's first apple grew,
Nae blade o' grass has been forgot
O' its ain drap o' dew.

The bonnie flowers o' Paradise,
And a' that's bloom'd sinsyne,
By bank an' brae an' lover's bower,
Adown the course o' time,
Or 'neath the gardener's fostering hand
Their annual bloom renew,
Ilk blade o' grass has had as weel
Its ain sweet drap o' dew.

The oaks and cedars of the earth
May toss their arms in air,
Or bend beneath the sweeping blast
That strips the forest bare;
The flower enfolds while storms o'erpass,
Till sunshine spreads anew,
And sips, as does ilk blade o' grass,
Its lucent drap o' dew.

The great may loll in world's wealth
And a' the pomp o' state,
While labour, bent wi' eident cares,
Maun toil baith air and late.
The poor may gae to bed distrest,
With nae relief in view,
And rising, like ilk blade o' grass,
Shine wi' the pearl o' dew.

Oh, what a gentle hand is His
That cleeds the lilies fair,
And o' the meanest thing in life
Takes mair than mother's care!
Can ye no put your trust in Him,
With heart resign'd and true,
Wha ne'er forgets to gie the grass,
Ilk blade its drap o' dew.

THE MONTH OF JUNE.

O JUNE, ye spring the loveliest flowers
That a' our seasons yield;
Ye deck sae flush the greenwood bowers,
The garden, and the field;
The pathway verge by hedge and tree,
So fresh, so green, and gay,
Where every lovely blue flower's ee
Is opening to the day.

The river banks and craggy peaks
In wilding blossoms drest,
With ivy o'er their jutting nooks
Ye screen the ouzel's nest;
From precipice, abrupt and bold,
Your tendrils flaunt in air,
With craw-flowers dangling living gold
Ye tuft the steep brown scaur.

Your foliage shades the wild bird's nest
From every prying ee,
With fairy fingers ye invest
In woven flowers the lea;
Around the lover's blissful hour
Ye draw your leafy screen,
And shade those in your rosy bower,
Who love to muse unseen.

JOHN BURTT.

JOHN BURTT was born about the year 1790, at Knockmarloch, in the parish of Riccarton, and county of Ayr. With a limited school education, he was apprenticed to a weaver in Kilmarnock; but at the loom he much improved himself in general scholarship, especially in classical learning. In his sixteenth year he was decoyed into a ship of war at Greenock, and compelled to serve on board. Effecting his escape, after an arduous servitude of five years, he resumed the loom at Kilmarnock. He subsequently taught an adventure school, first in Kilmarnock, and afterwards at Paisley. The irksome labours of sea-faring life he had sought to relieve by the composition of verses; and these in 1816 he published, under the title of "Horæ Poeticæ; or, the Recreations of a Leisure Hour." In 1817 he emigrated to the United States, where his career has been prosperous. Having studied theology at Princeton College, New Jersey, he became a licentiate of the Presbyterian Church, and was appointed to a ministerial charge at Salem. In 1831 he removed to Philadelphia, where he edited a periodical entitled the *Presbyterian*. Admitted in 1833 to a Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, he there edited the *Standard*, a religious newspaper. In August 1835 he was promoted to a chair in the Theological Seminary of that place.

O'ER THE MIST-SHROUDED CLIFTS.*

AIR—"*Banks of the Devon.*"

O'ER the mist-shrouded clifts of the grey mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave?
Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom—my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast—
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

* This song has been erroneously ascribed to Burns.

O! LASSIE, I LO'E DEAREST!

O! LASSIE, I lo'e dearest!
Mair fair to me than fairest,
Mair rare to me than rarest,
How sweet to think o' thee.
When blythe the blue ee'd dawnin'
Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',
And furls night's sable awnin',
I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honey'd dew-drap
Still trembles at the flower-tap,
The fairest bud I pu't up,
An' kiss'd for sake o' thee.
An' when by stream or fountain,
In glen, or on the mountain,
The lingering moments counting,
I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red rays are streamin',
Warm on the meadow beamin',
Or o'er the loch wild gleamin',
My heart is fu' o' thee.
An' tardy-footed gloamin',
Out o'er the hills slow comin',
Still finds me lanely roamin',
And thinkin' still o' thee.

When soughs the distant billow,
An' night blasts shake the willow,
Stretch'd on my lanely pillow,
My dreams are a' o' thee.
Then think when frien's caress thee,
Oh, think when cares distress thee.
Oh, think when pleasures bless thee,
O' him that thinks o' thee.

CHARLES JAMES FINLAYSON.

CHARLES JAMES FINLAYSON was born on the 27th August 1790, in the parish of Larbert, and county of Stirling. Owing to the death of his father during his childhood, and the poverty of the family, he was never at school. While a cow-herd to a farmer, he taught himself letters in the fields. With a fine ear for music and an excellent voice, he took delight in singing such scraps of old ballads as he had learned from the cottage matrons. The small gratuities which he procured for holding the horses of the farmers at the annual Falkirk *trysts*, put him in possession of all the printed ballad literature which that town could supply. In his eleventh year he entered, in a humble capacity, the Carron Iron Works; where he had some opportunity of improving himself in scholarship, and gratifying his taste for books. He travelled from Carron to Glasgow, a distance of twenty-three miles, to procure a copy of Ossian. Improving his musical predilections, he was found qualified, while still a young man, to officiate as precentor, or leader of the psalmody, in the church of his native parish. Resigning this appointment, and his situation in the Carron Works, he for some time taught church music in the neighbouring towns. On an invitation from the Kirk-session and congregation, he became precentor in the Old Kirk, Edinburgh; and in this office gained the active friendship of the respected clergyman, Dr Macknight.

Having attained a scientific acquaintance with the theory and practice of his art, Mr Finlayson resigned his appointment in the capital, and proceeded to the provinces as an instructor in vocal music. He visited the principal towns in the southern districts of Scotland, and was generally successful. During his professional visit to Dumfries in 1820, he became one of the founders of the Burns' Club in that town. After a short absence in Canada, he settled in Kirkcudbright as a general merchant. In 1832 he was appointed to the office of postmaster. He died on the 12th November 1864, at the age of 74. Mr Finlayson contributed songs to Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," and other collections. His song beginning "Oh, my love's bonnie!" has been translated into German, and published with music at Leipsic.

THE BARD STRIKES HIS HARP.

THE bard strikes his harp, the wild woods among,
And echo repeats to the breezes his strain;
Enraptured, the small birds around his seat throng,
And the lambkins, delighted, stand mute on the plain.
He sings of the pleasures his young bosom knew,
When beauty inspired him, and love was the theme;
While his harp, ever faithful, awakes them anew,
And a tear dims his eye as he breathes the loved name.

The hearths that bade welcome, the tongues that gave praise,
Are now cold to his sorrows, and mute to his wail!

E'en the oak, his sole shelter, rude winter decays,
And the wild flowers he sung are laid scentless and pale.
Too oft thus in misery, the minstrel must pine;
Neglected by those whom his song wont to cheer,
They think not, alas! as they view his decline,
That his heart still can feel, and his eye shed a tear.

Yet sweet are the pleasures that spring from his woes,
And which souls that are songless can never enjoy;
They know not his joy, for each sweet strain that flows
Twines a wreath round his name time can never destroy.
Sing on, then, sweet bard! though thus lonely ye stray,
Yet ages unborn, thy name shall revere;
While the names that neglect thee have melted away,
As the snowflakes which fall in the stream disappear.

OH! MY LOVE'S BONNIE.

Oh! my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie;
Oh! my love's bonnie and dear to me;
The smile o' her face, and her ee's witchin' grace,
Are mair than the wealth o' this warld can gi'e.

Her voice is as sweet as the blackbird at gloamin',
When echo repeats her soft notes to the ear,
And lovely and fresh as the wild roses blooming,
That dip in the stream o' the Carron so clear.

But poortith's a foe to the peace o' this bosom,
That glows sae devoutly, dear lassie, for thee;
Alas! that e'er poortith should blight love's young blossom,
When riches nae lasting contentment can gi'e.

Yet hope's cheerfu' sun shall aboon my head hover,
And guide a lone wanderer, when far frae thee;
For ne'er, till it sets, will I prove a false lover,
Or think o' anither, dear lassie, but thee.

ALEXANDER SMART.

Alexander Smart was born at Montrose on the 26th April 1798. His father was a respectable shoemaker in that place. A portion of his school education was conducted under the care of one Norval, a teacher in the Montrose Academy, whose mode of infusing knowledge he has not unjustly satirized in his poem, entitled "Recollections of Auld Lang Syne." Norval was a model among the tyrant pedagogues of the past; and as an illustration of Scottish school life sixty years since, we present our author's reminiscences of the despot. "Gruesome in visage and deformed in body, his mind reflected the grim and tortuous aspects of his person. The recollection of his monstrous cruelties—his cruel flagellations—is still unaccountably depressing. One day of horrors I shall never cease to remember. Every Saturday he caused the pupils to repeat a prayer which he had composed for their use; and in hearing which he stood over each with a paper ruler, ready, in the event of omission of word or phrase, to strike down the unfortunate offender, who all the while drooped tremblingly before him. On one of these days of extorted prayer, I was found at fault in my grammar lesson, and the offence was deemed worthy of peculiar castigation. The school was dismissed at the usual time, but, along with a few other boys who were to become witnesses of my punishment and disgrace, I was detained in the class-room, and dragged to the presence of the tyrant. Despite of his every effort, I resisted being bound to the bench, and flogged after the fashion of the times. So the punishment was commuted into 'palmies.' Horrible commutation! Sixty lashes with leather thongs on my right hand, inflicted with all the severity of a tyrant's wrath, made me scream in the anguish of desperation. My pitiless tormentor, unmoved by the sight of my hand sorely lacerated, and swollen to twice its natural size, threatened to cut out my tongue if I continued to complain; and so saying, laid hold on a pair of scissors, and inflicted a deep cut on my lip. The horrors of the day fortunately emancipated me from the further control of the despot."

At another seminary Smart completed his education. He was now apprenticed to a watchmaker in his native town, his hours of leisure being sedulously devoted to the perusal of the British poets. It was his delight to repeat his favourite passages in solitary rambles on the sea beach. In 1819, on the completion of his apprenticeship, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where, during a period of six months, he wrought at his trade. But the sedentary life of a watchmaker proving injurious to his health, he was led to seek employment in a printing-office. Soon after, he became editor, printer, and publisher of the *Montrose Chronicle*, a newspaper which was originated in his native town, but which proved unsuccessful. He thereafter held an appointment in the office of the *Dundee Courier*. Returning to Edinburgh, he accepted employment as a pressman in a respectable printing-office, and afterwards attained the position of press overseer in one of the most important printing establishments of the city.

In his twentieth year Smart adventured on the composition of verses, but being dissatisfied with his efforts, he consigned them to oblivion. He subsequently renewed his invocation of the Muse, and in 1834 published a small duodecimo volume of poems and songs, entitled "Rambling Rhymes." This publication attracted considerable attention, and secured for the author the personal favour of Lord Jeffrey. He also received the commendation of Thomas Campbell, Charles Dickens, Thomas Babington Macaulay, and other literary and poetical celebrities. A new and enlarged edition of his volume appeared in 1845, and was dedicated by permission to Lord Jeffrey.

Smart was one of the principal contributors to "Whistle Binkie." At different periods he composed excellent prose essays and sketches, some of which have appeared in *Hogg's Instructor*. His papers entitled "Burns and his Ancestors," "Leaves from an Autobiography," and "Scenes from the Life of a Sufferer," may be especially enumerated. Of a peculiarly nervous temperament, he repeatedly experienced the miseries of mental aberration. He died in the Lunatic Asylum at Morningside, near Edinburgh, on the 19th October 1866.

WHEN THE BEE HAS LEFT THE BLOSSOM.

When the bee has left the blossom,
And the lark has closed his lay,
And the daisy folds its bosom
In the dews of gloaming gray;
When the virgin rose is bending,
Wet with evening's pensive tear,
And the purple light is blending
With the soft moon rising clear;

Meet me then, my own true maiden,
Where the wild flowers shed their bloom
And the air with fragrance laden,
Breathes around a rich perfume.
With my true love as I wander,
Captive led by beauty's power,
Thoughts and feelings sweet and tender
Hallow that delightful hour.

Give ambition dreams of glory,
Give the poet laurell'd fame,
Let renown in song and story
Consecrate the hero's name;
Give the great their pomp and pleasure,
Give the courtier place and power;
Give to me my bosom's treasure,
And the lonely gloaming hour.

OH, LEAVE ME NOT.

Oh, leave me not! the evening hour,
So soft, so still, is all our own;
The dew descends on tree and flower,
They breathe their sweets for thee alone.
Oh, go not yet! the evening star,
The rising moon, all bid thee stay;
And dying echoes, faint and far,
Invite our lingering steps to stray.

Far from the city's noisy din,
Beneath the pale moon's trembling light,
That lip to press, those smiles to win,
Will lend a rapture to the night.
Let fortune fling her favours free
To whom she will, I'll ne'er repine;
Oh, what is all the world to me,
While thus I clasp and call thee mine!

JOHN DUNLOP.

THE author of four volumes of MS. poetry, John Dunlop is entitled to a place in the catalogue of Caledonian lyrists. The younger son of Colin Dunlop, of Carmyle, he was born in November 1755, in the mansion of the paternal estate, in the parish of Old Monkland, and county of Lanark. Commencing his career as a merchant in Glasgow, he was in 1796 elevated to the Lord Provostship of the city. He afterwards accepted the office of Collector of Customs at Borrowstounness, and subsequently occupied the post of Collector at Port-Glasgow. His death took place at Port-Glasgow, in October 1820.

Possessed of fine poetic tastes and an elegant fancy, Dunlop composed verses on every variety of theme, with facility and power. His MS. volumes, which have been submitted to our inspection by a descendant, contain many poetical compositions worthy of being presented to the public. He is remembered as a man of excellent dispositions and eminent social qualities: he sung with grace the songs of his country, and delighted in humorous conversation. His elder brother was proprietor of Garnkirk, and his son, who bore the same Christian name, became Sheriff of Renfrewshire. The latter is entitled to remembrance as the author of "The History of Fiction," and "The History of Roman Literature."

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

HERE's to the year that's awa'!
We will drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
While swift flew the year that's awa'.
And here's to ilk, etc.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, etc.

Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blaw;
May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
May they live, etc.

OH, DINNA ASK ME.

TUNE—"*Comin' through the rye.*"

OH, dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
Troth, I daurna tell:
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh, dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
And bonnie lasses see,
Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And oh, I'm sure, my heart would break,
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

JOHN HUNTER, LL.D.

JOHN HUNTER was born in the manse of Dunino, Fifeshire, on the 15th March 1801. His grandfather, the celebrated Dr John Hunter, editor of the Latin Classics, was many years Professor of Humanity, and latterly Principal of the United College, St Andrews. His father, Dr James Hunter, at the time of his birth, was minister of Dunino; he was in 1804 elected Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of St Andrews, an appointment which, in his person, was afterwards conjoined with the pastoral charge of the parish of St Leonards. Possessed of scholarly attainments,

the Professor of Logic was of somewhat indolent habits, and more excelled in his social relations than in the effective discharge of his public duties. His wife, Jane Wilson, daughter of the Professor of Church History in St Mary's College, St Andrews, and sister of the first wife of the celebrated Francis Jeffrey, was a woman of remarkable originality, and singular humour. Her son, the subject of this memoir, inherited a share of her peculiar abilities, blended with the social qualities of his father, and the learned tastes of his paternal grandfather. He studied at the United College, St Andrews, and obtained the degree of A.M. in his fifteenth year. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. In 1826 he passed as W.S., and commenced business. In the practice of his profession he evinced an unflinching perseverance, combined with much judicial knowledge. In 1848 he was appointed Auditor of the Court of Session—an office which afforded him abundant leisure for the prosecution of literary studies, to which he had long been ardently devoted. From the University of Edinburgh he received the degree of LL.D., and was latterly chosen a member of the University Court of St Andrews. On the death of his relative, Lord Jeffrey, he took up his abode at Craigcrook, an interesting old mansion near Edinburgh, where he was visited by many men of letters, and exercised a genial hospitality. Of a most retiring nature, Dr Hunter did not aspire to any considerable authorship, though he might have written on many subjects ably and well. In 1843 he printed, for private circulation, a thin 12mo volume of original poems and translations, under the title of "Miscellanies, by N. R." From this interesting little book, the compositions which follow have been selected. After some years of failing health, Dr Hunter died at Craigcrook on the 3d December 1869. Those who, like the present writer, enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, will delight to recall the memory of their old friend, whose qualities represented the man of business, the scholar, and the Christian gentleman.

THE BOWER O' CLYDE.

On fair Clydeside thair wonnit ane dame,
Ane dame of wondrous courtesie,
An' bonny was the kindly flame
That stremit frae her saft blue ee.

Her saft blue ee, 'mid the hinney dew,
That meltit to its tender licht,
Was bonnier far than the purest starre
That sails thro' the dark blue hevin at nicht.

If ony culd luke and safely see
Her dimplit cheek, and her bonny red mou',
Nor seek to sip the dew frae her lip,
A lifeless lump was he, I trow.

But it wuld haif saften'd the dullest wicht,
If ae moment that wicht might see
Her bonny breast o' the purest snaw,
That heavit wi' luve sae tenderlie.

An' dear, dear was this bonny dame,
Dear, dear was she to me,
An' my heart was tame, an' my sense was gane,
At ae blink o' her bonny blue ee.

An' sair an' saft I pleadit my luve,
Tho' still she hardly wuld seem to hear,
An' wuld cauldly blame the words o' flame
That I breathit so warmly in her ear.

Yet aye as she turn'd her frae my look,
Thair was kindness beamit in her ee,
An' aye as she drew back her lily han',
I faund that it tremblit tenderlie.

But the time sune cam', the waesome time,
When I maun awa' frae my dear,
An' oh! that thocht, how aften it brocht
The deep-heavit sigh an' the cauld bitter tear!

Then socht I my luve, her cauld heart to muve,
Wi' my tears, an' my sighs, an' my prayers,
An' I gaed by her side doun the banks o' the Clyde,
And the hours stal awa' unawares.

'Twas a still summer nicht, at the fa'ing o licht,
At the gloaming's saft an' schadowie hour,
An' we wander'd alane till the daylight was gane,
An' we cam' to a sweet simmer bour.

The mune was up i' the clear blue skye,
The mune an' her single wee starre;
The winds gaed gently whisperin' bye—
Thair was stillness near an' farre.

Alane we sat in the green simmer bour,
I tauld her a' that was kind and dear,
An' she did na blame the words o' flame
That I breathit sae warmly in her ear.

She listenit to the luve-sang warm,
Her breast it throbbit and heavit high;
She culd hear nae mair, but her gentill arm
She lean't upon mine, wi' a tender sigh.

Then warmly I prest wi' my burning lips
Ae kiss on her bonny red mou',
An' aften I prest her form to my breast,
An' fondly an' warmly I vowit to be true.

An' oh! that hour, that hallowit hour,
My fond heart will never forget;
Though drear is the dule I haiff suffer'd sin syne,
That hour gars my heart beat warmly yet.

The parting time cam', an' the parting time past,
An' it past nae without the saut tear,
An' awa' to anither an' farre awa' land
I gaed, an' I left my ain dear.

I gaed, an' though ither and brichter maids
Wuld smile wi' fond luve i' their ee,
I but thocht o' the sweet green bour by the Clyde,
An' that thocht was enough for me.

MARY.

Oh! Mary, while thy gentle cheek
Is on my breast reclining,
And while these arms around thy form
Are fondly thus entwining;
It seems as if no earthly power
Our beating hearts could sever,
And that in ecstasy of bliss
We thus could hang for ever!

Yet ah! too well, too well we know
The fiat fate hath spoken—
The spell that bound our souls in one,
The world's cold breath hath broken.
The hours—the days—whose heavenly light
Hath beam'd in beauty o'er us,
When Love his sunshine shed around,
And strew'd his flowers before us,

Must now be but as golden dreams,
Whose loveliness hath perish'd;
Wild dreams of hope, in human hearts
Too heavenly to be cherish'd.
Yet, oh! where'er our lot is cast,
The love that once hath bound us—
The thought that looks to days long past,
Will breathe a halo round us.

WILLIAM FERGUSON.

William Ferguson was born about the year 1812 at Old Pentland, near Edinburgh. He was apprenticed to a plumber, but afterwards connected himself with the stage at Glasgow. Resuming his original trade, he sought employment in London, but, returning to Edinburgh, settled as a plumber and gasfitter in Nicolson Street. He contributed songs to "Whistle Binkie" and "The Book of Scottish Song," both published in Glasgow. He afterwards printed a collected edition of his verses, but the volume was not published till subsequent to his decease. He died on the 31st of January 1862, at the age of fifty. Ferguson possessed uncommon powers of humour, which he has exhibited in some of his compositions. He also excelled in the use of pathos.

I'LL TEND THY BOWER, MY BONNIE MAY.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
In spring time o' the year;
When saft'ning winds begin to woo
The primrose to appear;
When daffodils begin to dance,
And streams again flow free;
And little birds are heard to pipe,
On the sprouting forest tree.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
When summer days are lang,
When nature's heart is big wi' joy,
Her voice laden wi' sang;
When shepherds pipe on sunny braes,
And flocks roam at their will,
And auld and young, in cot an' ha',
O' pleasure drink their fill.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
When autumn's yellow fields,
That wave like seas o' gowd, before
The glancin' sickle yields;
When ilka bough is bent wi' fruit—
A glorious sight to see!—
And showers o' leaves, red, rustling, sweep
Out owre the withering lea.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
When, through the naked trees,
Cauld, shivering on the bare hill-side,
Sweeps wild the frosty breeze;
When tempests roar, and billows rise,
Till nature quakes wi' fear,
And on the land, and on the sea,
Wild winter rules the year.

WOOING SONG.

THE spring comes back to woo the earth,
Wi' a' a lover's speed;
The wee birds woo their lovin' mates,
Around our very head!
But I've nae skill in lover-craft—
For till I met wi' you,
I never sought a maiden's love,
I never tried to woo.

I've gazed on many a comely face,
And thought it sweet an' fair;
But wi' the face the charm would flee,
And never move me mair.
But miles away, your bonnie face
Is ever in my view,
Wi' a' its charms, half wilin' me,
Half daurin' me to woo.

At hame, a-field, you're a' my theme;
I doat my time away;
I dream o'er a' your charms by night,
And worship them by day.
But when they glad my langin' een,
As they are gladden'd now,
My courage flees like frighted bird;
I daurna mint to woo.

My head thus lying on your lap,
Your hand aneath my cheek;
Love stounds my bosom through an' through,
But yet I canna speak.
My coward heart wi' happiness,
Wi' bliss is brimin' fu';
But, oh! its fu'ness mars my tongue,
I haena power to woo.

I prize your smile, as husbandman
The summer's opening bloom,
And could you frown, I dread it mair,
Than he the autumn's gloom.
My life hangs on that sweet, sweet lip,
On that calm, sunny brow;
And, oh! my death hangs on them baith,
Unless you let me woo.

Oh! lift me to your bosom, then,
Lay your warm cheek to mine;
And let me round that lovesome waist
My arms enraptured twine;
That I may breathe my very soul,
In ae lang lovin' vow;
And a' the while in whispers low,
You'll learn me, love, to woo!

I'M WANDERING WIDE.

I'M wand'ring wide this wintry night,
But yet my heart's at hame,
Fu' cosy by my ain fire-cheek,
Beside my winsome dame.
The weary winds howl lang an' loud;
But 'mid their howling drear,
Words sweeter far than honey blabs
Fa' saftly on my ear.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night,
I'm wand'ring wide an' far;
But love, to guide me back again,
Lights up a kindly star.
The lift glooms black aboon my head,
Nae friendly blink I see;
But let it gloom—twa bonnie een
Glance bright to gladden me.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night,
I'm wand'ring wide and late,
And ridgy wreaths afore me rise,
As if to bar my gate;
Around me swirls the sleety drift,
The frost bites dour an' keen;
But breathings warm, frae lovin' lips,
Come ilka gust atween.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night,
I'm wand'ring wide an' wild,
Alang a steep and eerie track,
Where hills on hills are piled;
The torrent roars in wrath below,
The tempest roars aboon;
But fancy broods on brighter scenes,
And soughs a cheerin' tune.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night,
I'm wand'ring wide my lane,
And mony a langsome, lanesome mile,
I'll measure e'er it's gane;
But lanesome roads or langsome miles,
Can never daunton me,
When I think on the welcome warm
That waits me, love, frae thee.

ALEXANDER MACANSH.

ALEXANDER MACANSH was born at Dunfermline in 1803. At the age of eleven, apprenticed to a flaxdresser, he followed this occupation during a period of thirty-eight years, of which the greater portion was spent in Harribrae factory, in his native town. During the intervals of his occupation, he contrived to become familiar with British and Continental authors, and with the more esteemed Latin classics. He

likewise formed some acquaintance with mathematical science. Of strong poetical tastes, he contributed verses to *Tait's Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and the *Scotsman* newspaper. In 1850, he published, by subscription, a volume of poems, entitled "The Social Curse, and other Poems." He issued a volume, entitled "Essays, Lectures, and Poems," in 1866. Macansh laboured under severe physical debility. He died in 1868.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE mother, with her blooming child,
Sat by the river pool,
Deep in whose waters lay the sky,
So stilly beautiful.
She held her babe aloft, to see
Its infant image look
Up joyous, laughing, leaping from
The bosom of the brook.

And as it gazed upon the stream,
The wondering infant smiled,
And stretched its little hands, and tried
To clasp the shadow'd child,
Which, in that silent underworld,
With eager gesture strove
To meet it with a brother-kiss,
A brother-clasp of love.

Laugh on, laugh on, my happy child,
('Twas thus the mother sung;)
The shrew, Experience, has not yet
With envious gesture flung
Aside the enchanted veil which hides
Life's pale and dreary look;
An angel lurks in every stream,
A heaven in every brook.

Laugh on, laugh on, my happy child,
Ere drop the tears of woe
Upon that mirror, scattering all
Those glorious shapes, and show
A fleeting shadow, which thou think'st
An angel, breathing, living—
A shallow pebbly brook which thou
Hast fondly deem'd a heaven.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

WILLIAM ANDERSON was born at Edinburgh on the 10th December 1805. His father, James Anderson, supervisor of Excise at Oban, Argyleshire, died there in 1812. His mother was the daughter of John Williams, author of "The Mineral Kingdom," a work valued by geologists. The "Historical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton" was composed by his brother, Mr John Anderson, surgeon.

Mr Anderson received his education at Edinburgh, and in 1820 was apprenticed to a merchant in Leith; but not liking the employment, he was afterwards placed in the office of a solicitor in Edinburgh, with the view of studying the law. Having a strong bent towards literature, he began to write poetry, and in 1828 became a regular contributor to the press. In 1830 he published a volume of poems, designated "Poetical Aspirations," and soon after issued a thin volume of prose and verse, entitled "Odd Sketches." Proceeding to London in 1831, he formed the acquaintance of Maginn, Allan Cunningham, and other men of letters. Towards the close of that year he joined the *Aberdeen Journal*, and in 1835 edited for a short time the *Advertiser*, another newspaper published in that city. He returned to London in 1836, and resided there for several years, contributing to different periodicals. His "Landscape Lyrics" appeared in 1839, in a quarto volume. In 1840 he commenced writing the lives of distinguished Scotsmen, and the result of his researches appeared in 1842, in a work entitled, "The Popular Scottish Biography." Previous to the appearance of this volume, he published at London "The Gift for All Seasons," an annual which contained contributions from Thomas Campbell, Sheridan Knowles, the Countess of Blessington, Miss Pardoe, and other writers of reputation. In 1842 he returned to Scotland to edit *The Western Watchman*, a weekly journal published

at Ayr. In 1844 he became connected with the *Witness* newspaper; but in the following year removed to Glasgow, to assist in the establishment of the first Scottish daily newspaper. With that journal, the *Daily Mail*, he continued two years, till severe night labour, much affecting his health, obliged him temporarily to abandon literary pursuits. He afterwards edited Lord Byron's works, in two octavo volumes, with numerous notes, and a copious memoir of the poet. Besides a number of smaller works, he edited five volumes, forming a series, entitled, "Treasury of Discovery, Enterprise, and Adventure;" "Treasury of the Animal World;" "Treasury of Ceremonies, Manners, and Customs;" "Treasury of Nature, Science, and Art;" and "Treasury of History and Biography." "The Young Voyager," a poem descriptive of the search after Franklin, with illustrations, intended for children, appeared in 1855. In 1863 Messrs Fullarton & Co., of Edinburgh, published in three royal 8vo volumes "The Scottish Nation," a work illustrative of Scottish family history, on which Mr Anderson had been engaged for a period of ten years. Mr Anderson died suddenly at London on the 2d August 1866.

THE WELLS O' WEARY.

Down in the valley lone,
Far in the wild wood,
Bubble forth springs, each one
Weeping like childhood;
Bright on their rushy banks,
Like joys among sadness,
Little flowers bloom in ranks—
Glimpses of gladness.

Sweet 'tis to wander forth,
Like pilgrims at even;
Lifting our souls from earth
To fix them on Heaven;
Then in our transport deep,
This world forsaking:
Sleeping as angels sleep,
Mortals awaking!

I'M NAEBODY NOO.

I'm naebody noo; though in days that are gane,
When I'd hooses, and lands, and gear o' my ain,
There war' mony to flatter, and mony to praise—
And wha but mysel' was sae prood in those days!

Ah! then roun' my table wad visitors thrang,
Wha laugh'd at my joke, and applauded my sang,
Though the tane had nae point, and the tither nae glee;
But, of coorse, they war' grand when comin' frae me!

Whan I'd plenty to gi'e, o' my cheer and my crack,
There war' plenty to come, and wi' joy to partak';
But whanever the water grew scant at the well,
I was welcome to drink all alane by mysel'!

Whan I'd nae need o' aid, there were plenty to proffer;
And noo whan I want it, I ne'er get the offer;
I could greet whan I think hoo my siller decreast,
In the feasting o' those who came only to feast.

The fulsome respec' to my gowd they did gi'e,
I thocht a' the time was intended for me;
But whanever the end o' my money they saw,
Their friendship, like it, also flicker'd awa'.

My advice once was sought for by folks far and near,
Sic great wisdom I had ere I tint a' my gear;
I'm as weel able yet to gi'e counsel, that's true,
But I may jist haud my wheesht, for I'm naebody noo.

I CANNA SLEEP.

I canna sleep a wink, lassie,
When I gang to bed at night,
But still o' thee I think, lassie,
Till morning sheds its light.
I lie an' think o' thee, lassie,
And I toss frae side to side,
Like a vessel on the sea, lassie,
When stormy is the tide.

My heart is no my ain, lassie,
It winna bide wi' me;
Like a birdie it has gane, lassie,
To nestle saft wi' thee.
I canna lure it back, lassie,
Sae keep it to yoursel';
But oh! it sune will break, lassie,
If you dinna use it well.

Where the treasure is, they say, lassie,
The spirit lingers there;
An' mine has fled away, lassie—
You needna ask me where.
I marvel oft if rest, lassie,
On my eyes and heart would bide,
If I thy troth possess'd, lassie,
And thou wert at my side.

WILLIAM M. HETHERINGTON, D.D., LL.D.

An accomplished theologian and historical writer, William Hetherington was born on the Galloway side of the valley of the Nith, about the year 1805. With an average education at the parish school, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he speedily acquired distinction. Amidst studies of a severer nature, he found relaxation in the composition of verses, celebrating the national manners and the interesting scenes of his nativity. These appeared in 1829, in a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland." Having obtained license as a probationer of the Established Church, he was in 1836 ordained to the ministerial charge of the parish of Torphichen in the Presbytery of Linlithgow. He took a leading part in the Non-intrusion controversy, and at the Disruption in 1843 joined the Free Church: he was afterwards translated to St Andrews. In 1848 he became minister of Free St Paul's Church, Edinburgh; and in May 1857, was appointed Professor of Exegetical Theology in the Free Church College, Glasgow. He died in May 1865.

Besides his poetical work, Dr Hetherington published "The Fulness of Time," "History of the Church of Scotland," "The Minister's Family," and some other publications chiefly on theological subjects. He was, during the first four years of its existence, editor of the *Free Church Magazine*, and was afterwards a leading contributor to the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

O SWEET IS THE BLOSSOM.

O sweet is the blossom o' the hawthorn tree,
The bonnie milky blossom o' the hawthorn tree,
When the soft westlan' wind, as it wanders o'er the lea,
Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.

Lovely is the rose in the dewy month of June,
An' the lily gently bending beneath the sunny noon;
But dewy rose nor lily fair is half sae sweet to me,
As the bonnie milky blossom o' the hawthorn tree.

Oh, blythe at fair an' market fu' aften I ha'e been,
An' wi' a crony frank an' leal, some happy hours I've seen;
But the happiest hours I e'er enjoy'd, were shared, my love, wi' thee,
In the gloaming 'neath the bonnie, bonnie hawthorn tree.

Sweetly sang the blackbird, low in the woody glen,
And fragrance sweet spread on the gale, light o'er the dewy plain;
But thy saft voice an' sighing breath were sweeter far to me,
While whispering o' love beneath the hawthorn tree.

Old Time may wave his dusky wing, an' Chance may cast his die,
And the rainbow hues of flattering' Hope may darken in the sky;
Gay Summer pass, an' Winter stalk stern o'er the frozen lea,
Nor leaf, nor milky blossom deck the hawthorn tree:

But still'd maun be the pulse that wakes this glowing heart o' mine,
For me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor summer blossom shine,
An' low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be false to thee,
Or forget the vows I breathed beneath the hawthorn tree.

'TIS SWEET WI' BLYTHESOME HEART TO STRAY.

'Tis sweet wi' blythesome heart to stray,
In the blushing dawn o' infant day;
But sweeter than dewy morn can be,
Is an hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee;
An hour wi' thee, an hour wi' thee,
An hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee;
The half o' my life I'd gladly gi'e
For an hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee.

The garish sun has sunk to rest;
The star o' gloaming gilds the west;
The gentle moon comes smiling on,
And her veil o'er the silent earth is thrown:
Then come, sweet maid, oh, come wi' me!
The whispering night-breeze calls on thee!
Oh, come and roam o'er the lily lea,
An hour i' the mild moonlight wi' me.

For wealth let warldlings cark and moil,
Let pride for empty honours toil,
I'd a' their wealth and honours gie
For ae sweet hour, dear maid, wi' thee.
An hour wi' thee, an hour wi' thee,
An hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee;
Earth's stores and titles a' I'd gi'e
For an hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee.

JAMES MACDONALD.

A RESPECTABLE writer of lyric poetry, James Macdonald was born in September 1807, in the parish of Fintry, Stirlingshire. His father was employed in the cotton factory of Culcruich. Acquiring the rudiments of learning at Culcruich, he afterwards studied at the grammar school of Stirling, and proceeded, in 1822, to the University of Glasgow. Intended for the ministry of the Established Church, he attended the Divinity Hall during three sessions. Preferring secular employment, he now abandoned the study of theology, and occupied himself in educational pursuits. After teaching in several boarding establishments, he became corrector of the press in the printing-office of Messrs Blackie of Glasgow. Having suffered on account of bad health, he was induced to accept the appointment of Free Church schoolmaster at Blairgowrie. His health continuing to decline, he removed to the salubrious village of Catrine, in Ayrshire: he died there on the 27th May 1848. Macdonald was a devoted teacher of Sabbath schools; and his only separate publications are two collections of hymns for their use.

BONNIE AGGIE LANG.

OR ere we part, my heart leaps hie to sing ae bonnie sang,
Aboot my ain sweet lady-love, my darling Aggie Lang;
It is na that her cheeks are like the blooming damask rose,
It is na that her brow is white as stainless Alpine snows,
It is na that her locks are black as ony raven's wing,
Nor is't her ee o' winning glee that mak's me fondly sing.

But, oh! her heart, a bonnie well, that gushes fresh an' free
O' maiden love, and happiness, and a' that sweet can be;
Though saft the sang o' simmer winds, the warbling o' the stream,
The carolling o' joyous birds, the murmur o' a dream,
I'd rather hear ae gentle word frae Aggie's angel tongue,
For weel I ken her heart is mine—the fountain whar it sprung.

Yestreen I met her in a glen about the gloamin' hour;
The moon was risen o'er the trees, the dew begemm'd ilk flower,
The weary wind was hush'd asleep, an' no a sough cam' nigh,
E'en frae the waukrife stream that ran in silver glintin' by;
I press'd her milk-white han' in mine—she smiled as angels smile,
But ah! frae me her tale o' love this warld maunna wile.

I saw the silver light o' heaven fa' on her bonnie brow,
An' glitter on the honey-blabs upon her cherry mou';
I saw the lily moonbeams steal the redness o' the rose,
An' sleep upon her downy cheek in beautiful repose.
The moon rose high, the stream gaed by, but aye she smiled on me,
An' what she wadna breathe in words she tauld it wi' her ee.

I've sat within a palace hall amid the grand an' gay,
I've listen'd to the carnival o' merry birds in May.
I've been in joyous companies, the wale o' mirth an' glee,
An' danced in nature's fairy bowers by mountain, lake, and lea;
But never has this heart o' mine career'd in purer pride,
As in that moonlit glen an' bower, wi' Aggie by my side.

ANDREW PARK.

THE author of numerous poetical works, Andrew Park was born at Renfrew, on the 7th March 1807. After an ordinary education at the parish school, he became a student in the University of Glasgow. In his fifteenth year he entered a commission warehouse in Paisley, and while resident in that town, published his first poem, entitled the "Vision of Mankind." About the age of twenty he went to Glasgow, as salesman in a hat manufactory; shortly after, he commenced business on his own account. At this period he published several volumes of poems. Business proving unsatisfactory, he disposed of his stock and proceeded to London. After some years' residence in the metropolis, he returned to Glasgow in 1841; and having purchased the stock of the poet Dugald Moore, recently deceased, he became a bookseller in Ingram Street. This speculation was unfortunate, and the poet finally retired from the concerns of business. In 1856 he visited Egypt and other Eastern countries, and the following year published a narrative of his travels in a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Egypt and the East." Of his twelve volumes of poems, that entitled "Silent Love" became the most popular. It was produced in a handsome form, with illustrations by Sir Noel Paton. In one of his poems, entitled "Veritas," published in 1849, he has supplied a narrative of the principal events of his life up to that period. Several of his songs have obtained popularity. Mr Park died at Glasgow on the 27th December 1863. A handsome monument, containing his bust in bronze, has, by admiring friends, been erected to his memory in Paisley cemetery. His poetical works have been published in a royal octavo volume.

HURRAH FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

HURRAH for the Highlands! the stern Scottish Highlands,
The home of the clansman, the brave, and the free;
Where the clouds love to rest, on the mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas
In his fleet, tiny bark, through the perilous night.
Then hurrah for the Highlands! etc.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine, and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.
Then hurrah for the Highlands! etc.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;
I have wander'd through Erin, that gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms—
For her heather is blooming, her eagles are free!
Then hurrah for the Highlands! etc.

OLD SCOTLAND, I LOVE THEE!

OLD Scotland, I love thee! thou'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea;
Though asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!

Thy cloud-cover'd hills that look up from the seas,
Wave sternly their wild woods aloft in the breeze;
Where flies the bold eagle in freedom on high,
Through regions of cloud in its wild native sky!
For old Scotland, I love thee! etc.

O name not the land where the olive-tree grows,
Nor the land of the shamrock, nor land of the rose;
But show me the thistle that waves his proud head
O'er heroes whose blood for their country was shed.
For old Scotland, I love thee! etc.

Then tell me of bards and of warriors bold,
Who wielded their brands in the battles of old,
Who conquer'd and died for their loved native land,
With its maidens so fair, and its mountains so grand!
For old Scotland, I love thee! etc.

FLOWERS OF SUMMER.

Flowers of summer, sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth;
Birds of love are fondly singing
In their gay and jocund mirth:
Streams are pouring from their fountains,
Echoing through each rugged dell;
Heather bells adorn the mountains,
Bid the city, love! farewell.

See the boughs are rich in blossom,
Through each sunlit, silent grove;
Cast all sorrow from thy bosom—
Freedom is the soul of love!
Let us o'er the valleys wander,
Nor a frown within us dwell,
And in joy see Nature's grandeur—
Bid the city, love! farewell.

Morning's sun shall then invite us
By the ever sparkling streams;
Evening's fall again delight us
With its crimson-coloured beams.
Flowers of summer, sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth;
Birds of love are loudly singing
In their gay and jocund mirth.

HOME OF MY FATHERS.

Home of my fathers, though far from thy grandeur,
In joy or in sorrow, my heart turns to thee;
In visions of night o'er thy loved scenes I wander,
And dwell with those friends that are dearest to me!
I see thy blue hills, where the thunders are leaping,
Where springs the loud cascade to caverns below;
The clouds round their summits their dark watch are keeping,
Thy ravines are streak'd with the purest of snow.
Home of my fathers, in joy or in sorrow—
Home of my fathers, my heart turns to thee!

Warm are thy hearts, though thy breezes be chilly;
Rosy thy maidens, and artless and gay!
Cradled on high lie thy lakes pure and stilly,
Surrounded by mountains gigantic and grey!
Thy stern thistle still shoots aloft in its glory,
And sheds its bright dew tears o'er old heroes' graves;
Thy rudely rear'd cairns echo many a story
Of those who fell bravely, who scorn'd to be slaves!
Home of my fathers, in joy or in sorrow—
Home of my fathers, my heart turns to thee!

Land of the pibroch, the plaid, and the heather,
The lake and the mountain, the streamlet and glen,
The green thoughts of youth do not easily wither,
But dwell on thy charms, and the bravest of men!
Both genius and love have in raptures hung o'er thee,
And wafted thy name in sweet sounds o'er the sea—
Till nations afar have bent low to adore thee,
Home of my fathers! my heart turns to thee!
Home of my fathers, in joy or in sorrow—
Home of my fathers, my heart turns to thee!

WHAT AILS MY HEART?

What ails my heart—what dims my ee?
What maks you seem sae wae, Jamie!
Ye werena aye sae cauld to me;
Ye ance were blythe and gay, Jamie.
I'm wae to see you, like a flower
Kill'd by the winter's snaw, Jamie,
Droop farer down frae hour to hour,
An' waste sae fast awa', Jamie.

I'm sure your Jeanie's kind and true,
She loves nae ane but thee, Jamie;
She ne'er has gi'en thee cause to rue;
If sae—ye still are free, Jamie.
I winna tak' your hand and heart,
If there is ane mair dear, Jamie;
I'd sooner far for ever part
With thee—though wi' a tear, Jamie.

Then tell me your doubts and your fears;
Keep naething hid frae me, Jamie;
Are ye afraid o' coming years,
O' darker days to me, Jamie?
I'll share your grief, I'll share your joy,
They'll come alike to me, Jamie;
Misfortune's hand may all destroy,
Except my love for thee, Jamie.

AWAY TO THE HIGHLANDS.

Away to the Highlands, where Lomond is flowing,
Where mists and where mountains in solitude lie,
And where the braw red-lipp'd heather is growing,
And cataracts foam, as they came frae the sky!
Though scenes of the fairest are Windsor adorning,
Though England's proud structures enrapture the view;
Yet Nature's wild grandeur, all artifice scorning,
Is seen 'mong our mountains so bonnie and blue.

Then away to the hills where Loch Lomond
is flowing,
Where mists and where mountains in
solitude lie,
And where the braw red-lipp'd heather is
growing,
And cataracts foam, as they came from
the sky!

Benlomond is seen in his monarch-like glory,
His foot in the sea, and his head in the sky;
His broad lofty brow is majestic and hoary,
And round him, and round him the elements
fly.
The winds are his music, the clouds are his
clothing,
The sun is his shield, as he wheels blazing by;
When once on his summit you'd think you
were soaring
'Mong bright beaming stars, they are rolling
so nigh!
Then away to the hills where Loch Lomond
is flowing,
Where mists and where mountains in
solitude lie,
And where the braw red-lipp'd heather is
growing,
And cataracts foam, as they came from
the sky!

I'M AWAY.

I'M away, I'm away, like a thing that is wild,
With heart full of glee, as the heart of a child!
Afar o'er the mountains, afar o'er the stream,
To revel in joy 'mid the glad summer beam.
I leave care behind me, I throw to the wind
All sorrows allied to the earth-plodding mind;
The music of birds and the murmur of rills
Shall be my companions o'er Scotia's loved hills.
How lucent each lake, and how lovely
each dell!
Who would not be happy, at home let
him dwell;
I'm away, I'm away, like a thing that is
wild,
With heart full of glee, as the heart of a
child!

Oh, land of my fathers! oh, home of my birth!
No spot seems so blest on the round rolling
earth!
Thy wild woods so green, and thy mountains
so high,
Seem homes of enchantment half hid in the sky!
Thy steep winding passes, where warriors have
trod,
Which minstrels of yore often made their abode;
Where Ossian and Fingal rehearsed runic tales,
That echo'd aloft o'er the furze-cover'd dales.
How lucent each lake, and how lovely
each dell!
Who would not be happy, at home let
him dwell;
I'm away, I'm away, like a thing that is
wild,
With heart full of glee, as the heart of a
child!

THERE IS A BONNIE, BLUSHING FLOWER.

THERE is a bonnie, blushing flower—
But ah! I darena breathe the name;
I fain would steal it frae its bower,
Though a' should think me sair to blame.
It smiles sae sweet amang the rest,
Like brightest star where ither's shine;
Fain would I place it in my breast,
And make this bonnie blossom mine.

At morn, at sunny noon, whene'er
I see this fair, this fav'rite flower,
My heart beats high with wish sincere,
To wile it frae its bonnie bower!
But oh! I fear to own its charms,
Or tear it frae its parent stem;
For should it wither in mine arms,
What would revive my bonnie gem?

Awa', ye coward thoughts, awa'—
That flower can never fade with me,
That frae the wintry winds that blaw
Round each neglected bud is free!
No, it shall only bloom more fair,
When cherish'd and adored by me;
And a' my joy, and a' my care,
This bonnie blushing flower shall be!

ALEXANDER HUME, JUNIOR.

A misguided son of genius, Alexander Hume was born at Edinburgh on the 17th February 1811. A strong natural aptitude for music he improved by cultivating it. Born in a humble condition of life, he was apprenticed to a chair-maker, and he continued to work at that trade, both in Edinburgh and Glasgow. He was led to indulge in habits which were unworthy of his powers and acquirements. His death took place at Glasgow on the 4th February 1859. He composed the tune "Afton Water," and the words and music of the following song:

MY AIN DEAR NELL.

Oh, bonnie Nelly Brown, I will sing a song to thee;
Though oceans wide between us row, ye 'll aye be dear to me;
Though mony a year 's gane o'er my head since, down in Linton's dell,
I took my last fond look o' thee, my ain dear Nell.
Oh, tell me, Nelly Brown, do you mind our youthfu' days,
When we ran about the burnie's side, or speel'd the gow'ny braes;
When I pu'd the crawpea's blossom, an' the bloomin' heather-bell,
To twine them round thy bonnie brow, my ain dear Nell!

How often Nelly Brown, ha'e we wander'd o'er the lea,
Where grow the brier, the yellow bloom, an' flowery hawthorn-tree;
Or sported 'mang the leafy woods, till nicht's lang shadows fell—
Oh, we ne'er had thoughts o' partin' then, my ain dear Nell!

And in winter, Nelly Brown, when the nichts were lang an' drear,
We would creep down by the ingle side, some fairy tale to hear;
We cared nae for the snawy drift, or nippin' frost sae snell,
For we lived but for each other then, my ain dear Nell!

They tell me Nelly Brown, that your bonnie raven hair
Is snaw-white now, an' that your brow, sae cloudless ance an' fair,
Looks care-worn now, and unco sad; but I heed na what they tell,
For I ne'er can think you 're changed to me, my ain dear Nell!
Ance mair then, Nelly Brown, I ha'e sung o' love and thee,
Though oceans wide between us row, ye 're aye the same to me,
As when I sigh'd my last farewell in Linton's flowery dell—
Oh, I ne'er can tine my love for thee, my ain dear Nell!

JAMES GLASSFORD.

James Glassford was born at Glasgow in 1772. His father, John Glassford, of Dougalston, in the county of Dumbarton, conducted business in Glasgow as a merchant. On the 21st March 1769 he married, as his second wife, Lady Margaret Mackenzie, sixth daughter of George, third Earl of Cromarty; she became mother of the subject of this sketch, and died at Glasgow on the 29th March 1773. Having prosecuted the necessary studies, James Glassford passed advocate on the 3d July 1793. Early devoted to literary pursuits, he formed one of that brilliant conclave of young and ardent spirits, which the budding genius of Walter Scott drew around him, while only a student of law at Edinburgh. He was enrolled as an original member of *The Club*, so called, *par excellence*, which, originated by young Scott, continued to assemble twice a year, till the members were scattered or separated by death.

At the Edinburgh bar Glassford occupied a respectable position. He held for many years the office of Sheriff-depute of Dumbartonshire. In 1824 he was appointed a commissioner to inquire into the state of education in Ireland. He published, at Bristol, in 1832, a duodecimo volume of "Notes" connected with three tours in Ireland, undertaken in the interests of his mission. Long in feeble health, he occasionally sought the milder climate of the southern counties of England, and there relieved the *ennui* of the invalid's chamber by composing translations from the Italian poets. Among his several publications are "*Frondes Caducæ*, Hymns and Translations," 12mo, and "Lyrical Compositions, selected from the Italian Poets, with Translations," Edinburgh, 1834, 12mo. Mr Glassford died at Edinburgh on the 28th July 1845. Though of a serious and retiring frame of mind, he enjoyed the intercourse of congenial friends; he maintained a close intimacy with Sir Walter Scott, and with Major, afterwards Lord Nairne, and his gifted wife, the authoress of the "Land o' the Leal." The following lay, written when he was infirm and aged, will sufficiently indicate the gravity of his character during his latter years.

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE A SONG.

O DO not ask a wreath from me,
Your chaplet to adorn;
I have no leaf or blossom now,
And would not send a thorn.

Why should a withering thought of mine
Cast on your page a gloom,
Or why a cold and bitter root
Mix with the flowers in bloom?

O who the sparkling gem would guard
With pale and sullen lead,
Or round his festive board would place
The melancholy dead?

From other hand the lay require,
My harp is all unstrung;
For other brow the laurel weave,
O'er mine a veil be hung.

My feverish hours appointed yet,
In silence let me close;
My languid sun go down in cloud
As first in clouds it rose.

But though to kindred and to friends
Oft distant, I appear,
Though seldom from my lid will drop
The sympathetic tear.

Yet while on life's dark billow hung,
I combat with despair,
Still let my trembling spirit be
Remember'd in their prayer.

Enough if through *His* conquering power
Whom death could not retain,
With them I may be raised in light,
And live, and meet again.

MURTAGH MALOWNEY'S COMPLAINT TO OONAH O'SHAUNASSIE.

AND why was you beguiling
My heart so soon from me?
O why was Oonah smiling
On Murtie at Tralee?

When they figged it at Fitz-Symond's,
O why was Oonah there?
Were your feet not two diamonds,
And your steps tuned air?

What bird so sweet as this bird
Of all, on summer tree?
And your eyes how they whispered
Then to me at Tralee?

She told me, too, O mind her,
That she scorned young O'Shee;
But Boggra Rocks are kinder
Now than Oonah to me.

No more must I be going
My nightingale to see;
O why is daybreak showing
Me your smoke at Tralee!

The boys all say I 'm spooney,
And bring me poteen;
Bad luck, they cry to Oonie,
Bad luck to Mic Maclean.

But wait till Corker Fair come,
And then I 'll tell you more
Of who 's the boy that 's welcome
Yet to darken Oonie's door.

THE DEAD WHO HAVE DIED IN THE LORD.*

Go, call for the mourners, and raise the lament,
Let the tresses be torn, and the garments be rent;
But weep not for him who is gone to his rest,
Nor mourn for the ransom'd, nor wail for the blest.
The sun is not set, but is risen on high,
Nor long in corruption his body shall lie—
Then let not the tide of thy griefs overflow,
Nor the music of heaven be discord below;
Rather loud be the song, and triumphant the chord,
Let us joy for the dead who have died in the Lord.

Go, call for the mourners, and raise the lament,
Let the tresses be torn, and the garment be rent;
But give to the living thy passion of tears,
Who walk in this valley of sadness and fears;
Who are press'd by the combat, in darkness are lost,
By the tempest are beat, on the billows are toss'd:
Oh, weep not for those who shall sorrow no more,
Whose warfare is ended, whose combat is o'er;
Let the song be exalted, be triumphant the chord,
And rejoice for the dead who have died in the Lord.

* This excellent lyric having been found in the scrap-book of the Baroness Nairne, was erroneously attributed to that gentlewoman by the editor in the former edition of this work. The editor has now much satisfaction in assigning the composition to the real author.

ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD.

Archibald Crawford, a writer of prose and poetry of considerable merit, was born at Ayr in 1785. In his ninth year, left an orphan, he was placed under the care of a brother-in-law, a baker in London. With a limited education at school, his ardent love of literature and powerful memory enabled him to become conversant with the works of the more distinguished British authors, as well as the best translations of the classics. At the expiry of eight years he returned to Ayr, and soon after entered the employment of Charles Hay, Esq., of Edinburgh, in whose service he continued during a course of years. In honour of a daughter of this gentleman, who had shown him much kindness during a severe attack of fever, he composed his song of "Bonnie Mary Hay," which, subsequently set to music by R. A. Smith, has become extremely popular. He was afterwards in the employment of General Hay of Rannes, with whom he remained several years. At the close of that period he was offered by his employer an ensigncy in the service of the Honourable East India Company, which he declined. In 1810 he opened a grocery establishment in his native town; but, with less aptitude for business than literature, he lost the greater part of the capital he had embarked in trade. He afterwards exchanged this business for that of auctioneer.

The literary inclinations of his youth had been assiduously followed up, and his employers, sympathising with his tastes, gave him every opportunity, by the use of their libraries, of indulging his favourite studies. With the exception of some fugitive pieces, he did not however seek distinction as an author till 1819, when a satirical poem entitled "St James's in an uproar," appeared anonymously from his pen. This composition, intended to support the extreme political opinions then in vogue, exposed to ridicule some leading persons in the district, and was attended with the temporary apprehension and menaced prosecution of the printer. To the columns of the *Ayr and Wigtonshire Courier* he now began to contribute a series of sketches, founded on traditions in the West of Scotland; and these, in 1824, he collected into a volume, with the title, "Tales of a Grandmother," which was published by subscription. In the following year the tales, with some additions, were published, in two duodecimo volumes, by Constable & Co.; but the subsequent insolvency of the publishing firm deprived the author of the profits of the sale. With two literary coadjutors, he started a weekly serial at Ayr, entitled *The Correspondent*, but the publication, in the course of a few months, was abandoned. A similar periodical, under the designation of *The Gaberlunzie*, appeared under his management in 1827, and extended to sixteen numbers. He latterly contributed articles in prose and verse to the *Ayr Advertiser* newspaper. His death took place at Ayr on the 6th January 1843, in his 58th year. To a hearty, social nature, he added strong intellectual capacities, and considerable dramatic power. His second son, Mr William Crawford, attained distinction as an artist.

BONNIE MARY HAY.

Bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet,
For thy eye is the slae, thy hair is the jet;
The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek;
O! bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will you gang wi' me,
When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn-tree;
To the hawthorn-tree, the bonnie berry-den,
And I'll tell you, Mary, how I lo'e you then?

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's haliday to me,
When thou art couthie, kind, and free;
There's nae clouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,
My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay,
But come to the bower, by the hawthorn brae;
But come to the bower, and I'll tell you a' what's true,
How, Mary, I can ne'er lo'e ane but you.

SCOTLAND, I HAVE NO HOME BUT THEE!

SCOTLAND, thy mountains, thy valleys, and fountains,
Are famous in story—the birth-place of song;
Thy daughters the fairest, the sweetest, the rarest,
Well may thy pilgrims long for their home.

Trace the whole world o'er, find me a fairer shore,
The grave of my fathers! the land of the free!
Joy to the rising race! Heaven send them ev'ry grace;
Scotland, dear Scotland, I have no home but thee!

Glow on, ye southern skies, where fruits wear richer dyes
To pamper the bigot, assassin, and slave;
Scotland, to thee I'll twine, with all thy varied clime,
For the fruits that thou bearest are true hearts and brave.

Trace the whole world o'er, find me a fairer shore,
The grave of my fathers! the land of the free!
Joy to the rising race! Heaven send them ev'ry grace;
Scotland, dear Scotland, I have no home but thee!

GEORGE OUTRAM.

THE author of "Legal Lyrics," a small volume of humorous songs, printed for private circulation, George Outram was born in the vicinity of Glasgow in 1805. His father, a native of England, was partner and manager in the Clyde Iron Works. In 1827 he was called to the Scottish bar, and practised for some years as an advocate. To the character of an orator he made no pretensions, but he evinced great ability as a chamber counsel. He accepted, in 1837, the editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*, and continued the principal conductor of that journal till the period of his death. He died at Rosemore, on the shores of the Holy Loch, on the 16th September 1856, in his fifty-first year. His remains were interred in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh.

Of a most retiring disposition, Mr Outram confined his intercourse to a limited circle of friends, by whom he was esteemed for his genial worth and interesting conversation. By the late Lord Cockburn he was especially beloved. He has left in MS. several interesting songs, which are likely to be published by his executors. The late celebrated General Sir James Outram was his cousin-german.

CHARGE ON A BOND OF ANNUITY.

AIR—"*Duncan Davidson.*"

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be,
For there I met a waesome wife,
Lamenting her viduity.
Her grief brak' out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
And, I was sae left to mysel',
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh,
She just was turn'd o' saxty-three;
I couldna guess'd she'd proved so teugh
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane;
The auld wife's growing young again
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane an' skin,
But that it seems is nought to me;
She's like to live, although she's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
As spunkie as a growin' flea;
An' there she sits upon my back
A livin' perpetuity.
She hurkles by her ingle side,
An' toasts an' tans her wrinkled hide;
Wha kens how long she yet may bide
To ca' for her annuity?

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company;
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here, or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share;
An's like to live a dozen mair
To ca' for her annuity.

I gat the loon that drew the deed,
We spell'd it ower right carefully;
In vain he yerk'd his souple head
To find an ambiguity.
It's dated, tested, a' complete—
The proper stamp, nae word delete;
And diligence, as on decreet,
May pass for her annuity.

* * * * *

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
Her only son was lost at sea;
But aff her wits behuved to flit,
An' leave her in fatuity.

She threeps, an' threeps he's livin' yet
For a' the tellin' she can get;
But catch the doited wife forget
To ca' for her annuity!

If there's a sough o' cholera
Or typhus, wha sae gleg as she!
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever proof—
The pest walked o'er her very roof;
She tauld me sae, and then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell, her arm she brak',
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure wad undertak',
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured! she handles't like a flail,
It does as weel in bits as hale;
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
She beats the taeds that live in stanes
An' fatten in vacuity!
They die when they're exposed to air,
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her! expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity!

* * * * *

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jade wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
But not the continuity.
It's pay me here, an' pay me there,
An' pay me, pay me evermair;
I'll gang demented wi' despair;
I'm *charged* for her annuity!

JOHN PARK, D.D.

JOHN PARK was born at Greenock about the year 1805. He was educated at the grammar school of his native place, and at the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen. Licensed as a probationer of the Scottish Church, he was in 1831 preferred to the pastorate of Rodney Street Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. Having ministered at Liverpool for eleven years, he was in 1843 presented by the Duke of Buccleuch to the parish of Glencairn, Dumfriesshire. On a vacancy occurring in the first charge at St Andrews, by the decease of Principal Haldane in March 1854, he was selected by the congregation to fill the office, and was admitted to the charge in September. At the same period he received the degree of D.D. from the University of St Andrews. In his important ministerial sphere at St Andrews, Dr Park obtained remarkable acceptance; his discourses, pervaded by enlightened views of Divine truth, attracted large audiences, and he was beloved for his genial manners in private society. Dr Park died suddenly on the 8th April 1865. He was not more distinguished as an accomplished theologian and eloquent preacher, than as an ingenious and most effective musician. He performed with much skill on different instruments, and several

of his musical compositions are said to equal the higher efforts of the great masters. Of these compositions, a selection of ninety were, after his decease, sold to Mr Ramsden of Leeds, who is producing a proportion of them annually. They include music to words by Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson, besides unpublished songs written by himself.

Unambitious of literary reputation, Dr Park did not seek the honours of authorship. Several sacred lyrics from his pen were published anonymously. A volume of his "Lectures and Sermons" appeared soon after his decease. The following song, the most extensively popular of several written to the same chorus, was composed by him, when he was a student at Aberdeen College, about the year 1826. In communicating a copy to the editor of this work in December 1855, Dr Park wrote, "The air is old. I heard it whistled by a fellow-student at Aberdeen, and tried these words for it. The only words he could give me as old ones, were

O an' I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
O an' I were where Gadie rins,
At the back o' Benochie;

but he told me that a Scottish officer in Egypt had been much affected and surprised on hearing a soldier's wife crooning the song to herself, and this, I believe, was the hint upon which I tried the verses. The air is undoubtedly old, from its resemblance to several Gaelic and Irish airs. I have been surprised—though it would be affectation not to say agreeably surprised—by the interest which has been felt in connection with this trifle."

It may be added that Dr Park's nephew, Mr Allan Park Paton, of Greenock, is well known for his literary and poetical tastes. Besides two volumes of meritorious verse, he has published "The Web of Life, a Tale," a work on Alexander Wilson the poet and ornithologist, and other esteemed compositions.

WHERE GADIE RINS.*

Oh, an' I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
Oh, an' I were where Gadie rins,
At the back o Benochie!

I wish I were where Gadie rins,
'Mang fragrant heath and yellow whins,
Or, brawlin' doun the bosky linns,
At the back o' Benochie;

To hear ance mair the blackbird's sang,
To wander birks and braes amang,
Wi' frien's and fav'rites, left sae lang,
At the back o' Benochie.

How mony a day, in blythe spring-time,
How mony a day, in summer's prime,
I wiled awa' my careless time
On the heights o' Benochie.

Ah! Fortune's flowers wi' thorns are rife,
And walth is won wi' grief and strife—
Ae day gi'e me o' youthfu' life
At the back o' Benochie.

Oh, Mary! there, on ilka nicht,
When baith our hearts were young and licht,
We 've wander'd, when the moon was bricht,
Wi' speeches fond and free.

Oh! ance, ance mair, where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins—
Oh! micht I dee where Gadie rins
At the back o' Benochie.

* *See* a version of the song by John Imlah, p. 271.

SONG OF THE SOUL.

Oh! brightly glides the silent stream,
Along the air no breeze is flowing;
Serenely shines the young moonbeam,
And all the eastern stars are glowing.
No living leaf's among the trees,
Save on the aspen's lightest bough;
The northern lights are o'er the seas,
The mist sits on the dim hill's brow;
And all is calm, but thee, my soul—
Oh! all is calm, but thee!

The birds have sung themselves to sleep;
Nor e'er the forest owls are hooting;
While oft, along night's shadowy steep,
With silent glance the stars are shooting.
And sleep is in the city's bounds,
As well as on the dusky hill;
The curfew's voice no longer sounds,
The hum of multitudes is still;
And all at rest, but thee, my soul—
Oh! all at rest, but thee!

Yet not far distant is the clime
Where this bright frame of things must sever,
And the disorder'd stream of time
Leap o'er its bound, and break for ever.
Then mountains shall be wrapt in flame,
The spheres conclude their ancient song;
Cities lie waste without a name;
Stars mingle with the ruin's throng;
And all decay, but thee, my soul—
Oh! all decay, but thee!

JAMES MACFARLAN.

One of the most gifted and remarkable of modern Scottish poets, James Macfarlan passed his brief career known only to a few. He was born in Kirk Street, Calton, Glasgow, on the 9th of April 1832. His parents were Irish; his father was a native of Augherstain, near the small town of Augher, county Tyrone. By profession a pedlar, Macfarlan senior was of improvident habits, nor did he possess other qualities befitting the father and guardian of a family of sons. If the younger Macfarlan, the subject of this memoir, was a wayward and thoughtless youth, he had lacked the moral restraints which judicious parents impose upon their children. He grew up, a stranger alike to the amenities and genial counsels of the parental home. His public education was embraced in a few weeks' desultory attendance at school in Glasgow, Kilmarnock, and Greenock. He early accompanied his father in his wanderings, bore his pack, and, to likely customers, recommended its wares. With avidity he read books of all sorts, magazines, old and new, books of philosophy, history, and travel, volumes of poetry, and works of fiction. These were read and re-read, pondered over, and studied under circumstances which, in the most literal sense, constituted the pursuit of learning under difficulties. Without any actual home—a dweller in mean lodgings, surrounded by squalor, rags, and filth, a companion of poverty, dissoluteness, and social degradation in its more depraved forms, James Macfarlan carried on and completed his poetical education. Neither his physical aspects, nor his moral behaviour in any respect belied the infelicitous condition of his surroundings. Like the more degraded inhabitants of that unfortunate country to which his parents belonged, he was content to adopt any covering which would conceal his nakedness, or shield him from the heat of summer or the winter storm. His countenance, except when he expressed himself indignantly respecting the ingratitude of the world, or the churlishness of the unlettered, wore a dingy and most uninteresting appearance, which his dark brown eyes served only to intensify. In his heavy, commonplace features, there was presented much to repel, and nothing which could attract the most hopeful admirer of his genius. For genius he possessed of a high order. James Macfarlan was one of the most gifted persons, and, certainly, the most ingenious poet in humble life it has been our lot to meet. In the pot-house, amid the fumes of tobacco, and the coarse, rude talk of drunkards and desperadoes, he would have inscribed verses, with chalk or pencil, on the backs of letters, or on the margins of old newspapers, such as in power of expression and thought no Scottish bard need have blushed to own. Of these random compositions many have been lost; yet there are enough to constitute a volume of poetical remains, of which the publication would reflect honour on any one who might possess sufficient ardour to undertake it.

In August 1853 Macfarlan was introduced to the lovers of poetry in Scotland by

the late Hugh Macdonald, who published extracts from his unpublished poems in the *Glasgow Citizen* newspaper. In the following year a volume of "Poems" from his pen was issued by a London publishing house. The encomiums of the press on this performance excited the author's hopes of literary preferment, and, in a corresponding degree unhappily impeded his energies. He was now resident in Glasgow, a city which, amidst its mercantile activities has perhaps, done more in the effective recognition of men of genius, and in making provision for their necessities, than any other city in the world. The young poet was warmly patronised; he was appointed secretary to the Athenæum, a respectable literary institution. The emoluments of his office were small, but the connection was valuable; and there were among the members many who would not suffer the gifted secretary to be in want of anything. But Macfarlan plunged into a course of reckless inebriety, neglecting his duties and disgusting his employers. His misconduct could not long be overlooked; his services were dispensed with, and he was once more thrown on the miserable resources of a pedlar.

He was placed on the staff of the *Bulletin*, a newly-started daily journal. Among the proprietors there was the utmost disposition to befriend him, and occasional lapses might have been overlooked, but his aberrations were incessant. From reporting in the police court, he would have stumbled into an adjoining tavern, and remained there till next morning. No public journal could retain a reporter of such erratic habits. After repeated warnings, he was turned adrift. The tavern continued to be frequented: strong drink was the panacea for all his misfortunes, and miscreants of course were not wanting, who encouraged him in the course of ruin. Yet amidst the revelry and dissipation of those desperate times, his genius was most brilliant.

In 1855, Macfarlan published his "City Songs." He dedicated the work to the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who, in a substantial gift, acknowledged the compliment. For a time he sought to extricate himself from his degraded condition. In the hope of concentrating his affections at the domestic hearth, he married a young woman from a steam-loom manufactory at Belfast. That he was withdrawn from his old haunts it is charitable to conjecture, but his reformation was certainly of short continuance. He sold his volume during the day, and at night dissipated the proceeds in the tap-room. Then he reeled home to his wife, shivering in her poorly-furnished, wind-pierced attic. He proceeded to Edinburgh to dispose of his book. A literary gentleman refused to purchase a volume from one who diffused in his apartment the unpleasing odours of the tap-room. The angry poet returned to Glasgow to denounce Edinburgh, and revile its men of letters.

There was still a strong disposition to befriend, and if possible to rescue the errant poet. A benevolent citizen of Glasgow obtained him employment as a writer of Tales for the *Workman* newspaper. It was stipulated that his wife should receive his salary. He acceded to the proposition, but after a period demanded that his money should be paid into his own hand As the cashier resisted the demand, the poet struck him to the ground, and by this act upset his last chance of obtaining employment in his native city. A new benefactor arose. Macfarlan dispatched a bundle of verses to Mr Charles Dickens, offering them as contributions to *All the Year Round*. Though presenting a most uninviting aspect, so far as concerned the scraps of paper on which they were written, Mr Dickens readily perceived the merit of the verses—inserted many of them in his periodical, and liberally remunerated his contributor.

Macfarlan now issued his "Lyrics of Life," which was followed by a poetical *brochure* entitled "The Wanderer of the West." These he personally sold in Glasgow

and other towns, and as his poetical merits were beginning to be recognised, he might have easily secured sufficient capital to establish himself in some department of business. But his intemperate habits were still unsubdued. It is singular to find amidst those years of a vagabond existence, when the poet seemed to be involved in the whirlpool of bewildering excesses, that he could, on the shortest warning, compose verses bearing the stamp of his own original and powerful genius. At noon of the twenty-fifth of January 1859, the day on which the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated in every town, Macfarlan stumbled into a newspaper office in Glasgow, soliciting employment. The benevolent proprietor handed him five shillings, and requested that he would compose an ode on the Scottish bard, to be read that evening at one of the banquets in the city. Before the appointed hour Macfarlan sent to the chairman of the meeting that ode which follows the present memoir. Ben Jonson, with all his promptitude in versification, never achieved a greater triumph. To the writer of the present sketch, who at a previous period had unsuccessfully attempted to befriend him, Macfarlan sent the verses entitled "Scotland's Tribute to Wallace," a few days before the 24th June 1861, when the foundation-stone of the Wallace Monument was laid on the Abbey Craig. Copies of the verses were distributed, and money was procured for the needy poet. A correspondence between the poet and the writer so renewed, did not terminate with the occasion. Macfarlan was advised to publish a collected edition of his poems. He consented, and asked his correspondent "to write a short preface," which "should advert to his lowly position and limited education." But the poet's health was failing; he procrastinated till it was too late.

A short-lived institution, originated by the writer for the relief of literary Scotsmen in circumstances of distress, was of some service to James Macfarlan. By its funds he was repeatedly relieved from a condition of abject penury. "I have had, too frequently," he said, "to add to a day's want of food, the bitterness of a couch that had scarcely the slightest covering to screen us from the rigorous cold." The writer counselled abstinence from stimulants, as a means of restoring health and of providing necessaries. "The state of my health," replied the poet, "forbids my touching alcohol in any form. In practice I am positively teetotal; but to appear consistent, I intend joining the Abstinence Union or Temperance League." Alas! the salutary change had really not yet come; a few posts brought a request for more money, with the dreadful alternative of suicide!

During the early months of 1862, Macfarlan contributed to the *Workman's Friend*, a serial conducted by the writer, and published at London and Stirling. For that periodical he wrote a short tale, entitled, "One of a Million," and several other articles both in prose and verse. About the month of June his letters ceased. He had fallen seriously ill, and was confined to his dwelling, generally to his bed. He suffered from a pulmonary attack, and his recovery was deemed hopeless. Before being laid aside, he had accepted the temperance pledge, and abjured the practices of his former life. He was visited by many earnest persons, who talked with him seriously, and were satisfied that he had undergone a most salutary change. Mr Wallace Logan, temperance-hotel keeper, Maxwell Street, particularly distinguished himself in ministering to his comforts. The late Rev. Dr John Robertson, minister of the High Church, was often by his bed, and received the assurance of his penitence and faith. He died in the Drygate, Glasgow, on the 5th November 1862, in his 31st year. His remains were consigned to the Cheapside Street Cemetery, Anderston. As if anticipating his early decease, he has thus written in his poem, entitled "The Bard:"

"In cottage born of parents poor and lowly
The poet sprung;

On life's dark road he wandered sad and slowly,
Yet fondly hung
O'er all that earth held in it pure and holy,
And to them sung.

But Death came, when his ardent soul was breathing
Its glowing fire:
Then turned he to the world, with tears bequeathing
His broken lyre;
And Spring beheld, while her fresh garlands wreathing,
The Bard expire.

The last months of Macfarlan's life, when he was confined to his sick-chamber, redeem his memory from those stains which had otherwise attached to it. That he descended to the same depths of moral turpitude as Edgar Allan Poe, may not be asserted, but he certainly equalled the unhappy Richard Savage, in spendthrift recklessness and intemperate prodigality. He erred much, and he repented deeply. It is more pleasing to expatiate on the qualities of his genius. He did not write for the people—though the elevation of the industrial classes was the frequent subject of his muse. He did not write songs, though several of his compositions might be set to music and sung. His muse taught philosophy, and dealt with the spiritual properties of things. Like the ancient enraptured prophet, his lofty conceptions impart breadth and compass to his imagery. Unlike the bards of the spasmodic school, he keeps a rein upon his fancy; his flights are never beyond the comprehension or the patience of his reader. His language is chaste, ornate, and exact; he concentrates rather than expands his sentiments; in the graceful flow of numbers, he never betrays a point of weakness. He has celebrated the nobler affections and instincts of the human heart—and painted with master hand the scenes of civic activity and rustic gladness. He writes hopefully of human progress, deprecates the revival of ancient feuds, and rejoices in a high-souled patriotism. He is the poet of that species of chivalry which cannot stoop to dishonour, and rejoices to upraise and support the weak. He personally sinned, but he has written not a single line which in the heart of another will awaken unpleasing emotions.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

In lonely hut and lordly hall a mighty voice is heard,
And 'neath its wild bewitching spell the honest brows are bared;
From Scotland's hills and twilight glens, to far Columbian floods,
It stirs the city's streets of toil, and wakes its solitudes;
It speaks no triumph reap'd with swords, it brings no conquering cry
Of buried honours, battle-crown'd, and veil'd with victory;
But hearts leap loving to its note, and kindling bosoms glow,
To hail the Poet born to fame, a hundred years ago.

O, like a glorious bird of God, he leapt up from the earth,
A lark in song's exalted heaven, a robin by the hearth;
O, like a peerless flower he sprang from Nature's meanest sod,
Yet shedding joy on every path by human footstep trod.
How shall we tell his wondrous power, how shall we say or sing
What magic to a million hearts his deathless strains can bring?
How men on murkest battle-fields have felt the potent charm,
Till sinking valour leapt to life, and strung the nerveless arm?

How hearts in dreariest loneliness have toil'd through barren brine—
The only glimpse of sunshine then, *his* pictures o' langsyne;
How far amid the western wilds, by one enchanting tune,
The wide Missouri fades away in dreams of "bonny Doon."

More hearts and hands renew the pledge—
sweet pledge of other years—
That sacred "auld acquaintance" vow, the
light of parting tears.

O! blessed be the brawny arm that tore pre-
sumption down,
That snatch'd the robe from worthless pride,
and gave to toil a crown;
That smote the rock of poverty with song's
enchanting rod,
Till joy into a million hearts in streams of
beauty flow'd;
And while that arm could stretch to heaven,
and wield the lightning's dart,
It brought the glorious sunshine, too, to cheer
the humblest heart:
For free as Spring, his gladsome muse danc'd
o'er the daisied plain,
Or rang in organ-gusts of praise through
grandeur's mightiest fane.
Then blest for ever be the soul that link'd us
man to man—
A brotherhood of beating hearts—God's own
immortal plan:
While Labour, smiling at his forge, or stalking
at his plough,
Looks up with prouder soul to find God's
finger on his brow—
Feels man is man, though russet-robed, and
smacking of the soil,
And all are brothers, whether born to titles or
to toil.

Then pledge his mem'ry far and near, although
the hand be dust
That oft has swept the golden lyre, that ages
cannot rust:
No sun of time e'er sits upon the empire of his
fame,
And still unwearied is the wing that bears
abroad his name.
There may be grander bards than he, there
may be loftier songs,
But none have touch'd with nobler nerve the
poor man's rights and wrongs:
Then, while unto the hazy past the eye of
fancy turns,
Raise high the fame, and bless the name of
glorious Robert Burns.

SCOTLAND'S TRIBUTE TO WALLACE.

Ours is no venal pomp to-day—we seek no vain
parade;
But, like some solemn rite of old, our tribute
due is paid.
We raise no ancient rivalry; all jealousies are
cast
With that old strife and hate that mark the
dead and mouldering past.
And looking at those darksome times from this
our clearer day,
We see but right and tyrant might contending
in the fray.

Brothers of England! ye have known our
Scottish valour tried,
When, plunging through the clouds of death,
we triumphed side by side.
As the old Wallace-thrill of war ran tingling
through the frame,
And strung each nerve like lightning cords,
and filled each eye with flame,
Then soared the flag of victory to crown the
battle-day,
O'er merry England's bravest hearts, and sons
of "Scots wha ha'e!"

What though our sires were enemies, 'tis only
ours to know
That Wallace fought for Liberty; a tyrant
was his foe.
And ever first our Wallace strode in Freedom's
cause sublime;
Not for his country's good alone, but every
age and clime:
For souls are roused to emulate the noble
master mind,
And see within their nation's rights the rights
of all mankind.

Then raise in these pure summer heavens this
tribute to the brave,
As though once more that hero-form had leapt
from out the grave,
High on his native hills again a guardian
power to stand,
The pillar of our nation's strength, to counsel
or command—
Telling old Scotland she is free, and in her
freedom strong,
While she maintains a noble front, defiant to
the wrong.
But may she bear a dastard's name to all the
world abroad,
When she forgets her liberty, her patriot, and
her God!

ISABELLE.

Oh, beautiful and bright thou art!
Oh, beautiful and bright;
Thy voice is music to the heart—
Thy looks are rarest light!
What time the silver dawn of dreams
Lights up the dark of sleep,
As yon pale moon lights up the heaven
With beauty clear and deep,
I see thee in the ebbing stars,
I hear quaint voices swell,
And dim and phantom winds that come
And whisper, Isabelle.

Oh, beautiful and bright thou art!
Oh, beautiful and bright!
Thy beauty hangeth o'er my heart,
Like rich star-crowded night.
As moonbeams silver on the wave
Of some night-sadden'd river,

So on my lonesome life thy love
Would lie in light for ever.
Yet wander on—oh! wander on,
Cold river, to the sea,
And, weary life, *thy* ocean gain—
Undream'd eternity.

In vain the cruel curse of earth
Hath torn our lives apart;
The man-made barriers of gold
Weigh down the humble heart.
Oh, had'st thou been a village maid—
A simple wayside flower—
With nought to boast, save honest worth,
And beauty all thy dower!
Such might have been—such *should* have been,
But other lot befell;
I am the lowly son of toil,
And thou proud Isabelle.

It ever seems to me that love
Should level all degrees;
Pure honour, and a stainless heart
Are Nature's heraldries.
No scutcheon needs a noble soul—
(Alas! how thinks the age?)
He is not poor who freedom hath
For his broad heritage.
Then welcome, sternest teacher, Toil;
Vain dreams of youth, farewell!
The future hath its duty's prize—
The past, its Isabelle.

THE LORDS OF LABOUR.

THEY come, they come, in a glorious march,
You can hear their steam-steeds neigh,
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,
Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale-fires blaze in the mighty forge,
Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
And their thunders shake the hill.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
That is borne by the Lords of Labour.

Brave hearts like jewels light the sod,
Through the mists of commerce shine,
And souls flash out, like stars of God,
From the midnight of the mine.
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
No princely pillar'd hall,
But they well may laugh at the roofs of state,
'Neath the heaven which is over all.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
Which is borne by the Lords of Labour.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife
That marshals the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life
Are gems in the crown of toil.
And better their well-won wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet;
And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow,
Than the clasp of a coronet.
Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
Be unblown by the trump or tabor,
For holier, happier far is the meed
That crowneth the Lords of Labour!

DAVID RAESIDE.

DAVID RAESIDE was born of humble parents in the parish of Dunlop, Ayrshire, about the year 1841. With a view towards preparing himself for the ministry, he attended classes in the University of Glasgow, but failing health compelled him to abandon his public studies. Addicted to versifying from his youth, he solaced the hours of sickness by composing hymns and short poems. He died at Paisley in 1865, about the age of twenty-four. A volume of "Hymns and Poems" from his pen was published posthumously. Raeside gave promise of literary eminence, but a long period of feeble health impeded the cultivation of his genius.

WINTER.

THERE'S nae grain on the field, there's nae leaf on the tree,
There's nae smile on yon broad sun that's glowerin' at me;
There's nae bricht neuck o' blue tae be seen in the sky,
As the cauld days o' winter gae gloomily by.

Ae day gaes by greetin' big rain-draps o' tears,
An' they fa' on the cauld pow that auld nature wears;
But they bring nae fresh leaves whaur the wither'd anes lie
As the cauld days o' winter gae gloomily by.

Neist day gaes by mournin' wi' nae tears tae shed,
An' it breathes its cauld breath on the things that are dead;
An' it soughs through the trees wi' a sorrowfu' cry
As the cauld days o' winter gae gloomily by.

Anither gangs shiverin' wi' frost an' wi' snaw,
As it creeps o'er the bare fields an' covers them a';
Oh! there's little in nature to gladden the eye
As the cauld days o' winter gae gloomily by.

But the spring yet will come clothed with verdure again,
Then let this cheer the heart 'mang the storm and the rain;
And in life's leafless winter keep this in your eye,
That fresh buds will outburst when cauld winter's gane by.

CAROLINE OLIPHANT.

Caroline Oliphant was the youngest child of Laurence Oliphant, Esq. of Gask, Perthshire, and niece of Carolina Oliphant, Baroness Nairne.* She was born at Gask, on the 16th January 1807. Her parents removed to the neighbourhood of Durham, when she was about a year old; they subsequently went to the Continent, and did not return to Gask till 1821. The subject of this notice began to write verses at the age of thirteen; she afterwards studied the Scriptures in the original tongues, and read the philosophical works of Professor Dugald Stewart. In 1826 she accompanied other members of her family to Clifton, Gloucestershire, where, with a short interval, she continued to reside. Delicate from childhood, she was now often confined to her room. She relieved the monotony of the sick-chamber, by composing verses chiefly of a sacred character. In 1830 she went to Leamington for the advice of Dr Jephson. She did not rally. Returning to Clifton, she there died on the 9th of February 1831, at the age of twenty-four. From a MS. volume of her poetry, a selection has been printed in the "Life and Songs of Lady Nairne," London, 12mo. Possessed of no ordinary share of poetic genius, she devoted her lyre chiefly to sacred themes. The conversations in her sick-chamber were most edifying, and her memory is deeply cherished by those who contemplated her religious earnestness.

* See *ante*, p. 57.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

Air—"*Vicar of Bray.*"

A wind-bound exile far from home,
While standing near th' unfathom'd main,
My eyes the far horizon roam,
To see the land I long to gain.
Though dim with mists and faintly blue,
The hills of bliss e'en now I view,
Oh! when will Heaven's soft breezes come
And waft the weary exile home?

Let those who know no lovelier shore
Their shells and sea-weed idly heap,
Then mourn to see their paltry store
Dispersed and sinking in the deep.
My storehouse lies beyond the wave,
My treasure fears no watery grave,
And oh! I wish fair winds would come
And waft me o'er to that blest home.

Already some I held most dear,
Have safe arrived on yonder strand;
Their backs afar like specks appear,
The exiles now have gained the land.
Their parting signals wave no more,
No signs of woe float from that shore!
And soon the skiff for me will come,
And Heaven's own breath will waft me home.

OH, NEVER! NO, NEVER!

Oh! never, no, never,
Thou'lt meet me again!
Thy spirit for ever
Has burst from its chain;

The links thou hast broken
Are all that remain;
For never, oh! never,
Thou'lt meet me again.

Like the sound of the viol
That dies on the blast;
Like the shade on the dial,
That spirit has pass'd.
The breezes blow round me,
But give back no strain;
The shade on the dial
Returns not again.

Where roses enshrined thee
In light trellis'd shade,
Still hoping to find thee,
How oft have I stray'd!
Thy desolate dwelling
I traverse in vain:
The stillness has whisper'd,
Thou'lt ne'er come again.

I still haste to meet thee
When footsteps I hear,
And start, when to greet me
Thou dost not appear;
Then afresh o'er my spirit
Steals mem'ry of pain,—
For never, oh! never,
Thou'lt meet me again.

JAMES MANSON.

An interesting song-writer and respectable musician, James Manson was born in the parish of Kilwinning, Ayrshire, about the year 1812. His father was a tailor and clothier, and intended his son to succeed him in his business. But young Manson did not take to the duties of the needle, and occupied a large portion of his time in literary studies. He afterwards attended classes in the University of Glasgow. After some years of desultory literary labour, he was placed on the staff of the *Glasgow Herald*, and, as a newspaper writer, proved efficient and serviceable. Songs which he composed from time to time were set to music, and sung by admiring circles in Glasgow and throughout the west of Scotland. In 1858 he had the deep misfortune to be struck with blindness, but the sad deprivation did not overcome his poetical enthusiasm. By employing an amanuensis he prepared for the press a volume of his poetical compositions, which commanded a wide sale. A copy of the work is now rare. Mr Manson was at length attacked by paralysis, and entirely confined to his sick-room. He died in Glasgow on the 3d September 1863, at the age of fifty-one. Besides his poetical volume, Mr Manson edited a local musical publication, and contributed to the "British Empire," a biographical and statistical work, published at Glasgow in 1856.

OCEAN.

Set to Music by H. Lambeth.

ON SHORE—CALM.

Summer Ocean,
Placid Ocean,
Soft and sweet thy lullaby;
Shadows lightly,
Sunbeams brightly,
Flicker o'er thee noiselessly.

Resting gently on thy bosom,
Snowy sea-gulls preen their wings,
While perfumed sighs, from many a blossom,
Float around the strain the skylark sings.

Love's emotion,
Summer Ocean,
Like thy self, 'neath cloudless skies,
Glances brightly,
Dances lightly
Till the fond illusion flies.

AT SEA—STORM.

Winter Ocean,
Furious Ocean,
Fierce and loud thy choral lay:
Storm-clouds soaring,
Whirlwinds roaring
O'er thy breast in madness play.

Homeless petrels shriek their omen
Harshly 'mid thy billows' roar;
Fleshless bones of shipwreck'd seamen
Dash against thy rock-ribb'd shore.

War's commotion,
Winter Ocean,
Like thyself, when tempest driven,
By passion hurl'd,
Would wreck the world,
And mock the wrath-scowling heaven.

AN INVITATION.

Music arranged by Julius Siligmann.

THE skylark sings his matin lay,
The waking flowers at dawning day,
With perfumed breath, sigh, Come! come! come!
Oh, haste, Love, come with me,
To the wild wood come with me.
Hark, the wing'd warblers singing,
Come with me;
Beauteous flowers, their perfume flinging,
Wait for thee!

The sunlight sleeps upon the lea,
And sparkles o'er the murmuring sea,
The wanton wind sighs, Come! come! come!
Oh, haste, Love, come with me,
To the wild wood come with me,—
Come and gather luscious berries,
Come with me;
Clustering grapes and melting cherries
Wait for thee!

My bird of love, my beauteous flower,
Come reign, the queen of yonder bower,
'Tis True-love whispers, Come! come! come!
Oh, haste, then, come with me,
To the wild wood come with me.
Life's first fairest hours are fleeting—
Come with me;
Hope, and Joy, and Love's fond greeting
Wait for thee!

ROBIN GOODHEART'S CAROL.

TUNE—*"The Brave Old Oak."*

'TIS Yule, 'tis Yule! all eyes are bright,
And joyous songs abound;
Our log burns high, but it glows less bright
Than the eyes which sparkle round.

The merry laugh, and the jocund tale,
And the kiss 'neath the mistletoe,
Make care fly as fast as the blustering gale
That wreaths the new fallen snow.
'Tis Yule! 'tis Yule! all eyes are bright,
And joyous thoughts abound;
The log burns high, but it glows less bright
Than the eyes which sparkle round.

'Tis Yule! 'tis Yule! see the old grandsire
Forgets his weight of years;
He laughs with the young, and a fitful fire
Beams through his unbidden tears.
With tremulous tenor he joins the strain—
The song of his manhood's prime;
For his thoughts grow young, and he laughs again,
While his aged head nods time.
'Tis Yule! 'tis Yule! etc.

'Tis Yule! 'tis Yule! and the infant's heart
Beats high with a new delight,
And youths and maidens, with guileless art,
Make merry the livelong night.
The time flies on with gladsome cheer,
And welcomes pass around—
'Tis the warmest night of all the year,
Though winter hath chain'd the ground.
'Tis Yule! 'tis Yule! etc.

WILLIAM EDMONSTONE AYTOUN, D.C.L.

WILLIAM EDMONSTONE AYTOUN was descended from an ancient Scottish house, sprung from the Norman family of De Vescy. Sir Robert Aytoun, a cadet of the Scottish family, was a distinguished poet early in the seventeenth century.* The subject of this sketch was born at 21 Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, on the 21st June 1813. His father, Roger Aytoun, Esq., W.S., was great-grandson of the seventh laird of Inchdairnie, the old family estate. Through his grandmother, he represented the Edmonstones of Ednam and Corehouse, and inherited from his mother, who was a daughter of Keir of Kinmonth, a Perthshire landowner, a taste for Jacobite traditions, and a love of Scottish ballad. He received his education at the Academy and the University of Edinburgh, and subsequently obtained an acquaintance with the modern languages during a residence in Germany. Abandoning an early intention to join

* The Poems of Sir Robert Aytoun, edited by Charles Rogers. Edinburgh, 1844. 8vo.

the English bar, he was admitted a Writer to the Signet in 1835; he passed advocate in 1840. He speedily attained a respectable practice; but his tastes were not wholly directed towards legal studies. In 1836 he had contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* translations of Uhland's finest poems; in 1840 he published in the Family Library "The Life and Times of Richard the First." Along with Mr Theodore Martin he produced the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" in 1841. In 1843 he at once passed into a poetical reputation by his spirited "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." In 1845 he was elected to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, an appointment which enabled him to dedicate a large portion of his time to periodical literature. He now contributed one or two articles monthly to *Blackwood's Magazine*. With that periodical he continued a connection till the close of his life. In 1852 he was nominated by Lord Derby to the Sheriffdom of Orkney.

In April 1849, Professor Aytoun married Jane Emily, youngest daughter of the celebrated Professor John Wilson. This amiable gentlewoman died childless on the 15th April 1859. He married on the 24th December 1863, Fearne Jemima, second daughter of the late James Kinnear, Esq., W.S. Among the latter works of the Professor may be named "Firmilian, or the Student of Badajoz," a poem, in good-humoured ridicule of the spasmodic poets; "Bothwell," a poem; and "Norman Sinclair," a romance. An edition of the older "Scottish Ballads," with introduction and notes, appeared under his care in 1858. After an illness of some duration, Professor Aytoun died at Blackhills, near Elgin, on the 4th August 1865. His remains were brought to Edinburgh, and there interred in the Dean Cemetery. Through the kindness of Messrs Blackwood, we are privileged to subjoin his popular lay, "The Old Scottish Cavalier.'

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

I.

Come, listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the lustre to your eye:
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh!
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

II.

He kept his castle in the north,
Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

III.

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
With the glory of the Graemes,
Like a true old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

IV.

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed;
But kept his clan in peace at home
From foray and from raid;
And when they ask'd him for his oath,
He touch'd his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade:
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

V.

At length the news ran through the land—
The *Prince* had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old Baron rose in might
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

VI.

He was the first that bent the knee
When the *Standard* waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever, in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heath
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

VII.

Oh! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true—
The olden times have passed away,
And weary are the new:
The fair White Rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

HUGH MACDONALD.

One of the most genial of modern Scottish bards, Hugh Macdonald was born in Rumford Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow, on the 4th April 1817. His parents being in humble circumstances, he was, after a short attendance at school, apprenticed in the block-printing works of Monteith & Co., at Barrowfield, near Glasgow. After a period he opened a provision shop at Bridgeton, but the venture did not succeed, and he returned to his trade. From his house at Bridgeton to the block printing works at Colinslie, near Paisley, where he was now employed, he walked every morning a distance of eight miles, and after twelve hours' labour again walked home. During these long journeys he improved himself by reading and reflection, and he began to send contributions both in prose and verse to the public journals. During a visit to Edinburgh in the summer of 1846, he met with a kind reception from Professor Wilson, who commended his verses, and encouraged him to persevere in his literary aspirations. In 1849 he became sub-editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*, a newspaper which had long been adorned by his verses. In the columns of the *Citizen* he commenced his "Rambles Round Glasgow," a series of interesting and amusing sketches, which, subsequently collected in a volume, established the author's reputation. In 1855 he accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Times;* he contributed to that journal a series of papers descriptive of the scenery of the Clyde, which he afterwards published with the title of "Days at the Coast." He joined the literary staff of the *Morning Journal*, a daily newspaper started at Glasgow in June 1858. In this connection he continued till his death, which took place in March 1860. His remains were interred in the Southern Necropolis, and a number of his admiring friends raised nearly £1000 for the support of his widow and five young children. His poetical works, with a memoir, were in 1865 published at Glasgow, in a duodecimo volume. Macdonald possessed a keen sense of the ludicrous, and an enthusiastic admiration of landscape beauty—hence his prose sketches have attained a wide popularity. His love of nature, and the genial qualities of his heart, are equally to be remarked in his songs

THE WEE PRIMROSE.

On a green mossy bank,
'Neath a bonnie birk tree,
By a burnie that danced
To its ain voice o' glee,
A sweet yellow primrose
On March ope'd her een.
Like wee starnies o' gowd
In a bricht clud o' green.

O sweet sang the merle
In the hour o' her birth,
An' the lark tauld his joy
Frae the lift to the earth;
While the wud-mouse peeped out
Frae a grey-lickened stane,
To welcome the flower
That bids winter begane.

Tnough March whusslit keen
Through the cauld drapeless wud,
The bonnie birk tree
'Gan to smile an' to bud;
Sayin' summer is near,
Since the primrose is come,
I'll don my green kirtle,
An' welcome her home.

The wee robin cam' there
Wi' his sere-breasted bride,
And' they biggit their nest
At the primrose's side;
An' sweet frae the birk tree
He sang air an' late
To soothe the wee heart
O' his sweet clokin' mate.

BONNIE GREENLAW.

Oh! the cauld breath o' winter, sae bitter and keen,
Has stown frae the woodlands their mantles o' green;
Nae wee bird sings sweetly, nae flower blossoms braw;
A' nature's grown cheerless at bonnie Greenlaw.

But 'tisna the sang o' the mavis we mourn,
Nor the wee droopin' harebell sae wither'd and torn—
There's a form and a face, there's a sweet smile awa',
That ance gladden'd winter at bonnie Greenlaw.

Short syne seems the time when in simmer's nicht gloom,
Wi' laughin' and daffin', we pu'd the Lawbloom,
Or scaur'd the wee lambs o'er the fresh dewy lea,
While jinkin' in joy round the auld saughen-tree.

When the bright sun o' hairst slippit doun to his bed,
We soucht the row'n tree for his berries sae red;
While the short hours o' gladness gaed smilin' awa',
Undimm'd by a' care frae the woods o' Greenlaw.

When the sweet spring returns, and cauld winter is gane,
The primrose and gowan we'll welcome again;
But there's ae flower, I ween, we lo'ed better than a',
That we'll ne'er meet again 'mang the woods o' Greenlaw.

THE TRYSTED HOUR.

The moon is in the lift, love,
The stars are twinkling pale;
The blackbird's song has ceased to wake
The echoes of the vale.

The bat is on the wing, love,
The dew is on the flower;
Then haste, and meet me here, love,
It is the trysted hour.

The lily hangs her head, love,
The daisy's closed her ee;
The modest violet folds her leaves
Out ower the dewy lea;
The cushat's in her nest, love,
The nightbird leaves the tower,
Then haste and meet me here, love,
It is the trysted hour.

Life were a starless night, love,
A barren flow'rless lea,
A vale of grief and care, love,
Apart from hope and thee.
Then, come, thou star of life, love—
O! leave, O! leave thy bower,
And haste to meet me here, love,
It is the trysted hour.

THE LAND OF THE BRIGHT BLOOMING HEATHER.

Here's a health to the land of the mountain and glen,
To the land of the lake and the river,
Where the wild thistle grows in her rude, rocky den,
Proud Freedom's stern emblem for ever.
The land of the claymore, the kilt, and the plaid,
The bagpipe, the bonnet, and feather;
Let's join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

Here's a health to the land of the hero and bard,
The birth-place of Ossian and Wallace;
The land of bright mem'ries, of brave hearts who dared
Gory death in each cause Freedom hallows.
The land of the eagle, the oak, and the pine,
Where the free storms of heaven do gather;
Let's join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

Here's a health to the land of the bannock and brose,
The land of the sheep's-head and haggis;
Of warm hearts to friends, and cauld steel to foes,
When to battle they venture to drag us;
The land of braw lassies and leal-hearted men,
Where beauty and worth twine together;
Let's join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

Here's a health to the land where we first saw the light,
The home of our kindred and lovers,
Whose sod yet shall screen us in death's gloomy night,
As now many loved ones it covers;
May virtue and freedom stand firm by her side,
Each dark weed that stains her soon wither;
Then join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

THE LASS I SAW YESTREEN.

The weary sun to rest has gane
O'er ocean's breast of blue,
And gloamin' comes wi' dewy wings,
And starnies on her brow;
The merle amang the listenin' woods
His partin' sang has gi'en,
And scented silence turns my heart
To ane I saw yestreen.

Oh! sweet's yon pale wee primrose flower,
Gemm'd wi' her beads of dew,
And sweet yon blue-eed violet,
The breckan keekin' through;
But, oh! they're cauld unto the heart,
And dimsome to the een,
Beside the bonnie blushin' flower—
The lass I saw yestreen.

Let ithers pu' the lily fair
Frae aff her droopin' stem,
Or frae the sweetly-scented brier
Her blushing diadem.
The bonnie flower that I wad pu'
Is peerless a' I ween,
Amang the sweets that summer wears
Around her kirtle green.

The gilded joys were never mine
That wealth's gay minions feel,
Nor mine their pomp and pride of heart
Wha rank's high turrets speel;
Yet, Fortune, there's a friendly hand,
Your frowns are a' forgi'en,
Gin ye'll entwine her heart wi' mine
Wha charm'd my ee yestreen!

THE LASS O' COLINSLEE.

AIR—"*The Lass o' Ardentinny.*"

Down the dark brow o' Gleniffer
Gloamin's dusky shadows fa';
Wak'nin' stars noo faintly glimmer—
Angel lichts o'er heaven's blue wa';
Fauldin' flowers their fragrance breathin',
Woodlan' birds wi' lingering glee
Seem to woo thee forth to wander,
Lovely lass o' Colinslee.

Down yon glen, whaur jinks the burnie
Blythely roun' the hazel knowe,
Smiles a neuk whaur gems o' sweetness,
Simmer's brichtest treasures grow;
Crawflowers, daisies, violets mingle
'Neath the blushin' wild rose-tree—
Emblems o' thy peerless beauty,
Lovely lass o' Colinslee.

Through the sweet green birks o' Flornlie,
Rustlin' zephyrs softly play;
Frae his leafy bower the mavis
Sings to rest the wearie day.
Saft as e'enin's dewy zephyrs,
Blythe as day's sweet lullaby,
Is thy witchin' voice o' gladness,
Lovely lass o' Colinslee.

Let ambition seek for pleasure,
Scalin' glory's giddy steep;
Av'rice to his worshipp'd treasure,
Through the mire of meanness creep;
Purer joy his hame shall brichten,
Lowly though the bield may be,
On whom thy ee of love shall lichten,
Peerless flower o' Colinslee.

THE DUSKY HOUR.

Oh! dear to me's the dusky hour
That weeps o'er parting day,
That shuts the daisy's gowden ee,
And stills the throstle's lay;
That wins the laverock frae the lift
Into his bed of green,
And brings me blythe o'er bank and brae
To meet my bonnie Jean.

Then saft the rustling e'ening winds
Gang wand'ring through the gloom,
Sweet wafting on their dewy wings
Each slumb'ring flower's perfume.
They breathe a tale of blossoms rare
That blush in dells unseen,
And mind me of my bosom flower,
My lowly blooming Jean.

I've gazed upon the beauteous forms
That Fancy loves to trace—
The brightest gems that art can boast
Of loveliness and grace;
But, oh! they want the witching power
That thrills my heart at e'en,
When love lichts up the gloamin' hour
Wi' glances of my Jean.

The laverock 'mang the blushing clouds
May woo the wak'ning day,
The lintie lilt to list'ning noon
A lightsome loving lay;
Give me the hour that gems the flower,
And opes the starnies een—
The trysted hour that brings to me
My winsome blooming Jean.

THE LASSIE O' CARMYLE.

AIR—"*Jessie o' the Dell.*"

'Twas on a bonnie simmer morn,
The fields were wet wi' dew,
And Clutha's banks were clad wi' flowers
Of fairest form and hue;

The wild birds sang their sweetest notes,
Blythe Phœbus ceased to smile,
As wand'ring forth I chanced to meet
The lassie o' Carmyle,
The lassie o' Carmyle, etc.

Her glowing cheek outrivall'd far
The rosebud's sweetest hue;
Her hair was like the raven's wing,
Her eyes a lovely blue.
O'ercome with love and sweet surprise,
Entranced I stood awhile,
Then fondly clasp'd, in warm embrace,
The lassie o' Carmyle,
The lassie o' Carmyle, etc.

Yon sweet wee gowan on the bank
Wi' her could ne'er compare;
The primrose pale, the violet's blue,
Were ne'er so sweet and fair.
I told my love wi' artless tongue,
Wi' heart unstain'd by guile;
She blush'd, she smiled, but noo she's mine,
The lassie o' Carmyle,
The lassie o' Carmyle, etc.

Unheeded now, ambition scales
The slipp'ry hill of fame;
Unenvied now, pale av'rice gains
Blind fortune's fickle game:
For what are rank or fame to me
Compared wi' her sweet smile?
My heart's first treasure still shall be
The lassie o' Carmyle,
The lassie o' Carmyle, etc.

EDWARD POLIN.

A WRITER of prose and poetry, Edward Polin was born at Paisley on the 29th December 1816. He originally followed the business of a pattern-setter in his native town. Fond of literary pursuits, he extensively contributed to the local journals He subsequently became sub-editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*. In 1843 he accepted the editorship of the *Newcastle Courant*—a situation which, proving unsuitable, he retained only a few months. Resolved to adventure on the literary field of London, he sailed from Newcastle in August 1843. The vessel being at anchor off Yarmouth, he obtained leave from the captain to bathe. He had left the vessel only a few yards, when his hands were observed to fall into the water. One of the seamen promptly descended with a rope, and he was speedily raised upon the deck. Every effort to restore animation however proved fruitless. This closing event of a hopeful career took place on the 22d August 1843, when the poet had attained his 27th year. His remains were interred in St George's churchyard, Cripplegate, London.

A GOOD OLD SONG.

I have wander'd afar, 'neath stranger skies,
And have revell'd amid their flowers;
I have lived in the light of Italian eyes,
And dream'd in Italian bowers,
While the wondrous strains of their sunny clime
Have been trill'd to enchant mine ears,
But, oh, how I langed for the song and the time
When my heart could respond with its tears.
Then sing me a song, a good old song—
Not the foreign, the learned, the grand—
But a simple song, a good old song
Of my own dear fatherland.

I have heard, with the great, and the proud, and the gay
All, all they would have me adore
Of that music divine that, enraptured, they say
Can be equall'd on earth never more,
And it may be their numbers indeed are divine,
Though they move not my heart through mine ears,
But a ballad old of the dear "langsyne"
Can alone claim my tribute of tears.

I have come from a far and a foreign clime
To mine own loved haunts once more,
With a yearning for all of my childhood's time
And the dear home-sounds of yore;
And here, if there yet be love for me,
Oh, away with those stranger lays,
And now let my only welcome be
An old song of my boyhood's days.

ALEXANDER BUCHANAN.

ALEXANDER BUCHANAN was the son of a maltster at Bucklyvie, Stirlingshire, where he was born in 1817. He attended a school in Glasgow, but was chiefly self-taught. In his youth he composed verses, and continued to produce respectable poetry. For a period he carried on business as a draper in Cowcaddens, Glasgow. Retiring from merchandise, he fixed his residence in the village of Govan. His death took place on the 8th February 1852, in his thirty-fifth year. Buchanan has been celebrated, with other local bards, in a small Glasgow publication, entitled, "Lays of St Mungo."

I WANDER'D ALANE.

AIR—"*Lucy's Flittin'.*"

I WANDER'D alane at the break o' the mornin',
The dun clouds o' nicht were a' wearin' awa';
The sun rose in glory, the grey hills adornin',
A' glintin like gowd were their tappits o' snaw;
Adown by my side row'd the rock-bedded Kelvin,
While nature aroun' was beginnin' to green,
An' auld cottar bodies their yardies were delvin',
Kennin' thrift in the morn brocht pleasure at e'en.

I leant me against an auld mossy-clad palin',
An' noo an' then dichted a tear frae my ee,
I look'd on the bodies, an' envied their toilin'—
Though lowly their lot, they seem'd happy by me;
I thought on my riches, yet feckless the treasure,
I tried to forget, but the labour was vain;
My wifie an' bairn were a' my life's pleasure,
An' they to the grave baith thegether had gane.

The thochts o' her love had awaken'd my sorrow,
The laugh o' my bairnie cam' back on mine ears,
An', piercing my heart wi' the force o' an arrow,
It open'd anew the saft channel o' tears.
I grat an' I sabb'd till I thocht life wad lea me,
An' happy I then could ha'e parted wi' life—
For naething on earth sic enjoyment could gi'e me
As the glee o' my bairn an' smile o' my wife.

Oh, weary the day was when they were ta'en frae me,
Leavin' me lane, the last leaf on the tree;
Nae comfort the cauld look o' strangers can gi'e me—
I'm wae, and they a' look as waefu' on me.
I wander me aften to break melancholy,
On ilk thing that's leevin' the maxim I see,
Not walth to the weary's like peace to the lowly;
Sae, burden'd wi' grief, I maun gang till I die.

KATIE BLAIR.*

I'VE met wi' mony maidens fair
In kintras far awa,
I've met wi' mony here at hame,
Baith bonnie dames an' braw;
But nane e'er had the power to charm
My love into a snare
Till ance I saw the witchin' ee
An' smile o' Katie Blair.

She wons by Kelvin's bonnie banks,
Whar' thick the greenwoods grow,
Whar' waters loupin' drouk the leaves
While merrily they row.
They drouk the lily an' the rose,
An' mony flow'rets fair,
Yet they ne'er kiss a flower sae sweet
As winsome Katie Blair.

She is a queen owre a' the flowers
O' garden an' o' lea—
Her ae sweet smile mair cheering is
Than a' their balms to me.
As licht to morn she's a' to me,
My bosom's only care;
An' worthy o' the truest love
Is winsome Katie Blair.

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* Printed from the Author's MS.

JAMES LITTLE.

JAMES LITTLE was born at Glasgow, on the 24th May 1821. His father, a respectable shoemaker, was, through his maternal grandmother, a claimant of the title and estates of the last Marquis of Annandale. With a very limited education, the subject of this notice, at an early age, was called on to work with his father; but soon afterwards he enlisted as a private soldier. After eight years of military life, chiefly passed in North America and the West Indies, he purchased his discharge, and resumed shoemaking in his native city. In 1852 he proceeded to the United States, but subsequently returned to Glasgow. His volume of Poems and Songs appeared in 1856, under the title of "Sparks from Nature's Fire." Several of his songs were afterwards published, with music, in the "Lyric Gems of Scotland." His habits latterly became dissipated; he died by his own hand in February 1865.

OUR NATIVE HILLS AGAIN.

OH, swiftly bounds our gallant bark
Across the ocean drear,
While manly cheeks are pale wi' grief,
And wet wi' sorrow's tear.
The flowers that spring upon the Clyde
Will bloom for us in vain;
Nae mair wi' lightsome step we'll climb
Our native hills again.

Amang their glens our fathers sleep,
Where mony a thistle waves;
And roses fair and gowans meek
Bloom owre their lowly graves.
But we maun dree a sadder fate
Far owre the stormy main;
We lang may look, but never see
Our native hills again.

Yet, 'mid the forests o' the west,
When starnies light the sky,
We'll gather round the ingle's side,
And sing o' days gane by;
And sunny blinks o' joy will come
To soothe us when alane,
And aft, in nightly dreams, we'll climb
Our native hills again.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO SCOTIA'S SHORE.

Music by Alexander Hume.

SING not to me of sunny shores
Or verdant climes where olives bloom,
Where, still and calm, the river pours
Its flood, 'mid groves of rich perfume;
Give me the land where torrents flash,
Where loud the angry cat'racts roar,
As wildly on their course they dash—
Then here's a health to Scotia's shore.

Sing not to me of sunny isles
Though there eternal summers reign,
Where many a dark-eyed maiden smiles,
And gaudy flow'rets deck the plain;
Give me the land of mountains steep,
Where wild and free the eagles soar,
The dizzy crags, where tempests sweep—
Then here's a health to Scotia's shore.

Sing not to me of sunny lands,
For there full often tyrants sway
Who climb to power with blood-stain'd hands,
While crouching, trembling slaves obey;
Give me the land unconquer'd still,
Though often tried in days of yore,
Where freedom reigns from plain to hill—
Then here's a health to Scotia's shore.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

ROBERT LEIGHTON was born at Dundee on the 20th February 1822. He followed mercantile pursuits, and resided some time at Ayr and latterly at Liverpool. He published in 1855 a volume entitled "Rhymes and Poems," which was reprinted in 1861. His amusing poetical *brochure* "Scotch Words; and the Bapteesement o' the Bairn," appeared in 1868, and rapidly passed into a third edition. A volume of "Poems," published in 1869, has obtained much acceptance. After a long and severe

illness Mr Leighton died at Liverpool on the 10th May 1869. A man of true genius and decided poetical tastes, his verses will continue to find admirers. He was not professedly a song-writer, but the following compositions are not unsuitable for music.

MY MUCKLE MEAL POCK.

THERE's some can be happy and bide whar they are,
There's ithers ne'er happy unless they gang far;
But aft do I think I'm an easy auld stock,
While I'm joggin' about wi' my muckle meal pock.

Though noo I be auld, abune four score and aucht,
Though my pow it be bauld and my craig be na straucht,
Yet frae mornin' till e'en—aye as steady's a rock—
I gang joggin' about wi' my muckle meal pock.

Just our ain parish roond, and nae mair I gang through,
And when at the end I begin it anew;
There isna' a door but wad blythely unlock,
To welcome me ben wi' my muckle meal pock.

There isna' a hoose but I micht mak' my hame,
There isna' an auld wife wad think me to blame,
Though I open'd the door without gi'eing a knock,
And cam' ben to the fire wi' my muckle meal pock.

As ony newspaper they say I'm as gweed,
And better, say some, for they hinna to read;
The lads and the lasses around me a' flock,
And there's no ane forgets that I ha'e a meal pock.

The gudeman he speaks about corn and lan',
"Hoo's the markets," says he, "are they risen or fa'en?
Or is this snawie weather the roads like to chock?"
But the gudewife aye spiers for my muckle meal pock.

To be usefu' to her I haud sticks on the fire,
Or whan to the milkin' she gangs to the byre,
She'll gi'e me a haud o' the cradle to rock,
And for that she's aye gude to my muckle meal pock.

Though my friends a' be gane whar I yet ha'e to gang,
And o' followin' them noo I canna be lang,
Yet while I am here I will lauch and I'll joke,
For I'll aye find a friend in my muckle meal pock.

YE THREE VOYCES.

YE glasse was at my lippe,
Clere spirit sparkling was;
I was about to sippe,
When a voyce came from ye glasse:

"And would'st thou have a rosie nose—
A blotchèd face and vacant eye—
A shakey frame that feeblie goes—
A forme and feature alle awry—
A bodie rack'd with rheumic paine—
A burnt-up stomach, fever'd braine—
A muddie minde that cannot thinke?
Then drinke, drinke, drinke."

Thus spoke ye voyce and fledde,
Nor any more did say;
But I thought on what it saide,
And I threw ye glasse away.

Ye pipe was in my mouth,
Ye first cloude o'er me broke;
I was to blow another,
When a voyce came from ye smoke!

Come, this must be a hoaxe!
Then I'll snuffe if I may not smoke;
But a voyce came from ye boxe!
And thus these voyces spoke:

"And would'st thou have a swimmie hedde,
A smokie breath and blacken'd tooth?
And would'st thou have thy freshnesse fade,
And wrinkle up thy leafe of youthe?
Would'st have thy voyce to lose its tone—
Thy heavenly note a bag-pipe's drone?
If thou would'st thy health's channels choke,
Then smoke, smoke, smoke;
Ye pipes of thy sweet music stuffe,
Then snuffe, snuffe, snuffe!"

Thus spoke, and fledde they both;—
Glasse! pipe! boxe! in a day,
To lose them was I loath;
Yet I threw them alle away.

O would we be alle healthe, all lightnesse,
Alle youthe, alle sweetnesse, freshnesse, brightnesse—
Seeing through everythinge
With mindes like ye crystal springe;
O! would we be just right enoughe—
Not drinke—not smoke—not snuffe.

Then would our forwarde course
To the right be as naturall
As it is, withouten force,
For stones downwarde to falle.

SPUNK JANET'S CURE FOR LOVE.

I'VE vow'd to forget him again and again;
But vows are as licht as the air is, I trow;
For something within me aye comes wi' a sten',
And dunts on my heart till I gi'e up the vow.

I gaed to Spunk Janet, the spaewife, yestreen—
I've often heard folk o' her wisdom approve:
Quoth she, "It's your fortune you're wanting, I ween?"
"Na! Janet," quoth I, "will ye cure me o' love?"

"I'll try it," quoth she; "say awa' wi' your tale,
And tell me the *outs* and the *ins* o' it a';
Does love mak' ye lichtsome, or does't mak' ye wail?
Ye see, lass, I ken it does ane o' thae twa."

"Aweel, then, to tell you the truth o' it, Janet,
There's sometimes I'm clean overflowin' wi' glee,
And ither times, woman, I'm no fit to stan' it:
Ye'd think I wad greet out the sicht o' my ee.

"But then there's the laddie, I never can get him;
And here am I ready an willin' to pay,
Gin ye'll play some *cantrip* to mak' me forget him—
The thochts o' him deave me by nicht and by day."

"I'll e'en try my skill on't, quoth Janet, "I shall,—
The cost o' my coonsel is but half-a-croon;
Hooever, i' the first place, ye ken the Witch-Wallie,
That bonnie clear spring at the end o' the toon.

"When the sun frae his bed is beginnin' to teet,
Gang ye ilka mornin', blaw weet or blaw wind,
And sit by the wallie, and dip in your feet,
Without e'er a thocht o' the lad in your mind.

"Do this for a week, and the cure will be wrocht;
But, mind ye, tak' care o' what comes in your head!
If it e'er should chance that *the lad* be your thocht,
Like mist o' the mornin' the cantrip will fade!"

Thus ended Spunk Janet: I paid her the fee,
And by her directions I promised to bide:
To-morrow the *cantrip* begins, I maun be,
By the first peep o' day, at the Witch-Wallie's side.

The cauld o' the water I weel may endure;
But then, there's *the thocht*, it's the warst o' them a':
For if ower the thochts o' my mind I had power,
I wadna ha'e needed Spunk Janet ava!

THE AULD GABERLUNZIE IS DEAD AND AWA'.

WILD was the e'enin', the wind it was howlin',
And, souffin' and snellin', the drift it did blaw;
Doon in the moorland a doggie was yowlin'
For some weary body owerta'en by the snaw.

Sairly we wish'd for the dawn o' the day,
And mony a saut tear o' sorrow did fa';
And mony a heart in the parish was wae,—
'Twas the auld Gaberlunzie lay dead in the snaw!

Nae mair shall we feast ower the news o' the clachan,
Or hear how the lairds gang wi' lairds to the law;
We'll hear nae mair clashes to set us a-lauchin',—
The auld Gaberlunzie is dead and awa'!

Nae mair will auld grannie sit crackin' at e'en
Wi' the couthie auld carle ayont by the wa',
And lauch ower the jokes o' the days that ha'e been,—
Now the auld Gaberlunzie is dead and awa'!

Nae mair will the lasses wha work at the ferm
Ken how ither lasses are growin' sae braw;
Or wha's to be married at Martinmas term,—
The auld Gaberlunzie is dead and awa'!
Nae mair will auld grandfaither crack o' the war
Wi' the skilly auld bodie, wha ken'd o' it a';
His heart now is dowie, and heavy, and sair,
Since the auld Gaberlunzie is dead and awa'.

Nae mair will the laddies hear auld-farrant stories
O' ilka auld castle and queer biggit ha';
O' ghaists and o' witches, o' warlocks and fairies,—
The auld Gaberlunzie is dead and awa'!
Wha could ha'e thocht we shud miss him sae ill!
The parish is no like a parish ava'!
Naething to cheer us now! a' bodie's dull
Since the auld Gaberlunzie is dead and awa'!

JAMES MACLARDY.

JAMES MACLARDY was born in Glasgow on the 22d August 1824. His father, who afterwards removed to Paisley, was a journeyman shoemaker in humble circumstances. With the scanty rudiments of education, young Maclardy was early cast upon the world. For a course of years he led a sort of rambling life, repeatedly betaking himself to the occupation of a pedlar, and sometimes being dependent for

subsistence on his skill as a ballad singer. Adopting his father's profession, he practised his craft in various localities, and afterwards became a leather-merchant in Glasgow. He is now resident in London.

THE SUNNY DAYS ARE COME, MY LOVE.

THE sunny days are come, my love,
The gowan's on the lea,
And fragrant flow'rs wi' hinny'd lips,
Invite the early bee;
The scented winds are whisp'ring by,
The lav'rock's on the wing,
The lintie on the dewy spray
Gars glen and woodland ring.

The sunny days are come, my love,
The primrose decks the brae,
The vi'let in its rainbow robe
Bends to the noontide ray;
The cuckoo in her trackless bower
Has waken'd from her dream;
The shadows o' the new-born leaves
Are waving in the stream.

The sunny days are come, my love,
The swallow skims the lake,
As o'er its glassy bosom clear
The insect cloudlets shake.
The heart of nature throbs with joy
At love and beauty's sway;
The meanest creeping thing of earth
Shares in her ecstasy.

Then come wi' me my bonny Bell,
And rove Gleniffer o'er,
And ye shall lend a brighter tint
To sunshine and to flower;
And ye shall tell the heart ye've won
A blessing or a wae—
Awake a summer in my breast,
Or bid hope's flowers decay.

For spring may spread her mantle green,
O'er mountain, dell, and lea,
And summer burst in every hue
Wi' smiles and melody,
To me the sun were beamless, love,
And scentless ilka flower,
Gin ye were no this heart's bright sun,
Its music and its bower.

OH, MY LOVE WAS FAIR.

OH, my love was fair as the siller clud
That sleeps in the smile o' dawn;
An' her een were bricht as the crystal bells
That spangle the blossom'd lawn:
An' warm as the sun was her kind, kind heart,
That glow'd 'neath a faemy sea;
But I fear'd, by the tones o' her sweet, sweet voice,
That my love was nae for me.

Oh, my love was gay as the summer time,
When the earth is bricht an' gled,
An' fresh as the spring when the young buds blaw,
In their sparkling pearl-draps cled:
An' her hair was like chains o' the sunset sheen,
That hangs 'tween the lift an' sea;
But I fear'd, by the licht that halo'd her face,
That my love was nae for me.

Oh, my love was sweet as the violet flower
That waves by the moss-grown stane,
An' her lips were rich as the rowans red
That hang in forest lane;
An' her broo was a dreamy hill o' licht,
That struck ane dumb to see;
But I fear'd, by signs that canna be named,
That my love was nae for me.

Oh, my love was mild as the autumn gale
That fans the temples o' toil,
An' the sweets o' a thousand summers cam'
On her breath an' sunny smile:
An' spotless she gaed on the tainted earth,
O' a mortal blemish free,
While my heart forgot, in its feast o' joy,
That my love was nae for me.

Oh, my love was leal, an' my cup o' bliss
Was reaming to the brim,
When, ae gloaming chill, to her sacred bower
Cam' a grisly carle fu' grim,
Wha dash'd the cup frae my raptured lips
Wi' a wild, unearthly glee;
Sae the ghaistly thought was then confirm'd,
That my love was nae for me.

Oh, my love was young, an' the grim auld carle
Held her fast in his cauld embrace,
An' suck'd the red frae her hinny'd mou',
An' the blush frae her peachy face:
He stifled the sound o' her charm'd throat,
An' quench'd the fires o' her ee;
But fairer she blooms in her heavenly bower,
For my love was nae for me.

Sae I tyned my love an' I tyned my heart,
An' I tyned baith wealth an' fame;
Syne I turn'd a sad, weary minstrel wicht,
Wi' the cauld warld for my hame.
Yet my minstrelsy's but a lanely lay,
My wealth my aumous fee;
Oh, wad that I were wi' the grim auld carle,
For this warld is nae for me.

WILLIAM AIR FOSTER.

THE author of some spirited effusions in Scottish verse, William Air Foster was born at Coldstream on the 16th of June 1801. He was a bootmaker, first in his native town, and latterly in Glasgow. Devoted to the Border sports, in which he was formerly an active performer, he celebrated them in animated verse. To "Whistle Binkie" he contributed a number of sporting and angling songs, and composed several volumes of poetry which are still in manuscript. He died about 1864.

FAREWEEL TO SCOTIA.

FAREWEEL to ilk hill where the red heather grows,
To ilk bonnie green glen whar the mountain stream rows,
To the rock that re-echoes the torrent's wild din,
To the graves o' my sires, and the hearths o' my kin.

Fareweel to ilk strath an' the lav'rock's sweet sang—
For trifles grow dear whan we've kenn'd them sae lang;
Round the wanderer's heart a bright halo they shed,
A dream o' the past when a' other's ha'e fled.

The young hearts may kythe, though they're forced far away,
But its dool to the spirit when haffets are grey;
The saplin' transplanted may flourish a tree,
Whar the hardy auld aik wad but wither and dee.

They tell me I gang whar the tropic suns shine
Owre landscapes as lovely and fragrant as thine;
For the objects sae dear that the heart had entwined
Turn eerisome hame-thoughts, and sicken the mind.

No, my spirit shall stray whar the red heather grows!
In the bonnie green glen whar the mountain stream rows,
'Neath the rock that re-echoes the torrent's wild din,
'Mang the graves o' my sires, round the hearths o' my kin.

THE FALCON'S FLIGHT.

AIR—"*There's nae luck about the House.*"

I SING of gentle woodcroft gay, for well I love to rove,
With the spaniel at my side and the falcon on my glove;
For the noble bird which graced my hand I feel my spirit swell,
Array'd in all her hunting-gear—hood, jessy, leash, and bell.

I have watch'd her through the moult, till her castings all were pure,
And have steep'd and clean'd each gorge ere 'twas fix'd upon the lure;
While now to field or forest glade I can my falcon bring
Without a pile of feather wrong, on body, breast, or wing.

When drawn the leash, and slipt the hood, her eye beams black and bright,
And from my hand the gallant bird is cast upon her flight;
Away she darts, on pinions free, above the mountains far,
Until in less'ning size she seems no bigger than a star.

Away, away, in farthest flight I feel no fear or dread,
When a whistle or a whoop brings her tow'ring o'er my head;
While poised on moveless wing, from her voice a murmur swells,
To speak her presence near, above the chiming from her bells.

'Tis Rover's bark—halloo! see the broad-wing'd heron rise,
And soaring round my falcon queen, above her quarry flies,
With outstretch'd neck the wary game shoots for the covert nigh;
But o'er him for a settled stoop my hawk is tow'ring high.

My falcon's tow'ring o'er him with an eye of fire and pride,
Her pinions strong, with one short pull, are gather'd to her side,
When like a stone from off the sling, or bolt from out the bow,
In meteor flight, with sudden dart, she stoops upon her foe.

The vanquish'd and the vanquisher sink rolling round and round,
With wounded wing the quarried game falls heavy on the ground.
Away, away, my falcon fair has spread her buoyant wings,
While on the ear her silver voice as clear as metal rings.

Though high her soar, and far her flight, my whoop has struck her ear,
And reclaiming for the lure, o'er my head she sallies near.
No other sport like falconry can make the bosom glow,
When flying at the stately game, or raking at the crow.

Who mews a hawk must nurse her as a mother would her child,
And soothe the wayward spirit of a thing so fierce and wild;
Must woo her like a bride, while with love his bosom swells
For the noble bird that bears the hood, the jessy, leash, and bells.

THE SALMON RUN.

AIR—"*The Brave Old Oak.*"

OH! away to the Tweed,
To the beautiful Tweed,
My much-loved native stream;
Where the fish from his hold,
'Neath some cataract bold,
Starts up like a quivering gleam.

From his iron-bound keep,
Far down in the deep,
He holds on his sovereign sway;
Or darts like a lance,
Or the meteor's glance,
Afar on his bright-wing'd prey.

As he roves through the tide,
Then his clear glitt'ring side
Is burnish'd with silver and gold;
And the sweep of his flight,
Seems a rainbow of light,
As again he sinks down in his hold.

With a soft western breeze
That just thrills through the trees,
And ripples the beautiful bay;
Throw the fly for a lure—
That's a rise! strike him sure—
A clean fish—with a burst he's away.

Hark! the ravel line sweel,
From the fast-whirring reel,
With a music that gladdens the ear;
And the thrill of delight,
In that glorious fight,
To the heart of the angler is dear.

Hold him tight—for the leap;
Where the waters are deep,
Give out line in the far steady run;
Reel up quick if he tire,
Though the wheel be on fire,
For in earnest to work he's begun.

Aroused up at length,
How he rolls in his strength,
And springs with a quivering bound;
Then away with a dash,
Like the lightning's flash,
Far o'er the smooth pebbly ground.

Though he strain on the thread,
Down the stream with his head,
That burst from the run makes him cool;
Then spring out for the land,
On the rod change the hand,
And draw down for the deepening pool.

Mark the gleam of his side,
As he shoots through the tide!
Are the dyes of the dolphin more fair?
Fatigue now begins,
For his quivering fins
On the shallows are spread in despair.

ROBERT DUTHIE.

THE writer of some spirited lyrics, Robert Duthie was born at Stonehaven on the 2d of February 1826. Having obtained an ordinary elementary education, he was apprenticed, in his fourteenth year, to his father, who followed the baking business. He afterwards taught a private school in his native town; but, on the death of his father, in 1848, he resumed his original profession, with the view of supporting his mother and the younger members of the family. After a period of ill health, he died on the 4th January 1865, in his thirty-ninth year. His "Poems and Songs" have been published posthumously, in a duodecimo volume, accompanied with a memoir of his life. This work is sold for the benefit of the author's widow.

SONG OF THE OLD ROVER.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat on the wild sea waves,
And the tempest around me is swelling;
The winds have come forth from their ice-ribb'd caves,
And the waves from their rocky dwelling;
But my trim-built bark
O'er the waters dark
Bounds lightly along,
And the mermaid lists to my echoing song.
Hurrah! hurrah! how I love to lave
In the briny spray of the wild sea wave!

I'm afloat, I'm afloat on the foaming deep,
And the storm-bird above me is screaming;
While forth from the cloud where the thunders sleep
The lightning is fearfully gleaming;
But onward I dash,
For the fitful flash
Illumes me along,
And the thunders chorus my echoing song.
Hurrah! hurrah! how I love to brave
The dangers that frown on the wild sea wave!

I'm afloat, I'm afloat where my well-served shot
Lays the war-dogs bleeding around me;
But ne'er do I yield on the tentless field
Till the wreath of the victor hath crown'd me;
Then I, a true child
Of the ocean wild,
With a tuneful tongue
Bear away with my prize and my conquering song.
Hurrah! hurrah! shot and storm, let them rave—
I'm at home, dashing on through the wild sea wave!

I'm afloat, I'm afloat on my ocean home—
The home of the hurrying billow;
But the time is at hand when no longer I'll roam,
But in peace lay me down on its pillow:
The petrel will scream
My requiem hymn,
And the thunders prolong
The deep-chorus'd note of my last-echo'd song,
As I sink to repose in my rock-bound grave
That is down in the depths of the wild sea wave.

BOATMAN'S SONG.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the boundless sea,
The home of the rover, the bold and free;
Land hath its charms, but those be mine,
To row my boat through the sparkling brine—
To lave in the pearls that kiss the prow
Of the bounding thing as we onward go—
To nerve the arm and bend the oar,
Bearing away from the vacant shore.
Pull away, pull away o'er the glassy sea—
'Tis the tempest's path, and the path for me;
Land hath its charms, but no charms like thine:
Hurrah! let us dash through the sparkling brine!

Gloomily creeping the mists appear
In denser shade on the mountains drear;
And the twilight steals o'er the stilly deep,
By the zephyrs hush'd to its evening sleep:
Not a ripple uprears a whiten'd crest,
To wrinkle the blue of its placid breast;
But all is still, save the lisping waves
Washing the shells in the distant caves.
Pull away, pull away o'er the sleeping sea—
'Tis the tempest's path, and the path for me—
'Tis the home of my heart where I'd ever rove!
Hurrah! hurrah! for the home I love!

Oh, I love the sound of the tempest's roar,
And I love the splash of the bending oar,
Playing amid the phosphoric fire,
Seen as the eddying sparks retire.
'Tis a fairy home, and I love to roam
Through its sleeping calm or its lashing foam.
The land hath its charms, but the sea hath more,
Then away let us row from the vacant shore.
Pull away, pull away o'er the mighty sea—
'Tis the tempest's path, and the path for me;
'Tis the home of the rover, the bold and free;
Hurrah! hurrah! for the boundless sea!

WILLIAM B. C. RIDDELL.

A youth of remarkable promise, William Brown Clark Riddell was the youngest son of Mr Henry Scott Riddell.* He was born at Flexhouse, near Hawick, Roxburghshire, on the 16th December 1835. In his seventh year he was admitted a pupil in John Watson's Institution, Edinburgh, where he remained till 1850, when he entered the University of Edinburgh. During three sessions he prosecuted his studies with extraordinary ardour and success. On the commencement of a fourth session he was seized with an illness which completely prostrated his physical, and occasionally

* See *postea*, p. 366.

enfeebled his mental energies. After a period of suffering, patiently borne, he died in his father's cottage, Teviothead, on the 20th July 1856, in his twenty-first year.

Of an intellect singularly precocious, William Riddell, so early as the age of seven, composed in correct and interesting prose, and produced in his eighth year some vigorous poetry. With a highly retentive memory he retained the results of an extended course of reading, begun almost in childhood. Conversant with general history, he was familiar with the various systems of philosophy. To an accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics, he added a correct acquaintance with many of the modern languages. He found consolation on his deathbed by perusing the Scriptures in the original tongues. He died in fervent hope, and with Christian resignation.

LAMENT OF WALLACE.*

No more by thy margin, dark Carron,
Shall Wallace in solitude wander,
When tranquil the moon shines afar on
Thy heart-stirring wildness and grandeur.
For lost are to me
Thy beauties for ever,
Since fallen in thee
Lie the faithful and free,
To waken, ah, never!

And I, thus defeated, must suffer
My country's reproach; yet, forsaken,
A home to me nature may offer
Among her green forests of braken.
But home who can find
For heart-rending sorrow?
The wound who can bind
When thus pierced is the mind
By fate's ruthless arrow?

'Tis death that alone ever frees us
Of woes too profound to be spoken,
And nought but the grave ever eases
The pangs of a heart that is broken.
Then, oh! that my blood
In Carron's dark water
Had mix'd with the flood
Of the warriors' shed
'Mid torrents of slaughter.

For woe to the day when desponding
I read in thine aspect the story
Of those that were slain when defending
Their homes and their mountains of glory.
And curst be the guile
Of treacherous knavery
That throws o'er our isle
In its tyranny vile,
The mantle of slavery.

* Composed in the author's fourteenth year.

JOHN NEVAY.

John Nevay was born in the town of Forfar on the 28th of January 1792. He was educated at the schools of his native place, and considerably improved himself in classical learning, at an early age, under the tuition of Mr James Clarke, sometime master of the Burgh School, and the friend and correspondent of Burns. Fond of solitary rambles in the country, he began, while a mere youth, to portray in verse his impressions of the scenery which he was in the habit of surveying. He celebrated the green fields, the lochs and mountains near the scene of his nativity, and was rewarded with the approving smiles of the family circle. Acquiring facility in the production of verses, he was at length induced to venture on a publication. In 1818 he gave to the world a "Pamphlet of Rhymes," which, obtaining a ready sale, induced him to publish a second small collection of verses in 1821. After an interval devoted to mental improvement, he appeared, in 1834, as the author of "The Peasant, a Poem in Nine Cantos, with other Poems," in one volume, 12mo. In the following year he published "The Child of Nature, and other Poems," in a thin duodecimo volume. In 1853 he printed, by subscription, a third volume, entitled "Rosaline's Dream, in Four Duans, and other Poems," which was accompanied with an introductory essay

by the Rev. George Gilfillan. His latest production—"The Fountain of the Rock, a Poem"—appeared in a pamphlet form, in 1855. He has repeatedly written prose tales for the periodicals, and has contributed verses to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

THE EMIGRANT'S LOVE-LETTER.

My young heart's luve! twal' years ha'e been
A century to me;
I ha'e na seen thy smile, nor heard
Thy voice's melodie.
The mony hardships I ha'e tholed
Sin' I left Larocklea,
I maunna tell, for it would bring
The saut tear in thine ee.

But I ha'e news an' happy news,
To tell unto my love—
What I ha'e won, to me mair dear
That it my heart can prove.
Its thochts unchanged, still it is true,
An' surely sae is thine;
Thou never, never canst forget
That twa war ane langsyne.

The simmer sun blinks on the tarn,
An' on the primrose brae,
Where we, in days o' innocence,
War wont to daff an' play;
An' I amang the mossy springs
Wade for the hinny blooms—
To thee the rush tiara wove,
Bedeck'd wi' lily plumes.

When on the ferny knowe we sat,
A happy, happy pair—
Thy comely cheek laid on my knee,
I plaited thy gowden hair.

Oh! then I felt the holiest thocht
That e'er enter'd my mind—
It, Mary, was to be to thee
For ever true an' kind.

Though fair the flowers that bloom around
My dwallin' owre the sea—
Though bricht the streams, an' green the bowers,
They are na *sae* to me.
I hear the bulbul's mellow leed
Upo' the gorgeous paum—
The sweet cheep o' the feather'd bee
Amang the fields o' baum.

But there are nae auld Scotland's burds,
Sae dear to childhood's days—
The laverock, lintie, shulf, an' yyoite,
That taught us luve's sweet lays.
Gin' thou e'er wauk'st alane to think
On him that's owre the sea,
Their cheerfu' saft luve-lilts will tell
My heart's luve-thochts to thee.

Lat joy be in thy leal, true heart,
An' bricht smile in thine ee—
The bonnie bark is in the bay,
I'm coming hame to thee;
I'm coming hame to thee, Mary,
Wi' mony a pearl fine,
An' I will lay them in thy lap,
For the kiss o' sweet langsyne.

MRS JANET HAMILTON.

In illustrating the triumphs of genius amidst the trammels of poverty and unfavourable circumstances, the career of Janet Hamilton furnishes an appropriate theme to the biographer. She survives, though unhappily deprived of eyesight, to enjoy, in some measure, the fruits of her genius and literary culture. Janet Thomson, such was her maiden name, was born at the village of Carshill, parish of Shotts, Lanarkshire, in October 1795. Through her maternal ancestors, she is connected with the children of the Covenant; she is fifth in descent from John Whitelaw, of the parish of Monkland, who was executed at Edinburgh in 1683 for his share in the battle of Bothwell Bridge. Her father, a working shoemaker, often experienced the pressure of adversity. Janet was married to John Hamilton, his assistant, in 1809, while only in her fourteenth year. She had taught herself to read, and ere she had ventured on the married state, had nearly exhausted the stores of the village library, and was abundantly familiar with the Scriptures. After her marriage, and when the cares of a young family pressed upon her time, she abridged her hours of sleep to continue

her favourite reading. She became familiar with the works of the British poets, and more especially with the ballad and song literature of her native country. She composed some religious pieces before her nineteenth year, but from that period till about the age of fifty-four, she entirely abandoned poetical composition. She was still unable to write, but she invented a peculiar "graphy" of her own. In the columns of Cassell's "Working Man's Friend" she was first introduced to the world of letters. In 1863 appeared her "Poems and Songs," a duodecimo volume, published at Glasgow. This was followed by "Poems and Sketches;" and in 1868 she published a work which at once established her reputation, entitled "Poems and Ballads." The last volume was accompanied with introductory papers by the Rev. George Gilfillan and the Rev. Dr Alexander Wallace. Soon after the publication, her Majesty was pleased to confer upon the authoress a civil-list pension of fifty pounds.

Mrs Hamilton has written only a few songs. The two following compositions partake in some measure of this character, and are favourable specimens of her manner. In her poems she has celebrated the nobility of labour and the patriotic virtues. To intemperance in every form her muse is an inexorable foe. She delights to depict the beauties of nature and portray the domestic affections: she is the poetess of social advancement. She has long resided, with her husband and family, at Coatbridge in Lanarkshire, whither many persons of literary eminence have proceeded that they might visit her in her lowly cottage.

SUMMER VOICES.

BENEATH the shining, trembling leaves that drape the bowers of June,
I sit and list with raptured ear to sweetly-varied tune
Of Nature's thousand melodies—above, below, around—
Sweet sights, sweet scent, but sweeter far the mingling charms of sound.
The silvery lapse of tinkling streams, the rivers' rushing voice;
The lucent waves that lap the shore in murmuring tones rejoice;
The fitful cadence of the breeze that skims with silken wings
O'er bending waves of odorous hay, and through the woodland sings;
The tell-tale voice beloved of Spring, the wail of forest dove;
The thousand swelling, warbling throats that sing of bliss and love;
The voice of woods, in soft commune with twilight's dewy airs,
Where parent thrush on darkling bough beguiles his brooding cares;
The shadows fall—Oh! gentle bird, thy liquid voice is mute;
But hark! that sweetly-tinkling strain breathed from the plaintive flute;
No eye but thine, soft star of love, the rapt musician sees
Slow wandering by the lonely lake beneath the sleeping trees.
Now Scotia! from thy native airs, so wildly, simply sweet,
For this the hour and this the scene where rustic maidens meet
By cottage door, by village spring, o'erhung with wilding rose:
Hark! from their lips the Doric lay in gushing music flows!
Sweet Summer sounds, I love ye all; but dearest, holiest, best,
The song of praise from cottage hearth that hails the Sabbath rest:
The birds—the streams—the breeze—the song to earthly sounds are given;
This mounts the wings of Summer morn, and singing flies to heaven!

EFFIE.

SHE was wearin' awa'! she was wearin' awa!
Wi' the leaves in October we thocht she would fa',
For her cheek was owre red, an' her ee was owre bricht,
Whaur the saul leuk'd oot like an angel o' licht.

She dwelt in the muirlan's, amang the red bells
O' the sweet hinny heather that blooms on the fells,
Whaur the peesweep an' plover are aye on the wing,
An' the lilt o' the lav'rock's first heard in the Spring.

As black as a craw, an' as saft as the silk
Were the lang locks that fell on a neck like the milk;
She was lithesome an' lo'esome as lassie might be,
An' saft was the love-licht that danc'd in her ee,

Puir Effie had lov'd; a' the hopes an' the fears,
The plagues an' the pleasures, the smiles an' the tears
O' love she had kenn'd—she had gane thro' them a'
For fause Jamie Crichton—O, black be his fa'.

The auldest o' five, when a lassie o' ten,
She had baith the hoose and the bairnies to fen',
The mither had gane when she was but a bairn;
Sae Effie had mony sad lessons to learn.

At hame, had ye seen her amang the young chips,
The sweet law o' kindness was aye on her lips;
She kamed oot their hair, wash'd their wee hackit feet,
Wi' sae tentie a haun that a bairn wadna greet.

She was to her faither the licht o' his een;
He said she wad be what her mither had been—
A fair an' sweet sample o' true womanhood,
Sae carefu' an' clever, sae bonnie an' guid.

The cot-hoose it stood on the lip o' the burn,
That wimpled an' jinkit wi' mony a turn;
Roun' the fit o' the heather-fring'd gowany brae,
Whaur the ae cow was tether'd, an' bairnies at play.

Sweet Effie was juist in the midst o' her teens,
When she gat the first inkling o' what wooing means,
Frae a chiel in the clachan, wha aften was seen
Stealing up the burnside to the cot-hoose at een.

On a saft simmer gloamin' I saw them mysel',
On the bank o' the burnie, an' weel I cou'd tell,
By the hue on her cheek, an' the blink o' her ee,
That her young love was his, an' wad ever mair be.

Belyve to fair Effie cam' wooers galore,
An' mony saft tirlin's at een on the door;
She smiled on them a', but ga'e welcome to nane—
Her first love an' last was young Jamie's alane.

An' Jamie, wha ne'er was a week frae her side,
Had vowed e'er a twomond to mak' her his bride;
Her troth she had gi'en him, wi' blushes and tears—
It was sweet—O, how sweet!—tho' whiles she had fears;

For a wee burdie sang, as roun' her it flew,
"Sweet lassie, tak' tent—he's owre sweet to be true;
He's oot in the e'enin's whan ye dinna ken,
An' they say he's been seen wi' Kate o' the Glen."

But Effie wad lauch, an' wad say to hersel',
"What lees an' what clashes thae bodies maun tell;
For my Jamie has sworn to be true to the death,
An' nocht noo can pairt us as lang's we ha'e brethe."

Ae short winter Sabbath, juist as it grew mirk,
The faither cam' hame—he had been at the kirk;
His cheek was sae white, and his leuk was sae queer,
That Effie glower'd at him in dredour an' fear.

Then he said, "My ain Effie, puir mitherless lass!
O wha wad ha'e thocht this wad e'er come to pass?
Thy Jamie, this day, in the kirk was proclaim'd,
An' Katie Maclean for his bride they ha'e named.

"I was tauld on the road by ane that maun ken,
Her grannie was ance the gudewife o' the Glen,
An' she left to young Katie a hantle o' gear—
It's gear Jamie wants, and there's naething o't here."

An' what said puir Effie? she stood like a stane,
But faintin', or greetin', or cryin' was nane;
Her sweet lips they quiver'd, the bluid frae her cheek
Flew back to her heart, but nae word could she speak.

The faither sat down, laid her head on his breast:
"On God an' her faither my Effie maun rest;
They ne'er will deceive thee—thy wrangs are right sair;
Gin Jamie had wed thee they micht ha'e been mair."

Sune Effie gat up, ga'e her faither some meat,
Put the bairnies to bed, yet ne'er could she greet—
Her young heart was stricken—the fountains were dry,
That gush frae the een wi' a tearfu' supply.

That nicht at the reading she joined in the psalm,
Her cheek it was pale, but her brow it was calm;
An' faither he pray'd, as she knelt by his side,
That God his dear lassie wad comfort an' guide.

The winter gaed by, an' the hale summer thro'
She tosh'd up the hoose, fed an' milkit the cow,
The cauld warl' had nocht that she cared for ava,
Her life it was silently melting awa'.

O, whaur noo the love-licht that sparkled ere while
In her bonny black ee? O, whaur noo the smile
That dimpled her cheek? they were gane! they were gane!
Yet she ne'er shed a tear, an' ne'er made a mane.

An' sae she was wearin', fast wearin' awa'!
Wi' the leaves in October sweet Effie did fa'!
Her mornin' was ended, an' blissfu' an' bricht,
The dear lassie dwells wi' the angels o' licht.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

Henry Scott Riddell, one of the most powerful and pleasing of the living national song-writers, was born on the 23d September 1798, at Sorbie, in the Vale of Ewes—a valley remarkable for its pastoral beauty, lying in the south-east of Dumfriesshire. His father was a shepherd, well acquainted with the duties of his profession, and a man of strong though uneducated mind. "My father, while I was yet a child," writes Mr Riddell, in a MS. autobiography, "left Sorbie; but when I had become able to traverse both *burn* and *brae*, hill and glen, I frequently returned to, and spent many weeks together in, the vale of my nativity. We had gone, under the same employer, to what pastoral phraseology terms '*an out-bye herding*,' in the wilds of Eskdalemuir, called Langshawburn. Here we continued for a number of years, and had, in this remote, but most friendly and hospitable district, many visitors, ranging from Sir Pulteney Malcolm down to Jock Gray, whom Sir Walter Scott, through one of his strange mistakes, called David Gellatly. . . . . Among others who constituted a part of the company of these days, was one whom I have good reason to remember—the Ettrick Shepherd. Nor can I forbear observing that his seemed one of those hearts that do not become older in proportion as the head grows grey. Cheerful as the splendour of heaven, he carried the feelings, and, it may be said, the simplicity and pursuits of youth, into his maturer years; and if few of the sons of men naturally possessed such generous influence in promoting, so likewise few enjoyed so much pleasure in participating in the expedients of recreation, and the harmless glee of those who meet under the rural roof—the shepherd's *bien* and happy home. This was about the time when Hogg began to write, or at least to publish: as I can remember from the circumstance of my being able to repeat the most part of the pieces in his first publication by hearing them read by others before I could read them myself. It may, perhaps, be worth while to state that at these meetings the sons of farmers, and even of lairds, did not disdain to make their appearance, and mingle delightedly with the lads that wore the crook and plaid. Where pride does not come to chill nor foppery to deform homely and open-hearted kindness, yet where native modesty and self-respect induce propriety of conduct, society possesses its own attractions, and can subsist on its own resources.

"At these happy meetings I treasured up a goodly store of old Border ballads, as well as modern songs; for in those years of unencumbered and careless existence, I could, on hearing a song, or even a ballad, sung twice, have fixed it on my mind word for word. My father, with his family, leaving Langshawburn, went to Capplefoot, on the Water of Milk, and there for one year occupied a farm belonging to Thomas Beattie, Esq. of Muckledale, and who, when my father was in Ewes, had been his friend. My employment here was, along with a younger brother, to tend the cows. In the winter season we entered the Corrie school, but had only attended a short while when we both took fever, and our attendance was not resumed. At Langshawburn, my father for several winters hired a person into his house, who taught his family and that of a neighbouring shepherd. In consequence of our distance from any place of regular education, I had also been boarded at several schools—at Devington in Eskdale, Roberton on Borthwick Water, and Newmill on the Teviot, at each of which, however, I only remained a short time, making, I suppose, such progress as do other boys who love the football better than the spelling-book.

"At the Whitsunday term, my father relinquished his farm, and returned to his former employment in the Forest of Ettrick, under Mr Scott of Deloraine, to whom

he had been a shepherd in his younger days. With this family, indeed, and that of Mr Borthwick, then of Sorbie, and late of Hopesrigg, all his years since he could wear the plaid were passed, with the exception of the one just mentioned. It was at Deloraine that I commenced the shepherd's life in good earnest. Through the friendly partiality of our employer, I was made principal shepherd at an age considerably younger than it is usual for most others to be instrusted with so extensive a *hirsel** as was committed to my care. I had by this time, however, served what might be regarded as a regular apprenticeship to the employment, which almost all sons of shepherds do, whether they adhere to herding sheep in after-life or not. Seasons and emergencies not seldom occur when the aid which the little boy can lend often proves not much less availing than that of the grown-up man. Education in this line consequently commences early. A knowledge of the habits, together with the proper treatment of sheep, and therefore of pastoral affairs in general, 'grows with the growth' of the individual, and becomes, as it were, a portion of his nature. I had thus assisted my father more or less all along; and when a little older, though still a mere boy, I went for a year to a friend at Glencotha, in Holmswater, as assistant shepherd or lamb-herd. Another year in the same capacity I was with a shepherd in Wester Buccleuch. It was at Glencotha that I first made a sustained attempt to compose in rhyme. When in Wester Buccleuch, my life was much more lonely, and became more tinged with thoughts and feelings of a romantic cast. Owing to the nature of the stock kept on the farm, it was my destiny, day after day, to be out among the mountains during the whole summer season from early morn till the fall of even. But the long summer days, whether clear or cloudy, never seemed long to me—I never wearied among the wilds. My flocks being *hirsled*, as it is expressed, required vigilance; but if this was judiciously maintained, the task was for the most part an easy and pleasant one. I know not if it be worth while to mention that the hills and glens on which my charge pastured at this period formed a portion of what in ancient times was termed the Forest of Rankleburn. The names of places in the district, though there were no other more intelligible traditions, might serve to show that it is a range of country to which both kings and nobles had resorted. If from morning to night I was away far from the homes of living men, I was not so in regard to those of the dead. Where a lesser stream from the wild upland comes down and meets the Rankleburn, a church or chapel once stood, surrounded, like most other consecrated places of the kind, by a burial-ground. There tradition says that five dukes, some say kings, lie buried under a marble stone. I had heard that Sir Walter, then Mr Scott, had, a number of years previously, made a pilgrimage to this place, for the purpose of discovering the sepulchres of the great and nearly forgotten dead, but without success. This, however, tended, in my estimation, to confirm the truth of the tradition; and having enough of time and opportunity, I made many a toilsome effort of a similar nature, with the same result. With hills around, wild and rarely trodden, and the ceaseless yet ever-varying tinkling of its streams, together with the mysterious echoes which the least stir seemed to awaken, the place was not only lonely, but also creative of strange apprehensions, even in the hours of open day. It is strange that the heart will fear the dead, which, perhaps, never feared the living. Though I could muster and maintain courage to dig perseveringly among the dust of the long-departed when the sun shone in the sky, yet when the shadow of night was coming, or had come down upon the earth, the scene was sacredly secure from all inroad on my part: and to make the matter sufficiently intelligible, I may further mention that, some years afterwards, when I took a fancy one evening to travel eight miles to meet some friends in a shepherd's

* A flock of sheep.

lone muirland dwelling, I made the way somewhat longer for the sake of evading the impressive loneliness of this locality. I had no belief that I should meet accusing spirits of the dead; but I disliked to be troubled in waging war with those *eery* feelings which are the offspring of superstitious associations.

While a lamb-herd at Buccleuch, I read when I could get a book which was not already threadbare. I had a few chisels, and files, and other tools, with which I took pleasure in constructing, of wood or bone, pieces of mechanism; and I kept a diary in which I wrote many minute and trivial matters, as well, no doubt as I then thought, many a sage observation. In this, likewise, I wrote rude rhymes on local occurrences. But I have anticipated a little. On returning home from Glencotha, and two years before I went to Buccleuch, a younger brother and I had still another round at herding cattle, which pastured in a park near by my father's cottage. Our part was to protect a meadow which formed a portion of it; and the task being easy to protect that for which the cattle did not much care, nor yet could skaithe greatly though they should trespass upon it, we were far too idle not to enter upon and prosecute many a wayward and unprofitable ploy. Our predilections for taming wild birds—the wilder by nature the better—seemed boundless; and our family of hawks, and owls, and ravens was too large not to cost us much toil, anxiety, and even sorrow. We fished in the Ettrick and the lesser streams. These last suited our way of it best, since we generally fished with staves and plough-spades—thus far, at least, honourably giving the objects of our pursuit a fair chance of escape. When the hay had been won, we went to Ettrick school, at which we continued throughout the winter, travelling to and from it daily, though it lay at the distance of five miles. This we, in good weather, accomplished conveniently enough; but it proved occasionally a serious and toilsome task through wind and rain, or keen frost and deep snow, when winter days and the mountain blasts came on.

"My father, after being three years in Stanhopefoot, on the banks of the Ettrick, went to Deloraineshiels, an *out-bye herding*, under the same employer. In the winter season either I or some other of the family assisted him; but so often as the weather was fine, we went to a school instituted by a farmer in the neighbourhood for behoof of his own family. When by and by I went to herd the *hirsel* which my father formerly tended, like most other regular shepherds I delighted in and was proud of the employment. A considerable portion of another *hirsel* lying contiguous, and which my elder brother herded, was for the summer season of the year added to mine, so that this already large was made larger; but exempted as I was from attending to aught else but my flock, I had pleasant days, for I loved the wilds among which it had become alike my destiny and duty to walk at will, and 'view the sheep thrive bonnie.' The hills of Ettrick are generally wild and green, and those of them on which I daily wandered, musing much and writing often, were as high, green, and wild, as any of them all. . . . . It may be the partiality arising from early habit which induces me to think that a man gets the most comprehensive and distinct view of any subject which may occupy thought when he is walking, provided fatigue has not overtaken him. Mental confidence awake amid the stir seems increased by the exercise of bodily power, and becomes free and fearless as the step rejoicing in the ample scope afforded by the broad green earth and circumambient sky. On the same grounds, I have sometimes marvelled if it might not be the majesty of motion, as one may say, reigning around the seaman's soul, that made his heart so frank in communication, and in action his arm so vigorously energetic. At all events, there was in these days always enough around one to keep interest more or less ardent, awake—

"'Prompting the heart to pour the impassion'd strain
Afar 'mid solitude's eternal reign,

In numbers fearless all as unconfined,
And wild as wailings of the desert wind.'

"According to my ability I studied while wandering among the mountains, and at intervals, adopting my knee for my desk, wrote down the results of my musing. Let not the shepherd ever forget his dog—his constant companion and best friend, and without which all his efforts would little avail! Mine knew well the places where in my rounds I was wont to pause, and especially the majestic seat which I occupied so often on the loftiest peak of Stanhopelaw. It had also an adopted spot of rest the while, and, confident of my habits, would fold itself down upon it ere I came forward; and would linger still, look wistful, and marvel why if at any time I passed on without making my wonted delay. I did not follow these practices only 'when summer days were fine.' The lines of an epistle, written subsequently, will convey some idea of my habits:

* * * * * *

'My early years were pass'd far on
The hills of Ettrick wild and lone;
Through summer sheen and winter shade
Tending the flocks that o'er them stray'd.
In bold enthusiastic glee
I sung rude strains of minstrelsy,
Which mingling with died o'er the dale,
Unheeded as the plover's wail.
Oft where the waving rushes shed
A shelter frail around my head,
Weening, though not through hopes of fame,
To fix on these more lasting claim,
I 'd there secure in rustic scroll
The wayward fancies of the soul.
Even where yon lofty rocks arise,
Hoar as the clouds on wintry skies,
Wrapp'd in the plaid, and dern'd beneath
The colder cone of drifted wreath,
I noted them afar from ken,
Till ink would freeze within the pen;
So deep the spell which bound the heart
Unto the bard's undying art—
So rapt the charm that still beguiled
The minstrel of the mountains wild.'

* * * * * *

"The ancients had a maxim—'Revenge is sweet.' In rural, as well as in other life, there are things said and done which are more or less ungenerous. These, if at any time they came my way, I repelled as best I might. But I did not stop here; whether such matters, when occurring, might concern myself as an individual or not, I took it upon me, as if I had been a 'learned judge,' to write satires upon such persons as I knew or conceived to have spoken or acted in aught contrary to good manners. These squibs were written through the impulse of offended feeling, or the stirrings of that injudicious spirit which sometimes prompts a man to exercise a power merely because he possesses it. They were still, after all, only as things of private experiment, and not intended ever to go forth to the world—though it happened otherwise. I usually carried a lot of these writings in my hat, and by and by, unlike most other young authors, I got a publisher unsought for. This was the wind, which, on a wild day, swept my hat from my head, and tattering its contents asunder from their fold, sent them away over hill and dale like a flock of wild fowl. I recovered some where they had halted in bieldy places; others of them went further, and fell into other hands, and particularly into those of a neighbour, who a short while previously, had played an unmanly part relating to a sheep and the

march which ran between us. He found his unworthy proceeding boldly discussed, in an epistle which, I dare say, no other carrier would ever have conveyed to him but the unblushing mountain blast. He complained to others, whom he found more or less involved in his own predicament, and the thing went disagreeably abroad. My master, through good taste and feeling, was vexed, as I understood, that I should have done anything that gave ground for accusation, though he did not mention the subject to myself; but my father, some days after the mischief had commenced, came to me upon the hill, and, not in very good humour, disapproved of my imprudent conduct. As for the consequences of this untoward event, it proved the means of revealing what I had hitherto concealed—procuring for me a sort of local popularity little to be envied. I made the best improvement of it, as I then thought, that lay in my power—by writing a satire upon myself.

"I continued shepherd at Deloraine two years, and then went in the same capacity to the late Mr Knox of Todrigg; and if at the former place I had been well and happy, here I was still more so. His son William, the poet of 'The Lonely Hearth,' paid me much friendly attention. He commended my verses, and augured my success as one of the song-writers of my native land. In those days I did not write with the most remote view to publication. My aim did not extend beyond the gratification of hearing my mountain strains sung by lad or lass, as time and place might favour. And when, in the dewy gloaming of a summer eve, returning home from the hill, and 'the kye were in the loan,' I did hear this much, I thought, no doubt, that

'The swell and fall of these wild tones
Were worth the pomp of a thousand thrones.'

"William Crozier, author of 'The Cottage Muse,' was also my neighbour and friend at Todrigg, during the summer part of the year; and even at this hour I feel delight in recalling to memory the happy harmony of thought and feeling that blended with and enhanced the genial sunshine of those departed days. I rejoice to dwell upon those remote and rarely-trodden pastoral solitudes, among which my lot in the early years of life was so continually cast; few may well conceive how distinctly I can recall them. Memory which seems often to constitute the mind itself, more, perhaps, than any other faculty, can set them so brightly before me, as if they were painted on a dark midnight sky with brushes dipped in the essence of living light. To appreciate thoroughly the grandeur of the mountain solitudes, it is necessary to have dwelt among the scenes, and to have looked upon them at every season of the ever-changing year. They are fresh with solemn beauty, when bathed in the deep dews of a summer morning; or in autumn, if you have attained to the border of the mystery which has overhung your path, and therefore to a station high enough for the survey, all that meets the eye shall be as a dream of poetry itself. The deep folds of white vapour fill up glen and hollow, till the summit of the mountains, near and far away—far as sight itself can penetrate—are only seen tinged with the early radiance of the sun, the whole so combined as to appear a limitless plain of variegated marble, peaceful as heaven, and solemnly serene as eternity. What Winter writes with his frozen finger I need not state. When the venerable old man, Gladstanes, perished among the stormy blasts of these wilds, I was one of about threescore of men who for three days traversed them in search of the dead. Then was the scenery of the mountains impressive, much beyond what can well be spoken. The bridal that loses the bride through some wayward freak of the fair may be sad enough; so also the train, in its dark array, that conveys the familiar friend to the chamber where the light of nature cannot come. But in this latter case, the hearts that still beat, necessarily know that their part is resignation, and suspense and anxiety mingle not in the mood

of the living, as it relates to the dead; but otherwise is it with those who seem already constituting the funeral train of one who should have been—yet who is not here to be buried.

'The feeling is nameless that makes us unglad,
And a strange, wild dismayment it brings;
Which yet hath no match in the solemn and sad
Desolation of men and of things.

* * * * * * *

'The hill-foxes howl'd round the wanderer's way,
When his aim and his pathway were lost;
And effort has then oft too much of dismay
To pay well the toil it may cost.
If fate has its privilege, death has its power,
And is fearful where'er it may fall,
But worse it may seem 'mong the blasts of the moor,
Where all that approaches portends to devour,
Nor fixes till first it appal.

'No mercy obtains in the tempests that rave,
By the sky-frozen elements fed,
And there comes no hand that is willing to save,
And soothe, till the spirit be fled;
But the storms round the thrones of the wilderness break
O'er the frail in the solitude cast,
And howl in their strength and impatience to take
Their course to commix with the roar of the lake
Where it flings forth its foam on the blast.

'Lo! neath where the heath hangs so dark o'er yon peak,
Another of Adam lay lone,
Where the bield could not shelter the weary and weak,
By the strife of the tempest o'erthrown.
No raven had fed, and the hill-fox had fled,
If there he had yet come abroad,
And the stillness reign'd deep o'er his cold moorland bed,
Which came down in the power of the sleep of the dead
When the spirit return'd to its God.'

* * * * * * *

These are a few out of many more lines written on this subject, which at the time was so deeply interesting to mind and heart."

Mr Riddell here states that his poetical style of composition about this period underwent a considerable change. He laid aside his wayward wit for serious sentiment, an improvement which he ascribes to his admiration of the elegant strains of his friend, young Knox.

"My fortune in life," he proceeds, "had not placed me within the reach of a library, and I had read almost none; and although I had attempted to write, I merely followed the course which instinct pointed out. Need I state further, that if in these days I employed my mind and pen among the mountains as much as possible, my thoughts also often continued to pursue the same practice, even when among others, by the 'farmer's ingle.' I retired to rest when others retired, but if not outworn by matters of extra toil, the ardour of thought, through love of the poet's undying art, would, night after night, for many hours, debar the inroads of sleep. The number of schools which I have particularised as having attended may occasion some surprise at the deficiency of my scholarship. For this, various reasons are assignable, all of which, however, hinge upon these two formidable obstacles—the inconvenience of local position, and the thoughtless inattention of youth. In remote country places, long and rough ways, conjoined not unfrequently with wild weather, require that children, before they can enter school, be pretty well grown up; consequently, they

quit it the sooner. They are often useful at home in the summer season, or circumstances may destine them to hire away. Among these inconveniences, one serious drawback is, that the little education they do get is rarely obtained continuously, and regular progress is interrupted. Much of what has been gained is lost during the intervals of non-attendance, and every new return to the book is little else than a new beginning. So was it with me. At the time when my father hired a teacher into his house, it was for what is termed the winter quarter, and I was then somewhat too young to be tied down to the regular routine of school discipline ; and if older when boarded away, the other obstruction to salutary progress began to operate grievously against me. I acquired bit by bit the common education—reading, writing, and arithmetic. So far as I remember, grammar was not much taught at any of these schools, and the spelling of words was very nearly as little attended to as the meaning which they are appointed to convey was explained or sought after.

"But the non-understanding of words is less to be marvelled at than that a man should not understand himself. At this hour I cannot conceive how I should have been so recklessly careless about learning and books when at school, and yet so soon after leaving it seriously inclined towards them. I see little else for it than to suppose that boys who are bred where they have no companions are prone to make the most of companionship when once attained to. And then, in regard to books, as of these I rarely got more than what might serve as a whet to the appetite, I might have the desire of those whose longings after what they would obtain are increased by the difficulties which interpose between them and the possession. One book which in school I sometimes got a glance of, I would have given anything to possess : this was a small volume entitled, 'The Three Hundred Animals.'

"I cannot forbear mentioning that, when at Deloraine, I was greatly advantaged by an old woman, called Mary Hogg, whose cottage stood on an isolated corner of the lands on which my flock pastured. Her husband had been a shepherd, who, many years previous to this period, perished in a snow-storm. In her youth she had opportunities of reading history, and other literature, and she did not only remember well what she had read, but could give a distinct and interesting account of it. In going my wonted rounds, few days there were on which I did not call and listen to her intelligent conversation. She was a singularly good woman—a sincere Christian; and the books which she lent me were generally of a religious kind, such as the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the 'Holy War ;' but here I also discovered a romance, the first which I had ever seen. It was printed in the Gothic letter, and entitled 'Prissimus, the Renowned Prince of Bohemia.' Particular scenes and characters in 'Ivanhoe' reminded me strikingly of those which I had formerly met with in this old book of black print. And I must mention that few books interested me more than 'Bailey's Dictionary.' Day after day I bore it to the mountains, and I have an impression that it was a more comprehensive edition of the work than I have ever since been able to meet with.

"At Todrigg my reading was extended ; and having begun more correctly to appreciate what I did read, the intention which I had sometimes entertained gathered strength : this was to make an effort to obtain a regular education. The consideration of the inadequacy of my means had hitherto bridled my ambition ; but having herded as a regular shepherd nearly three years, during which I had no occasion to spend much of my income, my prospects behoved to be a little more favourable. It was in this year that the severest trial which had yet crossed my path had to be sustained. The death of my father overthrew my happier mood ; at the same time, instead of subduing my secret aim, the event rather strengthened my determination. My portion of my father's worldly effects added something considerable to my own

gainings; and, resigning my situation, I bade farewell to the crook and plaid. I went to Biggar, in Clydesdale, where I knew the schoolmaster was an approved classical scholar. Besides, my Glencotha reminiscences tended to render me partial to this part of the world, and in the village I had friends with whom I could suitably reside. The better to insure attention to what I was undertaking, I judged it best to attend school during the usual hours. A learner was already there as old in years, and nearly as stout in form, as myself, so that I escaped from the wonderment which usually attaches to singularity much more comfortably than I anticipated. There were also two others in the school, who had formerly gone a considerable way in the path of classic lore, and had turned aside, but who, now repenting of their apostacy, returned to their former faith. These were likewise well grown up, and I may state that they are now both eminent as scholars and public men. The individual first mentioned and I sat in the master's desk, which he rarely, if ever, occupied himself; and although we were diligent upon the whole, yet occasionally our industry and conduct as learners were far from deserving approbation. To me the confinement was frequently irksome and oppressive, especially when the days were bright with the beauty of sunshine. There were ways, woods, and even wilds, not far apart from the village, which seemed eternally wooing the step to retirement, and the mind to solitary contemplation. Some verses written in this school have been preserved, which will convey an idea of the cast of feeling which produced them:

'Discontented and uncheery,
Of this noise and learning weary,
Half my mind to madness driven,
Woos the lore by nature given;
'Mong fair fields and flowing fountains,
Lonely glens and lofty mountains,
Charm'd with nature's wildest grandeur,
Lately wont was I to wander,
Wheresoever fancy led me,
Came no barrier to impede me;
Still from early morn till even,
In the light of earth and heaven,
Musing on whatever graces,
Livelier scenes or lonelier places,
Till a nameless pleasure found me
Living, like a dream, around me,—
How, then, may I be contented,
Thus confined and thus tormented!

'Still, oh! still 'twere lovelier rather
To be roaming through the heather;
And where flow'd the stream so glassy,
'Mong its flowers and margins mossy,
Where the flocks at noon their path on
Came to feed by birk and hawthorn;
Or upon the mountain lofty,
Seated where the wind blew softly,
With my faithful friend beside me,
And my plaid from sun to hide me,
And the volume oped before me,
I would trace the minstrel's story,
Or mine own wild harp awaken,
'Mid the deep green glens of bracken.'

"My teacher, the late Richard Scott, was an accurate classical scholar, which perhaps accounts for his being, unlike some others of his profession, free from pedantry. He was kind-hearted and somewhat disposed to indolence, loving more to converse with one of my years than to instruct him in languages. He had seen a good deal of the world and its ways, and I learned much from him besides Greek and

Latin. We were great friends and companions, and rarely separate when both of us were unengaged otherwise.

I bore aloof from making many acquaintances; yet, ere long, I became pretty extensively acquainted with the people of the place. It went abroad that I was a bard from the mountains, and the rumour affixed to me a popularity which I did not enjoy. A party of young men in the village had prepared themselves to act 'The Douglas Tragedy,' and wished a song, which was to be sung between this and the farce. The air was of their own fixing, and which, in itself, was wild and beautiful; but, unfortunately, like many others of our national airs possessed of these qualities, it was of a measure such as rendered it difficult to write words for. Since precluded from introducing poetic sentiment, I substituted a dramatic plot, and being well sung by alternate voices, the song was well received, and so my fame was enhanced.

"It was about this time that I wrote 'The Crook and Plaid'—not by request, but with the intention of supplanting a song, I think of English origin, called 'The Plough-boy,' and of a somewhat questionable character. 'The Crook and Plaid' accomplished the end intended, and soon became popular throughout the land. So soon as I got a glimpse of the Roman language, I began to make satisfactory progress in its acquisition. But I daily wrote more or less in my old way—now also embracing in my attempts prose as well as verse. I wrote a Border Romance. This was more strongly than correctly expressed. Hogg, who took the trouble of reading it, gave me his opinion, by saying that there were more rawness and more genius in it than in any work he had seen. It, sometime afterwards, had also the honour of being read—for I never offered it for publication—by one who felt much interest in the characters and plot—Professor Wilson's lady—who, alas! went too early to where he himself also now is; lost, though not to fond recollection, yet to love and life below. I contributed some papers to the *Clydesdale Magazine*, and I sent a sort of poetic tale to the editor, telling him to do with it whatever he might think proper. He published it anonymously, and it was sold about Clydesdale.

"My intention had been to qualify myself for the University, and, perhaps in regard to Latin and Greek acquirements, I might have proceeded thither earlier than I ventured to do; but having now made myself master of my more immediate tasks, I took more liberty. A gentleman, who, on coming home after having made his fortune abroad, took up his residence at Biggar. I had, in these days, an aversion to coming into contact with rich strangers, and although he lived with a family which I was accustomed to visit, I bore aloof from being introduced to him. But he came to me one day on the hill of Bizzie-berry, and frankly told me that he wished to be acquainted with me, and therefore had taken the liberty of introducing himself. I found excuse for not dining with him on that day, but not so the next, nor for many days afterwards. He was intellectual—and his intelligence was only surpassed by his generosity. He gave me to understand that his horse was as much at my service as his own; and one learned, by and by, to keep all wishes and wants as much out of view as possible, in case that they should be attended to when you yourself had forgotten them. When he began to rally me about my limited knowledge of the world, I knew that some excursion was in contemplation. We, on one occasion, rode down the Clyde, finding out, so far as we might, all things, both natural and artificial, worthy of being seen; and when at Greenock, he was anxious that we should have gone into the Highlands, but I resisted; for although not so much as a shade of the expenses was allowed to fall on me, I felt only the more ashamed of the extent of them.

"I had become acquainted with a number of people whom I delighted to visit occasionally—one family in particular, who lived amid the beauty of 'the wild glen sae green.' The song now widely known by this name, I wrote for a member of this

delightful family, who at that time herded one of the *hirsels* of his father's flocks on 'the heathy hill.' With the greater number of persons in the district possessing literary tastes, I became more or less intimate. The schoolmasters I found friendly and obliging; one of these, in particular (now holding a higher office in the same locality), I often visited. His high poetic taste convinced me more and more of the value of mental culture, and tended to subdue me from those more rugged modes of expression in which I took a pride in conveying my conceptions. With this interesting friend, I sometimes took excursions into rural regions more or less remote, and once we journeyed to the south, when I had the pleasure of introducing him to the Ettrick Shepherd. But of my acquaintances, I valued few more than my modest and poetic friend, the late James Brown of Symington. Though humble in station, he was high in virtuous worth. His mind, imbued with and regulated by sound religious and moral principle, was as ingenious and powerful as his heart was 'leal, warm, and kind.'

"Entering the University of Edinburgh, I took for the first session the Greek and Latin classes. Attending them regularly, I performed the incumbent exercises much after the manner that others did—only, as I have always understood it to be a rare thing with the late Mr Dunbar, the Greek Professor, to give much praise to anything in the shape of poetry, I may mention that marked merit was ascribed to me in his class for a poetical translation of one of the odes of Anacreon. I had laid the translation on his desk, in an anonymous state, one day before the assembling of the class. He read it and praised it, expressing at the same time his anxiety to know who was the translator; but the translator having intended not to acknowledge it, kept quiet. He returned to it, and praising it anew, expressed still more earnestly his desire to know the author; and so I made myself known, as all *great unknowns* I think, with the exception of Junius, are sooner or later destined to do.

"Of the philosophical classes, those that I liked best were the Logic and Moral Philosophy—particularly the latter. I have often thought that it is desirable, could it be possibly found practicable, to have all the teachers of the higher departments of education not merely of high scholastic acquirements, but of acknowledged genius. Youth reveres genius, and delights to be influenced by it; heart and spirit are kept awake and refreshed by it, and everything connected with its forthgivings is rendered doubly memorable. It fixes, in a certain sense, the limit of expectation, and the prevailing sentiment is—we are under the tuition of the highest among those on earth who teach; if we do not profit here, we may not hope to do so elsewhere. These remarks I make with a particular reference to the late Professor Wilson, under the influence of whose genius and generous warmth of heart many have felt as I was wont to feel. If it brings hope and gladness to love and esteem the living, it also yields a satisfaction, though mingled with regret, to venerate the dead; and now that he is no more, I cannot forbear recording how he treated a man from the mountains who possessed no previous claim upon his attention. I had no introduction to him, but he said that he had heard of me, and would accept of no fee for his class when I joined it; at least he would not do so, he said, till I should be able to inform him whether or not I had been pleased with his lectures. But it proved all the same in this respect at the close as it was at the commencement of the session. He invited me frequently to his house as a friend, when other friends were to meet him there, besides requesting me to come and see him and his family whenever I could make it convenient. He said that his servant John was very perverse, and would be sure to drive me by like all others, if he possibly could; so he gave me a watchword, which he thought John, perverse as he was, would not venture to resist. I thus became possessed of a privilege of which I did not fail to avail myself frequently—a privilege

which might well have been gratifying to such as were much less enthusiastic with regard to literary men and things than I was. To share in the conversation of those possessed of high literary taste and talent, and, above all, of poetic genius, is the highest enjoyment afforded by society; and if it be thus gratifying, it is almost unnecessary to add that it is also advantageous in no ordinary degree, if, indeed, properly appreciated and improved. Any one who ever met the late Professor in the midst of his own happy family, constituted as it was when I had this pleasure, was not likely soon to forget a scene wherein so much genius, kindness, loveliness, and worth were blended. If the world does not think with a deep and undying regret of what once adorned it, and it has now lost, through the intervention of those shadows which no morning but the eternal one can remove, I am one, at least, who in this respect cannot follow its example.

"Edinburgh, with its 'palaces and towers,' and its many crowded ways, was at first strangely new to me, being as different, in almost all respects, to what I had been accustomed as it might seem possible for contrariety to make earthly things. Though I had friends in it, and therefore was not solitary, yet its tendency, like that of the noisy and restless sea, was to render me melancholy. Some features which the congregated condition of mankind exhibited penetrated my heart with something like actual dismay. I had seen nothing of the sort, nor yet even so much as a semblance of it, and therefore I had no idea that there existed such a miserable shred of degradation, for example, as a cinder-woman—desolate and dirty as her employment—bowed down—a shadow among shadows—busily prone, beneath the sheety night sky, to find out and fasten upon the crumb, whose pilgrimage certainly had not improved it since falling from the rich man's table. Compassion, though not naturally so, becomes painful when entertained towards those whom we believe labouring under suffering which we fain would but cannot alleviate.

"I had enough of curiosity for wishing to see all those things which others spoke of, and characterised as worthy of being seen; but I contented myself meanwhile with a survey of the city's external attributes. In a week or two, however, my friend A. F. Harrower, formerly mentioned, having come into town from Clydesdale, took pleasure in finding out whatever could interest or gratify me, and of conveying me thither. With very few exceptions, every forenoon he called at my lodgings, leaving a note requesting me to meet him at some specified time and place. I sometimes sent apologies, and at other times went personally to apologise; but neither of these methods answered well. Through his persevering attentions towards me, I met with much agreeable society, and saw much above as well as somewhat below the earth, which I might never otherwise have seen. In illustration of the latter fact, I may state that having gone to London, he returned with two Englishmen, when he invited me to assist them in exploring the battle-field of Pinkie. We terminated our excursion by descending one of Sir John Hope's coal-pits. These humorous and frank English associates amused themselves by bantering my friend and myself about the chastisement which Scotland received from the sister kingdom at Pinkie. As did the young rustic countryman—or, at least, was admonished to do—so did I. When going away to reside in England, he asked his father if he had any advice to give him. 'Nane, Jock, nane but this,' he said; 'dinna forget to avenge the battle o' Pinkie on them.' Ere I slept I wrote, in support of our native land, the song—'Ours is the land of gallant hearts;' and thus, in my own way, 'avenged the battle of Pinkie.'

"One of two other friends with whom I delighted to associate was R. B., an early school companion, who, having left the mountains earlier than I did, had now been a number of years in Edinburgh. Of excellent head and generous heart, he loved the wild, green, and deep solitudes of nature. The other—G. M'D.—was of powerful

and bold intellect, and remarkable for a retentive memory. Each of us, partial to those regions where nature strives to maintain her own undisturbed dominion, on all holidays hied away from the city, to the woodland and mountainous haunts, or the loneliness of the least frequented shores of the sea. The spirit of our philosophy varied much—sometimes profound and solemn, and sometimes humorous; but still we philosophised, wandering on. They were members of a literary society which met once a week, and which I joined. My propensity to study character and note its varieties was here afforded a field opening close upon me; but I was also much profited by performing my part in carrying forward the business of the institution. During all the sessions that I attended the University, but especially as these advanced toward their termination, I entered into society beyond that which might be regarded as professionally literary. I had an idea then, as I still have, that, in every process of improvement, care should be taken that one department of our nature is not cultivated to the neglect of another. There are two departments—the intellectual and the moral;—the one implying all that is rational, the other comprising whatever pertains to feeling and passion, or more simply, there are the head and the heart; and if the intellect is to be cultivated, the heart is not to be allowed to run into wild waste, nor to sink into systematic apathy. Lore-lighted pages and unremitting abstract studies will make a man learned; but knowledge is not wisdom; and to know much is not so desirable, because it is not so beneficial, either to ourselves or others, as to understand, through the more generous and active sympathies of our nature, how the information which we possess may be best applied to useful purposes. This we shall not well know, if the head be allowed or encouraged to leave the heart behind. If we forget society, it will forget us, and, through this estrangement, a sympathetic knowledge of human nature may be lost. Thus, in the haunts of seclusion and solitary thoughts our acquirements may only prove availing to ourselves as matters of self-gratification. The benevolent affections, which ought not merely to be allowed, but taught to expand, may thus not only be permitted but encouraged to contract, and the exercise of that studious ingenuity, which perhaps leads the world to admire the achievements of learning, thus deceive us into a state of existence little better than cold selfishness itself. Sir Isaac Newton, who soared so high and travelled so far on the wing of abstract thought, gathering light from the stars that he might convey it in intelligible shape to the world, seems to have thought, high as the employment was, that it was not good, either for the heart or mind of man, to be always away from that intercourse with humanity and its affairs which is calculated to awaken and sustain the sympathies of life; and therefore turned to the contemplation of Him who was *meek and lowly*. And no countenance has been afforded to monks and hermits who retired from the world, though it even was to spend their lives in meditation and prayer; for Heaven had warned man, at an early date, not to withhold the compassionate feelings of the heart, and the helping hand, from any in whom he recognised the attributes of a common nature, saying to him, 'See that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh.'

"My last year's attendance at the College Philosophical Classes was at St Andrews. I had a craving to acquaint myself with a city noted in story, and I could not, under the canopy of my native sky, have planted the step among scenes more closely interwoven with past national transactions, or fraught with more interesting associations. In attending the Natural Philosophy Class, not being proficient in mathematic lore, I derived less advantage than had otherwise been the case with me. Yet I did not sit wholly in the shade, notwithstanding that the light which shone upon me did not come from that which Campbell says yielded 'the lyre of Heaven another string.' A man almost always finds some excuse for deficiency; and I have one

involving a philosophy which I think few will be disposed to do otherwise than acquiesce in—namely, that it is a happy arrangement in the creation and history of man, that all minds are not so constituted as to have the same predilections, or to follow the same bent. Considering that I had started at a rather late hour of life to travel in the paths of learning, and having so many things, interesting and important, to attend to by the way, it was perhaps less remarkable that I should be one who 'neither kenn'd nor cared' much about lines that had no breadth, and points which were without either breadth or length, than that I should have felt gratified to find on my arrival some of my simple strains sung in a city famed for its scientific acquirements.

"The ruins which intermingle with the scenery and happy homes of St Andrews, like grey hairs among those of another hue, rendered venerable the general aspect of the place. But I did not feel only the city interesting, but the whole of Fifeshire. By excursions made on the monthly holidays then as well as subsequently, when in after-years I returned to visit friends in the royal realm, I acquainted myself with a goodly number of those haunts and scenes which history and tradition have rendered attractive. A land, however, or any department of it, whatever may be its other advantages, is most to be valued in respect of the intelligence or worth of its inhabitants. And if so, then I am proud to aver that in Fife I came to possess many intelligent and excellent friends. Many of these have gone to another land—'the land o' the leal'—leaving the places which now know them no more, the more regretfully endeared to recollection.

"I studied at St Andrews College under the late Dr Jackson, who was an eminent philosopher and friendly man; also under Mr Duncan, of the Mathematical Chair, whom I regarded as a personification of unworldly simplicity, clothed in high and pure thought; and I regularly attended, though not enrolled as a regular student, the Moral Philosophy Class of Dr Chalmers. Returning to Edinburgh and its University, I became acquainted, through my friend and countryman, Robert Hogg, with R. A. Smith, who was desirous that I should assist him with the works in which he was engaged, particularly 'The Irish Minstrel,' and 'Select Melodies.' Smith was a man of modest worth and superior intelligence; peculiarly delicate in his taste and feeling in everything pertaining to lyric poetry as well as music; his criticisms were strict, and, as some thought, unnecessarily minute. Diffident and retiring, he was not got acquainted with at once, but when he gave his confidence, he was found a pleasant companion and warm-hearted friend. If, as he had sought my acquaintance, I might have expected more frankness on our meeting, I soon became convinced that his shyer cast arose alone from excess of modesty, combined with a remarkable sensitiveness of feeling. Proudly honourable, he seemed more susceptible of the influences of all sorts that affect life than any man I ever knew; and, indeed, a little acquaintance with him was only required to show that his harp was strung too delicately for standing long the tear and wear of this world. He had done much for Scottish melody, both by fixing the old airs in as pure a state as possible, and by adding to the vast number of these national treasures some exquisite airs of his own. For a number of the airs in the works just mentioned, but particularly in the 'Select Melodies,' he had experienced difficulty in procuring suitable words, owing chiefly to the crampness of the measures—a serious drawback which appears to pervade, more or less, the sweetest melodies of other nations as well as those of our own. A number of these I supplied as well as I could.

"About this time the native taste for Scottish song in city society seemed nearly, if not altogether lost, and a kind of songs, such as 'I've been roaming,' 'I'd be a butterfly,' 'Buy a broom,' 'Cherry ripe,' etc. (in which, if the head contrived to find a

meaning, it was still such as the heart could understand nothing about), seemed alone to be popular, and to prevail. R. A. Smith disliked this state of things, but, perhaps, few more so than Mr Peter M'Leod, who gave a most splendid evidence of his taste in his 'Original National Melodies.' Both Smith and M'Leod were very particular about the quality of the poetry which they honoured with their music. M'Leod was especially careful in this respect. He loved the lay of lofty and undaunted feeling as well as of love and friendship; for his genius was of a manly tone, and had a bold and liberal flow. And popular as some of the effusions in his work have become, such as 'Oh! why left I my hame?' and 'Scotland yet!' many others of them, I am convinced, will yet be popular likewise. When the intelligence of due appreciation draws towards them, it will take them up and delight to fling them upon the breezes that blow over the hills and glens, and among the haunts and homes of the isle of unconquerable men. To Mr M'Leod's 'National Melodies' I contributed a number of songs. In the composition of these I found it desirable to lay aside, in some considerable degree, my pastoral phraseology, for, as conveyed in such productions, I observed that city society cared little about rural scenery and sentiment. It was different with my kind and gifted friend Professor Wilson. He was wont to say that he would not have given the education, as he was pleased to term it, which I had received afar in the green bosom of mountain solitude, and among the haunts and homes of the shepherd—meaning the thing as applicable to poetry—for all that he had received at colleges. Wilson had introduced my song, 'When the glen all is still,' into the *Noctes*, and La Sapio composed music for it; and not only was it sung in Drury Lane, but published in a sheet as the production of a real shepherd; yet it did not become popular in city life. In the country it had been popular previous to this, where it is so still, and where no effort whatever had been made to introduce it.

"About the time when I had concluded the whole of my college course, the 'Songs of the Ark,'* were published by Blackwood. These, as published, are not what they were at first, and were intended only to be short songs of a sacred nature, unconnected by intervening narrative, for which R. A. Smith wished to compose music. Unfortunately, his other manifold engagements never permitted him to carry his intention into practice; and seeing no likelihood of any decrease of these engagements, I gave scope to my thoughts on the subject, and the work became what it now is. But I ought to mention that this was not my first poetic publication in palpable shape. Some years previously I published stanzas, or a monody, on the death of Lord Byron. I had all along thought much, and with something like mysterious awe, upon the eccentric temperament, character, and history of that great poet, and the tidings which told the event of his demise impressed me deeply. Being in the country, and remote from those who could exchange thoughts with me on the occurrence, I resorted to writing. That which I advanced was much mixed up with the result, if I may not say of former experience, yet of former reflection, for I had entertained many conjectures concerning what this powerful personage would or might yet do; and, indeed, his wilful waywardness, together with the misery which he represented as continually haunting him, constituted an impressive advertisement to the world, and served to keep human attention awake towards him.

"Those who write because it brings a relief to feeling, will write rapidly: likely, too, they will write without energy, because not only the head but also the heart is engaged. 'The Monody,' which is of a goodly length, I finished in a few days; and though I felt a desire of having it published, yet it lay over for a time, till, being in Edinburgh, a friend showed it to Dr Robert Anderson. I had been well satisfied with the result had the production accomplished nothing more than procured me, as

* "Songs of the Ark, with other Poems." Edin. 1831. 8vo.

it did, the friendly acquaintance of this excellent, venerable man. He knew more of the minutiæ of literature, together with the character and habits of the literary men of his day, and of other days also, than any I had then or have since met with; and he seemed to take great pleasure in communicating his knowledge to others. He thought well of 'The Monody,' and warmly advised me to publish it. It was published accordingly by Mr John Anderson, bookseller, North Bridge, Edinburgh.

"Some of the reviewers, in regard to the 'Songs of the Ark,' seemed to think that a sufficiency of Eastern scenery did not obtain in them. Doubtless, this was correct; but I remark, that if my object in the undertaking had been to delineate scenery, I would not have turned my attention to the East, the scenes of which I never saw. Human nature being radically the same everywhere, a man, through the sympathies of that nature, can know to a certain extent what are likely to be the thoughts and feelings of his fellow-kind in any particular circumstances—therefore he has data upon which he can venture to give a representation of them; but it is very different from this in regard to topographical phenomena. It was therefore not the natural, but, if I may so call it, the moral scenery in which I was interested, more particularly since the whole scene of nature here below was, shortly after the period at which the poem commences, to become a blank of desolate uniformity, as overwhelmed beneath a waste of waters.

"At the risk of incurring the charge of vanity, I would venture to adduce one or two of the favourable opinions entertained in regard to some of the miscellaneous pieces which went to make up the volume of the 'Songs of the Ark.' Of the piece entitled 'Apathy,' Allan Cunningham thus wrote: 'Although sufficiently distressful, it is a very bold and original poem, such as few men, except Byron, would have conceived or could have written.' Motherwell said of the 'Sea-grey Man,' that it was 'the best of all modern ballads.' This ballad, shortly after I had composed it, I repeated to the Ettrick Shepherd walking on the banks of the Yarrow, and he was fully more pleased with it than with anything of mine I had made him acquainted with. He was wont to call me his 'assistant and successor;' and although this was done humorously, it yet seemed to furnish him with a privilege on which he proceeded to approve or disapprove very frankly, that in either case I might profit by his remarks. He was pleased, especially, with the half mysterious way in which I contrived to get quit of the poor old man at last. This, indeed, was a contrivance; but the idea of the rest of the ballad was taken from an old man, who had once been a sailor, and who was wont to come to my mother's, in the rounds which he took in pursuit of charity at regular periods of the year, so that we called him her pensioner.

"The summer vacations of college years I passed in the country, sometimes residing with my mother, and eldest brother, at a small farm which he had taken at the foot of the Lammermuir hills, in East-Lothian, called Brookside, and sometimes, when I wished a variety, with another brother, at Dryden, in Selkirkshire.

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"My eldest brother having taken a farm near Teviothead, I left Brookside, and as all the members of the family were wont to account that in which my mother lived their home, it of course was mine. But, notwithstanding that the change brought me almost to the very border of the vale of my nativity, I regretted to leave Brookside. It was a beautiful and interesting place, and the remembrance of it is like what Ossian says of joys that are past—'sweet and mournful to the soul.' I loved the place, was partial to the peacefulness of its retirement, its solitude, and the intelligence of its society. I was near the laird's library, and I had a garden in the glen. The latter was formed that I might gather home to it, when in musing moods among the mountains, the wild-flowers, in order to their cultivation, and my having

something more of a possessory right over them. It formed a contrast to the scenery around, and lured to relaxation. Occasionally 'the lovely of the land' brought, with industrious delight, plants and flowers, that they might have a share in adorning it. Even when I was from home it was, upon the whole, well attended to: for although, according to taste or caprice, changes were made, yet I readily forgave the annoyances that might attend alteration, and especially those by the hands that sometimes printed me pleasing compliments on the clay with the little stones lifted from the walks. If the things which I have written and given to the world continue to be cared for, these details may not be wholly without use, inasmuch as they will serve to explain frequent allusions which might otherwise seem introduced at capricious random, or made without a meaning.

"Shortly after becoming a probationer, I came to reside in this district, and, not long after, the preacher who officiated in the preaching-station here died. The people connected with it wished me to become his successor, which, after some difficulties had been surmounted, I became. I had other views at the time which were promising and important; but as there had been untoward disturbances in the place, owing to the lack of defined rights and privileges, I had it in my power to become a peace-maker, and, besides, I felt it my duty to comply with a call which was both cordial and unanimous. I now laid wholly aside those things which pertain to the pursuits of romantic literature, and devoted myself to the performance of incumbent duties. In consequence of no house having been provided for the preacher, and no one to be obtained but at a very inconvenient distance, I was in this respect very inconveniently situated. Travelling nine miles to the scene of my official duties, it was frequently my hap to preach in a very uncomfortable condition, when, indeed, the wet would be pouring from my arms on the Bible before me, and oozing over my shoes when the foot was stirred on the pulpit floor. But, by and by, the Duke of Buccleuch built a dwelling-house for me, the same which I still occupy."

To the ministerial charge of the then preaching station of Teviothead, Mr Riddell was about to receive ordination, at the united solicitation of his hearers, when he was suddenly visited with severe affliction. Unable to discharge pulpit duty for a period of years, the pastoral superintendence of the district was devolved on another. On his recovery, with commendable forbearance, he did not seek to interfere with the new ecclesiastical arrangement. This procedure was generously approved of by the Duke of Buccleuch, who conferred upon him the right to occupy the manse cottage, along with a grant of land, and a small annuity.

Mr Riddell's autobiography proceeds:—"In the hope of soon obtaining a permanent and comfortable settlement at Teviothead, I had ventured to make my own, by marriage, her who had in heart been mine through all my college years, and who for my sake had, in the course of these, rejected wealth and high standing in life. The heart that, for the sake of leal faith and love, could despise wealth and its concomitants, and brave the risk of embracing comparative poverty, even at its best estate, was not one likely overmuch to fear that poverty when it appeared, nor flinch with an altered tone from the position which it had adopted, when it actually came. This, much rather, fell to my part. It preyed upon my mind too deeply not to prove injurious in its effects; and it did this all the more, that the voice of love, true to its own law, had the words of hope and consolation in it, but never those of complaint. It appeared the *acmè* of the severity of fate itself to have lived to be the means of placing a heart and mind so rich in disinterested affection on so wild and waste a scene of trial.

"From an experience of fourteen years, in which there were changes in almost all things except in the affection which bound two hearts in one, before the hands

were united, it might be expected that I should give some eminent admonitions concerning the imprudence of men, and particularly of students, allowing their hearts to become interested in, and the remembrance of their mind more fraught with, a rich beauty of auburn ringlets than in the untoward confusion, for example, of irregular Greek verbs; yet I much fear that admonition would be of no use. If their fate be woven of a texture similar to that of mine, how can they help it? A man may have an idea that to cling to the shelter which he has found, and indulge in the sleep that has overtaken him amid the stormy blasts of the waste mountains, may be little else than opening for himself the gates of death, yet the toils of the way through which he has already passed may also have rendered him incapable of resisting the dangerous rest and repose of his immediate accommodation. In regard to my own love affairs, I, throughout all these long years which I have specified, might well have adopted, as the motto of both mind and heart, these lines—

'Oh, poortith cauld and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye.'

I had, as has already been hinted, a rival, who, if not so devotedly attached as I, nevertheless was by far too much so for any one who is destined to love without encouragement. He was as rich in proportion as I was poor. The gifts of love, called the gifts of friendship, which he contrived to bestow were costly: mine, as fashioned forth by a higher hand than that of art, might be equally rich and beautiful in the main, yet wildflowers, though yellow as the gold, and though wrapped in rhymes, are light ware when weighed against the solid material. He, in personal appearance, manners, and generosity of heart, was one with whom it was impossible to be acquainted and not to esteem; and another feature of this affair was, that we were friends, and almost constant companions for some years. When in the country I had to be with him as continually as possible; and when I went to the city, it was his wont to follow me. Here, then, was a web strangly woven by the fingers of a wayward fate. Feelings were brought into daily exercise which might seem the least compatible with being brought into contact and maintained in harmony. And these things, which are strictly true, if set forth in the contrivances of romance might, or in all likelihood would, be pronounced unnatural or overstrained. The worth and truth of the heart to which these fond anxieties related left me no ground to fear for losing that regard which I valued as 'light and life' itself; but in another way there reached me a matchless misery, and which haunted me almost as constantly as my own shadow when the sun shone. Considering the dark uncertainty of my future prospects in life, that regard I felt it fearful almost beyond measure even to seek to retain, incurring the responsibility of marring the fortune of one whom nevertheless I could not bear the thought of another than myself having the bliss of rendering blessed. If selfishness be thus seen to exist even in love itself, I would fain hope that it is of an elevated and peculiar kind, and not that which grovels, dragging downwards, and therefore justly deserving of the name. I am the more anxious in regard to this on account of its being in my own case felt so deeply. It maintained its ground with more or less firmness at all times, and ultimately triumphed, in despite of all efforts made to the contrary over the suggestions of prudence and even the sterner reasonings of the sense of justice. In times of sadness and melancholy, which, like the preacher's days of darkness, were many, when hope scarcely lit the gloom of the heart on which it sat though the band of love was about its brow, I busied myself in endeavouring to form resolutions to resign my pretensions to the warmer regard of her who was the object of all this serious solicitude; but neither she herself, nor time and place seemed, so far as I could see, disposed in the least to aid me in these efforts of self-control and denial; and, indeed, even at best, I much suspect that the resolutions of lovers in

such cases are only like the little dams which the rivulet forms in itself by the frail material of stray grass-piles, and wild-rose leaves, easily overturned by the next slight impulse that the wave receives. In a ballad called 'Lanazine,' written somewhat in the old irregular style, sentiments relating to this matter, a little—and only a little—disguised, are set forth. The following is a portion of these records, written from time to time for the sake of preserving to the memory what might once be deeply interesting to the heart:

* * * *

'O who may love with warm true heart,
And then from love refrain?
Who says 'tis fit we now should part,
And never meet again?

* * * *

'He had nor gold nor land, and trow'd
Himself unworthy all,
And sternly in his soul had vow'd
His fond love to recall.

'For her he loved he would not wrong,
Since fate would ne'er agree,
And went to part with a sore, sore heart,
In the bower of the greenwood tree.

'The dews were deep, and the leaves were green,
And the eve was soft and still;
But strife may reach the vale, I ween,
Though no blasts be on the hill.

'The leaves were green, and the dews were deep,
And the foot was light upon
The grass and flowers round the bower asleep;
But parting there could be none.

'He spoke the word with a struggle hard,
And the fair one forward sprung,
Nor ever wist, till like one too blest,
Her arms were round him flung.

'For the fair one whom he'd woo'd before,
While the chill night breezes sighed,
Could wot not why she loved him more
Than e'er she thus was tried.

'A red—not weak—came o'er her cheek,
And she turn'd away anon;
But since nor he nor she could speak,
Still parting there could be none.

* * * *

'She cool'd his brow with the heart's own drop,
While the brain seem'd burning there,
And her whisper reach'd the realm of hope
Through the darkness of despair.

'She bade his soul be still and free,
In the light of love to live,
And soothed it with the sympathy
Which a woman's heart can give.

'And it seem'd more than all before
E'er given to mortal man,
The radiance came, and with it bore
The angel of the dawn.

* * * *

'And if Fortune's frown would o'er him come down,
Less marvel it may be,
Since he woo'd all while to make his own
A lovelier far than she.'

* * * * * *

"Notwithstanding the ever-living solicitude and sad suffering constituting the keen and trying experience of many years, as arising in consequence of this attachment and untoward circumstances, it has brought more than a sufficient compensation; and were it possible, and the choice given, I would assuredly follow the same course, and suffer it all over again, rather than be without 'that treasure of departed sorrow' that is even now at my right hand as I write these lines.

"'The Christian Politician' was published during the time of my indisposition. This work I had written at leisure hours, with the hope of its being beneficial to the people placed under my care, by giving them a general and connected view of the principles and philosophical bearing of the Christian religion. In exhorting them privately, I discovered that many of them understood that religion better in itself than they appeared to comprehend the manner in which it stood in connection with the surrounding circumstances of this life. In other words, they were acquainted with doctrines and principles whose application and use, whether in regard to thought, or feeling, or daily practice, they did not so clearly recognise. To remedy this state of things, I wrote 'The Christian Politician' in a style as simple as the subjects treated of in it would well admit of, giving it a conversational cast, instead of systematic arrangement, that it might be the less forbidding to those for whom it was principally intended. Being published, however, at the time when, through my indisposition, I could take no interest in it, it was sent forth in a somewhat more costly shape than rightly suited the original design; and although extensively introduced and well received, it was in society of a higher order than that which it was its object chiefly to benefit.

"My latest publication is a volume of 'Poems and Songs,'* published at Edinburgh. 'The Cottagers of Glendale,' the 'Lay of Life,' and some others of the compositions in this volume, were written during the period of my convalescence; the songs are, for the greater part, the production of 'the days of other years.' Many of the latter had been already sung in every district of the kingdom, but had been much corrupted in the course of oral transmission. These wanderers of the hill harp are now secured in a permanent form."

To this autobiographical sketch it remains to be added, that Mr Riddell is possessed of nearly all the qualities of a great master of the Scottish lyre. He has viewed the national character where it is to be seen in its most unsophisticated aspects, and in circumstances the most favourable to its development. He has lived, too, among scenes the best calculated to foster the poetic temperament. "He has got," wrote Professor Wilson, "a poet's education: he has lived the greater part of his days amidst pastoral scenes, and tended sheep among the green and beautiful solitudes of nature." Sufficiently imaginative, he does not, like his minstrel predecessor the Ettrick Shepherd, soar into the regions of the supernatural, or roam among the scenes of the viewless world. He sings of the mountain wilds and picturesque valleys of Caledonia, and of the simple joys and habits of rural or pastoral life. His style is essentially lyrical, and his songs are altogether true to nature. Several of his songs, such as "Scotland Yet," "The Wild Glen sae Green," "The Land of Gallant Hearts," and "The Crook and Plaid," will find admirers while Scottish lyric poetry is read or sung.

* "Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces." Edinburgh, 1847, 12mo.

THE WILD GLEN SAE GREEN.

AIR—"*Roslin Castle.*"

WHEN my flocks upon the heathy hill are lying
a' at rest,
And the gloamin' spreads its mantle grey o'er
the world's dewy breast,
I'll take my plaid and hasten through yon
woody dell unseen,
And meet my bonnie lassie in the wild glen
sae green.

I'll meet her by the trysting-tree that's stannin'
a' alane,
Where I ha'e carved her name upon yon little
moss grey stane,
There I will fauld her to my breast, and be
mair bless'd I ween
Than a' that are aneath the sky, in the wild
glen sae green.

Her head reclined upon this heart, in simple
bliss I'll share
The pure, pure kiss o' tender love that owns
nae earthly care,
And spirits hovering o'er us shall bless the
heartfelt scene,
While I woo my bonnie lassie in the wild glen
sae green.

My fauldin' plaid shall shield her frae the
gloamin's chilly gale;
The star o' eve shall mark our joy, but shall
not tell our tale—
Our simple tale o' tender love—that tauld sae
oft has been
To my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen
sae green.

It may be sweet at morning hour, or at the
noon o' day,
To meet wi' those that we lo'e weel in grove
or garden gay;
But the sweetest bliss o' mortal life is at the
hour o' e'en,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen
sae green.

O! I could wander earth a' o'er, nor care for
aught o' bliss,
If I might share, at my return, a joy sae pure
as this;
An I could spurn a' earthly wealth—a palace
and a queen,
For my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen
sae green!

SCOTIA'S THISTLE.

SCOTIA'S thistle guards the grave,
Where repose her dauntless brave;
Never yet the foot of slave
Has trod the wilds of Scotia.
Free from tyrant's dark control—
Free as waves of ocean roll—
Free as thoughts of minstrel's soul,
Still roam the sons of Scotia.

Scotia's hills of hoary hue,
Heaven wraps in wreathes of blue,
Watering with its dearest dew
The heathy locks of Scotia.
Down each green-wood skirted vale,
Guardian spirits, lingering, hail
Many a minstrel's melting tale,
As told of ancient Scotia.

When the shades of eve invest
Nature's dew-bespangled breast,
How supremely man is blest
In the glens of Scotia!
There no dark alarms convey
Aught to chase life's charms away;
There they live, and live for aye,
Round the homes of Scotia.

Wake, my hill harp! wildly wake!
Sound by lee and lonely lake,
Never shall this heart forsake
The bonnie wilds of Scotia.
Others o'er the ocean's foam
Far to other lands may roam,
But for ever be my home
Beneath the sky of Scotia!

THE LAND OF GALLANT HEARTS.

OURS is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of lovely forms,
The island of the mountain-harp,
The torrents and the storms;
The land that blooms with freeman's tread,
And withers with the slave's,
Where far and deep the green woods spread,
And wild the thistle waves.

Ere ever Ossian's lofty voice
Had told of Fingal's fame,
Ere ever from their native clime
The Roman eagles came—
Our land had given heroes birth,
That durst the boldest brave,
And taught, above tyrannic dust,
The thistle tufts to wave.

What need we say how Wallace fought,
And how his foemen fell?
Or how on glorious Bannockburn
The work went wild and well?
Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of honour'd graves,
Whose wreath of fame shall ne'er depart
While yet the thistle waves.

THE YELLOW LOCKS O' CHARLIE.

THE gathering clans, 'mong Scotia's glens,
Wi' martial steps are bounding,
And loud and lang, the wilds amang,
The war-pipe's strains are sounding;
The sky and stream reflect the gleam
Of broadswords glancing rarely,
To guard till death the hills of heath
Against the foes o' Charlie.

Then let on high the banners fly,
And hearts and hands rise prouder,
And wake amain the warlike strain
Still louder, and still louder;
For we ha'e sworn, ere dawn the morn
O'er Appin's mountains early,
Auld Scotland's crown shall nod aboon
The yellow locks o' Charlie.

While banners wave aboon the brave
Our foemen vainly gather,
And swear to claim, by deeds o' fame,
Our hills and glens o' heather.
For seas shall swell to wild and fell,
And crown green Appin fairly,
Ere hearts so steel'd to foemen yield
The rights o' royal Charlie,

Then wake mair loud the pibroch proud,
And let the mountains hoary
Re-echo round the warlike sound
That speaks of Highland glory.
For strains sublime, through future time,
Shall tell the tale unsparely,
How Scotland's crown was placed aboon
The yellow locks o' Charlie.

WE'LL MEET YET AGAIN.

WE'LL meet yet again, my loved fair one, when o'er us
The sky shall be bright, and the bowers shall be green,
And the visions of life shall be lovely before us,
As the sunshine of summer that sleeps o'er the scene.
The woodlands are sad when the green leaves are fading,
And sorrow is deep when the dearest must part,
But for each darker woe that our spirit is shading
A joy yet more bright shall return to the heart.

We'll meet yet again, when the pain, disconcerting
The peace of our minds in a moment like this,
Shall melt into nought, like the tears of our parting,
Or live but in mem'ry to heighten our bliss.
We have loved in the hours when a hope scarce could find us;
We've loved when our hearts were the lightest of all,
And the same tender tie that has bound, still shall bind us,
When the dark chain of fate shall have ceased to enthral.

We'll meet yet again, when the spirit of gladness
Shall breathe o'er the valley, and brighten its flowers,
And the lone hearts of those who have long been in sadness
Shall gather delight from the transport of ours;
Yes, thine are the charms, love, that never can perish,
And thine is the star that my guide still shall be,
Alluring the hope in this soul that shall cherish
Its life's dearest treasures, to share them with thee.

OUR AIN NATIVE LAND.

OUR ain native land! our ain native land!
There's a charm in the words that we a' understand,
That flings o'er the bosom the power of a spell,
And makes us love mair what we a' love so well.
The heart may have feelings it canna conceal,
As the mind has the thoughts that nae words can reveal,
But alike he the feelings and thought can command
Who names but the name o' our ain native land.

Our ain native land! our ain native land!
Though bleak be its mountains and rugged its strand,
The waves aye seem bless'd, dancing wild o'er the sea,
When woke by the winds from the hills o' the free.
Our sky oft is dark, and our storms loud and cauld,
But where are the hearts that sic worth can unfauld
As those that unite, and uniting expand,
When they hear but the name o' our ain native land?

Our ain native land! our ain native land!
To hear of her famed ones let none e'er demand,
For the hours o' a' time far too little would prove
To name but the names that we honour and love.
The bard lives in light, though his heart it be still,
And the cairn of the warrior stands grey on the hill,
And songster and sage can alike still command
A garland of fame from our ain native land.

Our ain native land! our ain native land!
Her wild woods are glorious, her waterfalls grand,
And her songs still proclaim, as they ring through the glen,
The charms of her maids and the worth of her men.
Her thistle shall cease in the breezes to wave,
And the floweret to bloom on the patriot's grave,
Ere we cease to defend, with our heart and our hand,
The freedom and faith of our ain native land.

THE GRECIAN WAR SONG.

On! on to the fields, where of old
The laurels of freedom were won;
Let us think, as the banners of Greece we unfold,
Of the brave in the pages of glory enroll'd,
And the deeds by our forefathers done!
O yet, if there's aught that is dear,
Let bravery's arm be its shield;
Let love of our country give power to each spear,
And beauty's pale cheek dry its long-gather'd tear
In the light of the weapons we wield.
Awake then to glory, that Greece yet may be
The land—the proud land of the famed and the free!

Rear! rear the proud trophies once more,
Where Persia's hosts were o'erthrown;
Let the song of our triumph arise on our shore,
Till the mountains give back the far sounds, as of yore,
To the fields where our foemen lie strewn!
Oh ne'er shall our bold efforts cease
Till the garlands of freedom shall wave
In breezes, which, fraught with the tidings of peace,
Shall wander o'er all the fair islands of Greece,
And cool not the lip of a slave:
Awake then to glory! that Greece yet may be
The land—the proud land of the famed and the free.

FLORA'S LAMENT.

More dark is my soul than the scenes of yon islands,
Dismantled of all the gay hues that they wore;
For lost is my hope since the Prince of the Highlands
'Mong these, his wild mountains, can meet me no more.
Ah! Charlie, how wrung was this heart when it found thee
Forlorn, and the die of thy destiny cast;
Thy Flora was firm 'mid the perils around thee,
But where were the brave of the land that had own'd thee,
That she— only she—should be true to the last?

The step's in the bark on the dark heaving waters,
That now should have been on the floor of a throne;
And, alas for auld Scotland, her sons and her daughters!
Thy wish was their welfare, thy cause was their own.
But 'lorn may we sigh where the hill-winds awaken,
And weep in the glen where the cataracts foam,
And sleep where the dew-drops are deep on the bracken;
Thy foot has the land of thy fathers forsaken,
And more—never more will it yield thee a home.

Oh! yet when afar, in the land of the stranger,
If e'er on thy spirit remembrance may be
Of her who was true in these moments of danger
Reprove not the heart that still lives but for thee.
The night-shrouded flower from the dawning shall borrow
A ray, all the glow of its charms to renew,
But Charlie, ah! Charlie, no ray to thy Flora
Can dawn from thy coming to chase the dark sorrow
Which death, in thine absence, alone can subdue.

WHEN THE GLEN ALL IS STILL.

Air—"*Cold Frosty Morning.*"

When the glen all is still, save the stream of the fountain,
When the shepherd has ceased o'er the dark heath to roam,
And the wail of the plover awakes on the mountain,
Inviting her mate to return to his home—
Oh! meet me, Eliza, adown by the wild-wood,
Where the wild daisies sleep 'mong the low-lying dew,
And our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,
And pure as the fair star, in heaven's deep blue.

Thy locks shall be braided in drops of the gloaming,
And fann'd by the far-travell'd breeze of the lawn;
The spirits of heaven shall know of thy coming,
And watch o'er our joy till the hour of the dawn.

No woes shall we know of dark fortune's decreeing,
Of the past and the future my dreams may not be,
For the light of thine eye seems the home of my being,
And my soul's fondest thoughts shall be gather'd to thee.

SCOTLAND YET.*

GAE, bring my guid auld harp ance mair,—
Gae, bring it free and fast,—
For I maun sing another sang
Ere a' my glee be past;
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be,
Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
As they dance down the dells;
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea;
Then Scotland's dales, and Scotland's vales,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

The thistle wags upon the fields
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
To dye her auld grey plaid;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee—
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
Gi'e me the hills where Ossian lies,
And Coila's minstrel sang;
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

* This song, set to music by Mr Peter M'Leod, was published in a separate form, and the profits, which amounted to a considerable sum, given for the purpose of placing a parapet and railing around the monument of Burns on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

I SAT in the vale, 'neath the hawthorns so hoary,
And the gloom of my bosom seem'd deep as their shade,
For remembrance was fraught with the far-travell'd story,
That told where the dust of the minstrel was laid:
I saw not his harp on the wild boughs above me,
I heard not its anthems the mountains among;
But the flow'rets that bloom'd on his grave were more lovely
Than others would seem to that earth that belong.

"Sleep on," said my soul, "in the depths of thy slumber
Sleep on, gentle bard! till the shades pass away;
For the lips of the living the ages shall number
That steal o'er thy heart in its couch of decay:
Oh! thou wert beloved from the dawn of thy childhood,
Beloved till the last of thy suffering was seen,
Beloved now that o'er thee is waving the wild-wood,
And the worm only living where rapture hath been.

"Till the footsteps of time are their travel forsaking,
No form shall descend, and no dawning shall come,
To break the repose that thy ashes are taking,
And call them to life from their chamber of gloom:
Yet sleep, gentle bard! for, though silent for ever,
Thy harp in the hall of the chieftain is hung;
No time from the mem'ry of mankind shall sever
The tales that it told, and the strains that it sung."

OUR OWN LAND AND LOVED ONE.

AIR—"*Buccleuch Gathering.*"

No sky shines so bright as the sky that is spread
O'er the land that gave birth to the first breath we drew—
Such radiance but lives in the eye of the maid
That is dear to our heart—to our heart ever true.

With her—yes, with her that this spirit has bless'd,
'Neath my dear native sky let my home only be;

And the valley of flowers, and the heath-covered waste,
Shall alike have a spell of enchantment for me.

Let her eye pour its light o'er the joy of my heart,
Or mingle its beam with the gloom of my woe,
And each shadow of care from the soul shall depart,
Save of care that on her it is bliss to bestow.

My thought shall not travel to sun-lighted isles,
Nor my heart own a wish for the wealth they may claim,
But live and be bless'd in rewarding her smiles
With the song of the harp that shall hallow her name.

The anthems of music delightful may roll,
Or eloquence flow as the wave of the sea,
But the sounds that enchantment can shed o'er the soul
Are—the lass that we love, and the land that is free!

THE BOWER OF THE WILD.

I FORMED a green bower by the rill o' yon glen,
Afar from the din and the dwellings of men;
Where still I might linger in many a dream,
And mingle my strains wi' the voice o' the stream.
From the cave and the cliff, where the hill foxes roam,
Where the earn has his nest and the raven his home,
I brought the young flower-buds ere yet they had smiled,
And taught them to bloom round my bower of the wild.

But the fair maidens came, from yon vale far away,
And sought my lone grotto still day after day,
And soon were the stems of their fair blossoms shorn
That the flowers of the bard might their ringlets adorn.
Full fair were they all, but the maiden most fair
Would still have no flower till I pull'd it with care;
And gentle, and simple, and modest, and mild,
She stole my lone heart in the bower of the wild.

The summer is past, and the maidens are gone,
And this heart, like my grotto, is wither'd and lone.
And yet, with the winter, I'll cease not to mourn,
Unless, with the blossoms, these fair ones return.
Oh! had they ne'er come, or had ne'er gone away,
I sing in my sorrow still day after day.
The scene seems a desert—the charm is exiled,
And woe to my blooms and my bower of the wild!

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

AIR—"*The Ploughman.*"

I WINNA love the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,
Though he should own that tender love, that's only felt by few;
For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love betray'd,
Is the faithfu' shepherd laddie that wears the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true to his lassie—he's aye true to his lassie,
Who wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild his fleecy flocks to view,
While o'er him sweet the laverock sings, new sprung frae 'mang the dew;
His doggie frolics roun' and roun', and may not weel be stay'd,
Sae blythe it is the laddie wi' that wears the crook and plaid;
And he's aye true, etc.

At noon he leans him down upon the high and heathy fell,
And views his flocks, beneath him a', fair feeding in the dell;
And there he sings the songs o' love, the sweetest ever made;
O! how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and plaid;
And he s aye true, etc.

He pu's the bells o' heather red, and the lily-flowers sae meek,
Ca's the lily like my bosom, and the heath-bell like my cheek;
His words are sweet and tender, as the dews frae heaven shed;
And weel I love to list the lad who wears the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, etc.

When the dews begin to fauld the flowers, and the gloaming shades draw on,
When the star comes stealing through the sky, and the kye are on the loan,
He whistles through the glen sae sweet, the heart is lighter made
To ken the laddie hameward hies who wears the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, etc.

Beneath the spreading hawthorn grey, that's growing in the glen,
He meets me in the gloamin' aye, when nane on earth can ken,

To woo and vow, and there I trow, whatever may be said,
He kens aye unco weel the way to row me in his plaid;
For he's aye true, etc.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one ride,
And woo across the table cauld his madam-titled bride;
But I'll gang to the hawthorn grey, where cheek to cheek is laid,
Oh! nae wooers like the laddie that rows me in his plaid;
And he's aye true, etc.

To own the truth o' tender love what heart wad no comply,
Since love gives purer happiness than aught aneath the sky?
If love be in the bosom, then the heart is ne'er afraid;
And through life I'll love the laddie that wears the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, etc.

THE MINSTREL'S BOWER.

AIR—"*Bonny Mary Hay.*"

OH, lassie! if thou'lt gang to yonder glen wi' me,
I'll weave the wilds amang a bonnie bower for thee;
I'll weave a bonnie bower o' the birks and willows green,
And to my heart thou'lt be what nae other e'er has been.

When the dew is on the flower, and the star-light on the lea,
In the bonnie green-wood bower I'll wake my harp to thee;
I'll wake my hill-harp's strain, and the echoes o' the dell
Shall restore the tales again that its notes o' love shall tell.

Oh, lassie! thou art fair as the morning's early beam,
As the image of a flower reflected frae the stream;
There's kindness in thy heart, and there's language in thine ee,
But ah! its looks impart nae sweet tale o' love to me!

Oh, lassie! wert thou mine I wad love thee wi' such love
As the lips can ne'er define, and the cold can never prove;
In the bower by yonder stream our happy home should be,
And our life a blissful dream, while I lived alone for thee.

When I am far away my thoughts on thee shall rest,
Allured, as by a ray, frae the dwellings o' the blest;
For beneath the clouds o' dew, where'er my path may be,
Oh! a maiden fair as thou, I again shall never see!

WHEN THE STAR OF THE MORNING.

When the star of the morning is set,
And the heavens are beauteous and blue,
And the bells of the heather are wet
With the drops of the deep-lying dew;
'Mong the flocks on the mountains that lie,
'Twas blythesome and blissful to be,
When these all my thoughts would employ;
But now I must think upon thee.

When noontide displays all its powers,
And the flocks to the valley return,
To lie and to feed 'mong the flowers
That bloom on the banks of the burn;
O sweet, sweet it was to recline
'Neath the shade of yon hoar hawthorn-tree,
And think on the charge that was mine;
But now I must think upon thee.

When gloaming stole down from the rocks,
With her fingers of shadowy light,
And the dews of the eve in her locks,
To spread down a couch for the night;
'Twas sweet through yon green birks to stray,
That border the brook and the lea;
But now, 'tis a wearisome way,
Unless it were travell'd with thee.

All lovely and pure as thou art,
And generous of thought and of will,
Oh, Mary! speak thou to this heart,
And bid its wild beating be still;
I'd give all the ewes in the fold—
I'd give all the lambs on the lea,
By night or by day to behold
One look of true kindness from thee.

THOUGH ALL FAIR WAS THAT BOSOM.

THOUGH all fair was that bosom, heaving white,
While hung this fond spirit o'er thee;
And though that eye, with beauty's light,
Still bedimm'd every eye before thee;
Oh! charms there were still more divine,
When woke that melting voice of thine,
The charms that caught this soul of mine,
And taught it to adore thee.

Then died the woes of the heart away
With the thoughts of joy departed;
For my soul seem'd but to live in thy lay,
While it told of the faithful-hearted.

Methought how sweet it were to be
Far in some wild green glen with thee;
From all of life and of longing free,
Save what pure love imparted.

Oh! I could stray where the drops of dew
Never fell on the desert round me,
And dwell where the fair flowers never grew
If the hymns of thy voice still found me.
Thy smile itself could the soul invest
With all that here makes mortals bless'd;
While every thought thy lips express'd
In deeper love still bound me.

WOULD THAT I WERE WHERE WILD WOODS WAVE.

Would that I were where wild woods wave
Aboon the beds where sleep the brave;
And where the streams o' Scotia lave
Her hills and glens o' grandeur!

Where freedom reigns, and friendship dwells,
Bright as the sun upon the fells,
When autumn brings the heather-bells
In all their native splendour.
The thistle wi' the hawthorn joins,
The birds mix wi' the mountain pines,
And heart with dauntless heart combines
For ever to defend her.
Then would I were, etc.

There roam the kind, and live the leal,
By lofty ha' and lowly shiel;
And she for whom the heart must feel
A kindness still mair tender.
Fair, where the light-hill breezes blaw,
The wild-flowers bloom by glen and shaw;
But she is fairer than them a',
Wherever she may wander.
Then would I were, etc.

Still, far or near, by wild or wood,
I'll love the generous, wise, and good;
But she shall share the dearest mood
That Heaven to life may render.
What boots it then thus on to stir,
And still from love's enjoyment err,
When I to Scotland and to her
Must all this heart surrender.
Then would I were, etc.

OH! TELL ME WHAT SOUND.

Air—"*Paddy's Resource.*"

Oh! tell me what sound is the sweetest to hear—
The sound that can most o'er our being prevail?
'Tis the sweet melting voice of the maid we love dear,
When chanting the songs of her own native vale.

More thrilling is this than the tone of the gale,
Awakening the wind-harp's wild wandering lore;
More sweet than the songster that sings in the dale,
When the strains of the rest of the warblers are o'er.

Oh! tell me what light of the earth or the sky
Can the deepest delight to the spirit impart?
'Tis the bright beaming radiance that lives in the eye
Of the maid that affection has bound to the heart.
More charming is this than the glory of art,
More lovely than rays from yon heavens above;
It heightens each joy, as it soothes every smart,
Enchanting our souls with the magic of love.

Oh! tell me what drop is most melting and meek
That aught 'neath the azure of heaven can share?
'Tis the tear-drop that falls o'er the dear maiden's cheek
When she breathes o'er her lover her sigh and her prayer!
More tender is this—more celestial and fair—
Than the dew-drop that springs from the chamber of morn;
A balm that still softens the ranklings of care,
And heals every wound that the bosom hath borne.

OUR MARY.*

Our Mary liket weel to stray
Where clear the burn was rowin',
And troth she was though I say sae,
As fair as ought ere made o' clay,
And pure as ony gowan.

And happy, too, as ony lark
The clud might ever carry;
She shunn'd the ill, and sought the good,
E'en mair than weel was understood;
And a' fouk liket Mary.

But she fell sick wi' some decay,
When she was but eleven;
And as she pined frae day to day,
We grudged to see her gaun away,
Though she was gaun to Heaven.

There's fears for them that's far awa',
And fykes for them are flitting;
But fears and cares, baith grit and sma',
We, by and by, o'er-pit them a';
But death there's nae o'er-pitting.

* This exquisite lay forms a portion of "The Cottagers of Glendale," Mr Riddell's longest ballad poem.

And nature's bands are hard to break,
When thus they maun be broken;
And e'en the form we loved to see,
We canna lang, dear though it be,
Preserve it as a token.

But Mary had a gentle heart—
Heaven did as gently free her;
Yet lang afore she reach'd that part,
Dear sir, it wad ha'e made ye start
Had ye been there to see her.

Sae changed, and yet sae sweet and fair,
And growing meek and meeker,
Wi' her lang locks o' yellow hair,
She wore a little angel's air,
Ere angels cam' to seek her.

And when she couldna stray out by,
The wee wild-flowers to gather,
She oft her household plays wad try,
To hide her illness frae our eye,
Lest she should grieve us farther.

But ilka thing we said or did,
Aye pleased the sweet wee creature;
Indeed ye wad ha'e thought she had
A something in her made her glad
Ayont the course o' nature.

For though disease, beyont remeed,
Was in her frame indented,
Yet aye the mair as she grew ill,
She grew and grew the lovelier still,
And mair and mair contented.

But death's cauld hour cam' on at last,
As it to a' is comin';
And may it be, whene'er it fa's,
Nae waur to others than it was
To Mary, sweet wee woman!

HUGH AINSLIE.

Hugh Ainslie was born on the 5th April 1792,* at Bargeny Mains, in the parish of Dailly, and county of Ayr. Receiving the rudiments of education from a private teacher in his father's house, he entered the parish school of Ballantrae in his tenth year, and afterwards became a pupil in the academy of Ayr. A period of bad health induced him to forego the regular prosecution of learning, and, having quitted the academy, he accepted employment as an assistant-gardener on the estate of Sir Ilew Dalrymple Hamilton. At the age of sixteen he entered the writing chambers of a legal gentleman in Glasgow, but the confinement of the office proving uncongenial, he took a hasty departure, throwing himself on the protection of some relatives at Roslin, near Edinburgh. His father's family soon after removed to Roslin, and through the kindly interest of Mr Thomas Thomson, Deputy-Clerk Register, he procured a clerkship in the General Register House, Edinburgh. For some months he acted as amanuensis to Professor Dugald Stewart, in transcribing his last work for the press.

Having entered into the married state, and finding the salary of his office in the Register House unequal to the comfortable maintenance of his family, he resolved to emigrate to the United States, in the hope of bettering his circumstances. Arriving at New York in July 1822, he made purchase of a farm in that State, and there resided the three following years. He next made a trial of the Social System of Robert Owen, at New Harmony, but abandoned the project at the close of a year. In 1827 he entered into partnership with Messrs Price & Wood, brewers in Cincinnati, and set up a branch of the establishment at Louisville. Removing to New Albany, Indiana, he there built a large brewery for a joint-stock company, and in 1832 erected in that place similar premises on his own account. The former was ruined by the great Ohio flood of 1832, and the latter perished by fire in 1834. He has since followed the occupation of superintending the erection of mills and factories; and has latterly fixed his abode in Jersey, a suburb of New York.

Early imbued with the love of song, Mr Ainslie composed verses when a youth on the mountains of Carrick. A visit to his native country in 1820 revived the ardour

* "1792. Hugh, son lawful to George Ainslie, baker in Bargeny, was born April the 5th, and baptized the 16th."—*Dailly Register of Births.*

of his muse; and shortly before his departure to America he published the whole of his rhyming effusions in a duodecimo volume, with the title, "Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns." A second volume from his pen, entitled, "Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems," was in 1855 published at New York.

THE HAMEWARD SANG.

Each whirl of the wheel,
Each step brings me nearer
The hame of my youth—
Every object grows dearer,
Thae hills and thae huts,
And thae trees on that green,
Losh! they glower in my face
Like some kindly auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social,
As gif they would crack;
And the sang o' the birds
Seems to welcome me back.
Oh, dear to our hearts
Is the hand that first fed us,
And dear is the land
And the cottage that bred us.

And dear are the comrades
With whom we once sported,
And dearer the maiden
Whose love we first courted.
Joy's image may perish,
E'en grief die away;
But the scenes of our youth
Are recorded for aye.

DOWIE IN THE HINT O' HAIRST.

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst,
At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,
When the wind grows cauld, and the burns grow bauld,
And the wuds are hingin' yellow;
But oh, it's dowier far to see
The wa-gang o' her the heart gangs wi',
The dead-set o' a shinin' ee—
That darkens the weary warld on thee.

There was mickle love atween us twa—
Oh, twa could ne'er be fonder;
And the thing on yird was never made,
That could ha'e gart us sunder.
But the way of Heaven's aboon a' ken,
And we maun bear what it likes to sen'—
It's comfort, though, to weary men,
That the warst o' this warld's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come and gae,
Just kent, and just forgotten;
And the flowers that busk a bonnie brae,
Gin anither year lie rotten.
But the last look o' that lovely ee,
And the dying grip she ga'e to me,
They're settled like eternitie—
Oh, Mary! that I were wi' thee.

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

Can you lo'e, my dear lassie,
The hills wild and free;
Whar' the sang o' the shepherd
Gars a' ring wi' glee?
Or the steep rocky glens,
Where the wild falcons bide?
Then on wi' the tartan,
And, fy, let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie,
That ne'er war in rigs!
Or the bonnie loune lee,
Where the sweet robin bigs?
Or the sang o' the lintie,
Whan wooin' his bride?
Then on wi' the tartan,
And, fy, let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie,
That loups amang linns?
Or the bonnie green howmes,
Where it cannilie rins,
Wi' a cantie bit housie,
Sae snug by its side?
Then on wi' the tartan,
And, fy, let us ride!

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

The Rover o' Lochryan, he's gane,
Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a better keel
Ne'er bowl'd owre the back o' a wave.
It's no' when the loch lies dead in his trough
When naething disturbs it ava;
But the rack and the ride o' the restless tide,
Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
Owre the breast o' the siller sea;
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
An' the rover that's dear to me;
But when that the clud lays its cheek to the flud,
An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore;
When the win' sings high, and the sea-whaups cry,
As they rise frae the whitening roar.

It's then that I look to the thickening rook,
An' watch by the midnight tide;
I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
An' the sea that he glories to ride.
Oh, merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
Wi' the helm heft in his hand,
An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
As his ee's upon Galloway's land:

'Unstent and slack each reef an' tack,
Gae her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd through a heavier sea afore,
An' she'll roar through a heavier yet.
When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
In the tempest's angry moan,
We dash through the drift, and sing to the lift
O' the wave that heaves us on."

THE LADS AN' THE LAND FAR AWA'.

AIR—"*My ain fireside.*"

WHEN I think on the lads an' the land I ha'e left,
An' how love has been lifted, an' friendship been reft;
How the hinnie o' hope has been jumbled wi' ga',
Then I sigh for the lads an' the land far awa'.

When I think on the days o' delight we ha'e seen,
When the flame o' the spirit would spark in the een;
Then I say, as in sorrow I think on ye a',
Where will I find hearts like the hearts far awa?

When I think on the nights we ha'e spent hand in hand,
Wi' mirth for our sowther, and friendship our band,
This world gets dark; but ilk night has a daw',
And I yet may rejoice in the land far awa'!

THE LAST LOOK O' HAME.

BARE was our burn brae,
December's blast had blawn,
The last flower was dead,
An' the brown leaf had fa'n:
It was dark in the deep glen,
Hoary was our hill;
An' the win' frae the cauld north,
Cam' heavy and chill:

When I said fare-ye-weel,
To my kith and my kin;
My barque it lay ahead,
An' my cot-house ahin';
I had nought left to tine,
I'd a wide warl' to try;
But my heart it wadna lift,
An' my ee it wadna dry.

I look'd lang at the ha',
Through the mist o' my tears,
Where the kind lassie lived,
I had run wi' for years;
E'en the glens where we sat,
Wi' their broom-cover'd knowes,
Took a haud on this heart
That I ne'er can unloose.

I ha'e wander'd sin' syne,
By gay temples and towers,
Where the ungather'd spice
Scents the breeze in their bowers;
Oh! sic scenes I could leave
Without pain or regret;
But the last look o' hame
I ne'er can forget.

MY BONNIE WEE BELL.

MY bonnie wee Bell was a mitherless bairn,
Her aunty was sour, an' her uncle was stern;
While her cousin was aft in a cankersome mood;
But that hinder'd na Bell growing bonnie and gude.

When we ran to the schule, I was aye by her han',
To wyse off the busses, or help owre a stran';
An' as aulder we grew, a' the neighbours could tell
Hoo my liking grew wi' thee, my bonnie wee Bell.

Thy cousin gangs dinkit, thy cousin gangs drest,
In her silks and her satins, the brawest and best;
But the gloss o' a cheek, the glint o' an ee,
Are jewels frae heaven, nae tocher can gi'e.

Some gowd, an' some siller, my auld gutcher left,
An' in houses an' mailins I'll soon be infeft;
I've a vow in the heaven, I've an aith wi' thysel',
I'll make room in this world for thee, bonnie Bell.

WILLIAM THOMSON.

WILLIAM THOMSON was born in 1797, in the village of Kennoway, Fifeshire. He has constantly resided in his native place. After obtaining an ordinary education at the parish school, he engaged in business as a manufacturer. Relinquishing this occupation, he became a grocer and general merchant; and since 1824 he has held the office of Postmaster. He composed verses at an early period. In 1828, some of his verses ap-

peared in the *Paisley Advertiser*, and the favour with which they were received induced him to offer some poetical compositions to the *Fife Herald*, a newspaper which had lately been established in the capital of his native county. Under the signature of *Theta*, he has since been a regular contributor of verses to that journal. He has likewise contributed articles in prose and poetry to other newspapers and some of the periodicals.

THE MAIDEN TO HER REAPING HOOK.

THE soldier waves the shining sword, the shepherd boy his crook,
The boatman plies the splashing oar, but well I love the hook.
When swift I haste at sunny morn, unto the spreading plain,
And view before me, like a sea, the fields of golden grain,
And listen to the cheerful sound of harvest's echoing horn,
Or join the merry reaper band, that gather in the corn;
How sweet the friendly welcoming, how gladsome every look,
Ere we begin, with busy hands, to wield the Reaping Hook.

My Reaping Hook! my Reaping Hook! I love thee better far,
Than glancing spear and temper'd sword, bright instruments of war;
As thee I grasp with willing hand, and feel a reaper's glee,
When, waving in the rustling breeze, the ripen'd field I see;
Or listen to the harmless jest, the bandsman's cheerful song,
The hearty laugh, the rustic mirth, while mingling 'mid the throng;
With joy I see the well-fill'd sheaf, and mark each rising stook,
As thee I ply with agile arm, my trusty Reaping Hook.

They tell of glorious battle-fields, strew'd thick with heaps of slain!
Alas! the triumphs of the sword bring only grief and pain;
But thou, my shining Reaping Hook, the symbol art of peace,
And fill'st a thousand families with smiles and happiness;
While conquering warrior's burning brand, amid his gory path,
The emblem is of pain and woe, of man's destructive wrath.
Soon therefore may the spear give place unto the shepherd's crook,
And the conqueror's flaming sword be turn'd into a Reaping Hook!

THE SHEPHERD OF GLENSHEE.

I WANDER over hill and dale;
I breathe the healthful mountain gale;
Far from the city's busy throng,
I listen to the warbler's song;
I guide and tend my fleecy flocks,
Among the muirs, around the rocks;
And wander unconfined and free,
By bank and burn amid Glenshee.

While roaming o'er the mountain's side,
I mark the seasons onward glide;
See winter clothe the hills with snow,
And make the rivers overflow;
Behold the sunshine and the showers,
In spring renew the leafless bowers;
And list the hum of busy bee,
Among the blossoms in Glenshee.

When summer shines on howm and height,
And fills the bosom with delight;
When bloom adorns the sylvan dell,
And purple heath flowers deck the fell;
At gloaming grey, amid the glade,
I wander with my mountain maid;
And there is none like her I see,
The fairest flower in all Glenshee!

I love to mark, begemm'd with dew,
In shady dell, the vi'let blue;
I joy to view the crystal stream
In morning's cloudless radiance gleam;
But dearer, sweeter, lovelier far
Than op'ning rose, or shining star,—
Than all I know, than all I see,
The blossom that adorns Glenshee!

WILLIAM BLAIR.

WILLIAM BLAIR, author of the "Highland Maid," was born at Dunfermline in 1800. The son of respectable parents of the industrial class, he received an ordinary education at the burgh school. Apprenticed to the loom, he became known as a writer of verses; and having attracted the notice of an officer's lady, then resident in the

place, he was at her expense sent to the grammar school. He was recommended for educational employment in Dollar Academy; but no suitable situation being vacant at the period of his application, he was led to despair of emanating from the humble condition of his birth. A settled melancholy was afterwards succeeded by symptoms of permanent imbecility. For a number of years Blair has been an inmate of the Dunfermline poor-house.

THE HIGHLAND MAID.

AGAIN the laverock seeks the sky,
And warbles, dimly seen;
And summer views, wi' sunny joy,
Her gowany robe o' green.
But ah! the summer's blythe return,
In flowery pride array'd,
Nae mair can cheer this heart forlorn,
Or charm the Highland Maid.

My true love fell by Charlie's side,
Wi' mony a clansman dear;
That fatal day—oh, wae betide
The cruel Southron's spear!
His bonnet blue is fallen now,
And bluidy is the plaid,
That aften on the mountain's brow,
Has wrapt his Highland Maid.

My father's shieling on the hill
Is dowie now and sad;
The breezes whisper round me still,
I've lost my Highland lad.
Upon Culloden's fatal heath,
He spake o' me, they said,
And falter'd, wi' his dying breath,
"Adieu, my Highland Maid!"

The weary nicht for rest I seek,
The langsome day I mourn;
The smile upon my wither'd cheek
Can never mair return.

But soon beneath the sod I'll lie,
In yonder lonely glade;
And, haply, ilka passer by
Will mourn the Highland Maid.

THE NEAPOLITAN WAR SONG.*

TUNE—"*Brian the Brave.*"

YOUR foes are at hand, and the brand that they wield,
Soon, soon will emblazon your plain;
But, ah! may the arm of the brave be your shield,
And the song of the victor your strain.
Remember the fetters and chains that are wove,
And fated by slavery's decree,
Are not like the fetters of union and love,
That bind and encircle the free.

Though rich be your fields, they will blight in their bloom,
With the glow of the patriot's fires;
And the sun that now gladdens, shall sink into gloom,
And grow dark when your freedom expires.
Be yours, then, the triumph to brave ones that's meet,
And your country, with laurels in store,
Each weary and toil-worn warrior will greet
When the tumult of battle is o'er.

* First published in this work.

ARCHIBALD MACKAY.

ARCHIBALD MACKAY was born at Kilmarnock in 1801. Receiving an ordinary school education, he was apprenticed to a handloom weaver. Abandoning the loom, he subsequently acquired a knowledge of bookbinding, and has continued to prosecute that trade. From his youth devoted to the Muse, he produced in 1828 a metrical tale, entitled, "Drouthy Tam," which, passing through numerous editions, brought a local reputation to the writer. In 1830 he published a small volume of poems, and in 1832 a little work in prose and verse, entitled, "Recreations of Leisure Hours." In 1848 appeared his "History of Kilmarnock," which was afterwards reprinted in an enlarged form. A collection of his best songs was published in 1855 under the title of "Ingleside Lilts." Mackay has contributed extensively to the local journals, and has established a circulating library for the use of his fellow-townsmen.

OUR AULD SCOTS SANGS.

AIR—"*Traveller's Return.*"

Oh, weel I lo'e our auld Scots sangs,
The mournfu' and the gay;
They charm'd me by a mither's knee,
In bairnhood's happy day:
And even yet, though owre my pow
The snaws of age are flung,
The bluid loups joyfu' in my veins
Whene'er I hear them sung.

They bring the fond smile to the cheek,
Or tear-drap to the ee;
They bring to mind auld cronies kind,
Wha sung them aft wi' glee.
We seem again to hear the voice
Of mony a lang-lost frien';
We seem again to grip the hand
That lang in dust has been.

And, oh, how true our auld Scots sangs
When nature they portray!
We think we hear the wee bit burn
Gaun bickering doun the brae;
We see the spot, though far awa',
Where first life's breath we drew,
And a' the gowden scenes of youth
Seem rising to the view.

And dear I lo'e the wild war strains
Our langsyne minstrels sung—
They rouse wi' patriotic fires
The hearts of auld and young;
And even the dowie dirge that wails
Some brave but ruin'd band,
Inspires us wi' a warmer love
For hame and fatherland.

Yes, leese me on our auld Scots sangs—
The sangs of love and glee,
The sangs that tell of glorious deeds
That made auld Scotland free.
What though they sprung frae simple bards,
Wha kent nae rules of art?
They ever, ever yield a charm
That lingers round the heart.

MY LADDIE LIES LOW.

Alas! how true the boding voice
That whisper'd aft to me,
"Thy bonnie lad will ne'er return
To Scotland or to thee!"
Oh! true it spoke, though hope the while
Shed forth its brightest beam;
For low in death my laddie lies
By Alma's bloody stream.

I heard the village bells proclaim
That glorious deeds were done;
I heard wi' joy the gladsome shout,
"The field, the field is won!"
And I thought my lad, wi' glory crown'd,
Might come to me again;
But vain the thought! cold, cold he lies
On Alma's gory plain.

Oh! woe to him whose thirst for power
Has roll'd the bolts of war,
And made my laddie bleed and die
Frae hame and friends afar.
Alas! his form I ne'er shall see,
Except in fancy's dream;
For low he lies, where brave he fought,
By Alma's bloody stream.

JOUK AND LET THE JAW GAE BY.

AIR—"*Jockie's Grey Breeks.*"

Oh! say not life is ever drear,
For midst its scenes of toil and care
There's aye some joy the heart to cheer—
There's aye some spot that's green and fair.
To gain that spot the aim be ours,
For nocht we'll get unless we try;
And when misfortune round us lours,
We'll jouk and let the jaw gae by.

The wee bit flow'ret in the glen
Maun bend beneath the surly blast;
The birdie seeks some leafy den,
And shelters till the storm is past:
The "owrie sheep," when winds blaw snell,
To some lowne spot for refuge hie;
And sae, frae ills we canna quell,
We'll jouk and let the jaw gae by.

Yet there are ills we a' should brave—
The ills that man on man would throw;
For oh! he's but a thowless slave,
That patient bears Oppression's woe.
But if 'tis but the taunts of pride,
Of envy's tongue that would annoy,
'Tis nobler far to turn aside,
And jouk and let the jaw gae by.

In worldly gear we may be bare,
We may ha'e mony a dreary hour;
But never, never nurse despair,
For ilka ane maun taste the sour:
Even kings themsels, wi' a' their power,
Wi' a' their pomp and honours high,
'Neath adverse blasts are forced to cower,
And jouk to let the jaw gae by.

But mark this truth—the ills that blight
Are aft the fruits that folly brings;
Then shun the wrong, pursue the right—
Frae this the truest pleasure springs;
And fret not though dark clouds should spread
At times across life's troubled sky;
Sweet sunshine will the gloom succeed—
Sae jouk and let the jaw gae by.

VICTORIOUS BE AGAIN, BOYS.

HURRAH! hurrah! we've glory won,
And brighter blazes freedom's sun;
But daring deeds must yet be done
To curb Oppression's reign, boys.
Like wintry clouds in masses roll'd,
Our foes are thickening on the wold;
Then up! then up! be firm—be bold—
Victorious be again, boys.

The hearts—the blessings of the brave—
Of those who scorn the name of slave,
Are with you on the ocean's wave,
And on the battle-plain, boys:
Then rouse ye, rouse ye, every one
And gird your brightest armour on;
Complete the work so well begun—
Victorious be again, boys!

Though red with gore your path may be,
It leads to glorious liberty;
Remember, God is with the free,
The brave He will sustain, boys:
The tyrant fears the coming fight,
He fears the power of Truth and Right;
Then up! then up! in all your might—
Victorious be again, boys.

CHARLES MARSHALL.

THE REV. CHARLES MARSHALL is a native of Paisley. In early life he engaged in mercantile concerns. At the University of Glasgow he studied for two sessions, and in 1826 completed a philosophical curriculum at the University of Edinburgh. In the following year he was chosen governor of John Watson's Institution, Edinburgh, where he remained for thirteen years. During that time the directors of the institution expressed their approbation of his services by increasing his official emoluments; they also afforded him permission to attend the Divinity Hall. In 1840, on the completion of his theological studies, he was licensed as a probationer of the Established Church. In 1841 he accepted a call to the North Extension Church, Dunfermline. At the Disruption in 1843, he adhered to the Free Church. He laboured many years as minister of the Free North Church, Dunfermline; but having retired from ministerial duty, he is now resident in Edinburgh.

To the moral and religious reformation of the industrial classes, as well as the improvement of their physical condition, Mr Marshall has long been earnestly devoted. In 1853 he published a small volume of prose and poetry, addressed to industrial females, with the title, "Lays and Lectures to Scotia's Daughters of Industry." This work rapidly passed through various editions. In 1856 he appeared as the author of a similar publication, entitled "Homely Words and Songs for Working Men and Women," to which his former work has been added as a second part. His latest publication, entitled "The Watchman's Round," appeared in 1867; it contains, like his former works, terse and homely counsel adapted to the peculiar feelings and condition of the Scottish peasantry.

THE JEWEL OF A LAD.

AIR—"*Fye, gae rub her ower wi' strae.*"

As sunshine to the flowers in May,
As wild flowers to the hinny bee,
As fragrant scent o' new mown hay,
So my true love is sweet to me.

As costly jewels to the bride,
As beauty to the bridegroom's ee—
To sailors, as fair wind and tide,
So my true love is dear to me.

As rain-draps to the thirsty earth,
As waters to the willow-tree,
As mother's joy at baby's birth,
So my true love is dear to me.

Though owning neither wealth nor lan',
He 's ane o' Heaven's pedigree;
His love to God, his love to man,
His goodness makes him dear to me.

The lass that weds a warly fool
May laugh, and sing, and dance a wee;
But earthly love soon waxes cool,
And foolish fancies turn ajee.

My laddie's heart is fu' o' grace,
His loving ee blinks bonnily,
A heavenly licht illumes his face;
Nae wonder though he's dear to me.

TWILIGHT JOYS.

MUSING, we sat in our garden bower,
In the balmy month of June,
Enjoying the pensive gloamin' hour
When our daily task was done.

We spake of the friends of our early days,
Some living, some dead and gane,
And fancy skimm'd o'er the flow'ry braes
Of our morning life again.

A bless'd, a lightsome hour was that,
And joyful were we to see
The sunny face of ilk bonnie brat,
So full of frolicsome glee.

They ran, they row'd, they warsl'd, they fell,
Whiles whirl'd in a fairy ring—
Our hearts ran o'er like a gushing well,
And we bless'd each happy thing.

In our wee dwelling the lamp of love,
Trimm'd daily by faith and prayer,
Flings light on earth, on heaven above,
Sheds glory everywhere.

This golden lamp shines clear and bright,
When the world looks dark and doure,
It brightens our morning, noon, and night,
And gladdens our gloamin' hour.

WILLIAM WILSON.

WILLIAM WILSON was born on the 25th December 1801, in the village of Crieff, Perthshire. His parents being of the industrial class and in indigent circumstances, he was early devoted to a life of manual labour. While employed in a factory at Dundee, some of his poetical compositions were brought under the notice of Mrs Grant of Laggan, who interested herself in his behalf, and enabled him to begin business as a coal merchant. He married early in life, and continued after marriage to write as ardent poetry about his wife as he had done before marriage. On her death, he married a lady of respectable connections in the county of Roxburgh. In December 1833, he emigrated to America, and has since been in business as a publisher at Poughkeepsie, in the state of New York. He has repeatedly delivered lectures to scientific institutions, and is well known to the higher class of literary men in America. Many of his earlier poems were contributed to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal;* and he has published several of his own and other songs, with music composed by himself.

O BLESSING ON HER STARLIKE EEN.

O BLESSING on her starlike een,
Wi' their glance o' love divine;
And blessing on the red, red lip,
Was press'd yestreen to mine!

Her braided locks that waved sae light,
As she danced through the lofty ha',
Were like the cluds on the brow o' night,
Or the wing o' the hoodie craw.

O mony a jimp an' gentle dame,
In jewell'd pomp was there;
But she was first among them a',
In peerless beauty rare!

Her bosom is a holy shrine,
Unstain'd by mortal sin,
An' spotless as the snaw-white foam,
On the breast o' the siller linn.

Her voice—ha'e ye heard the goudspink's note,
By bowery glen or brake?
Or listen'd ye e'er to the mermaid's lay,
By sea or mountain lake?

Ha'e ye dreamt ye heard, i' the bowers o' heaven,
The angels' melodie?
Or fancied ye listen'd the sang o' the spheres
As they swung on their path on hie?

Far sweeter to me was her lay o' love,
At the gloamin' hour yestreen;
An', oh! were I king o' the warld wide,
I would mak' that maiden my queen.

OH! BLESSING ON THEE, LAND.

Oh! blessing on thee, land
Of love and minstrel song;
For Freedom found a dwelling-place
Thy mountain cliffs among!
And still she loves to roam
Among thy heath-clad hills;
And blend her wild-wood harp's sweet strain
With the voice of mountain rills.

Her song is on the gale,
Her step upon the wold;
And morning diamonds brightly gem
Her braided locks of gold.
Far up the pine-wood glen,
Her sylph-like form is seen,
By hunter in the hazy dawn,
Or wandering bard at e'en.

My own dear native home,
The birthplace of the brave,
O never may thy soil be trod
By tyrant or by slave!
Then, blessing on thee, land
Of love and minstrel song;
For Freedom found a dwelling-place,
Thy mountain cliffs among!

AULD JOHNNY GRAHAM.

Dear Aunty, what think ye o' auld Johnny Graham?
The carle sae pawkie an' slee!
He wants a bit wifie to tend his bein hame,
An' the body has ettled at me.

Wi' bonnet sae vaunty, an owerlay sae clean,
An' ribbon that waved 'boon his bree,
He cam' doun the cleugh at the gloamin' yestreen,
An' rappit, an' soon speert for me.

I bade him come ben whare my minny sae thrang
Was birlin' her wheel eidentlie,
An', foul fa' the carle, he was na' that lang,
Ere he tauld out his errand to me.

"Hech, Tibby, lass! a' yon braid acres o' land,
Wi' ripe craps that wave bonnilie,
An' meikle mair gear shall be at yer command,
Gin' ye will look kindly on me.

"Yon herd o' fat owsen that rout i' the glen,
Sax naigies that nibble the lea;
The kye i' the sheugh, and the sheep i' the pen,
I'se gi'e a', dear Tibby, to thee.

"An', lassie, I've goupins o' gowd in a stockin',
An' pearlin's wad dazzle yer ee;
A mettl'd, but canny young yaud, for the yokin',
When ye wad gae jauntin' wi' me.

"I'll hap ye, and fend ye, and busk ye, and tend ye,
An' mak' ye the licht o' my ee;
I'll comfort and cheer ye, and daut ye and dear ye,
As couthy as couthy can be.

"I've lo'ed ye, dear lassie, since first a bit bairn,
Ye ran up the knowe to meet me;
An' deckit my bonnet wi' blue bells an' fern,
Wi' meikle glad laughin' an' glee.

"An' noo woman grown, an' mensefu', an' fair,
An' gracefu' as gracefu' can be—
Will ye tak' an auld carle wha ne'er had a care
For woman, dear Tibby, but thee?"

Sae, Aunty, ye see I'm a' in a swither,
What answer the bodie to gi'e—
But aften I wish he wad tak' my auld mither,
And let puir young Tibby abee.

JEAN LINN.

Oh, haud na' yer noddle sae hie, ma doo!
Oh, haud na' yer noddle sae hie!
The days that ha'e been, may be yet again seen,
Sae look na' sae lightly on me, ma doo!
Sae look na' sae lightly on me!

Oh, geck na' at hame hodden grey, Jean Linn,
Oh, geck na' at hame hodden grey!
Yer gutcher an' mine wad thocht themsels fine,
In cleedin' sae bein, bonnie May, bonnie May—
In cleedin' sae bein, bonnie May.

Ye mind when we won in Whinglen, Jean Linn,
Ye mind when we won in Whinglen,
Your daddy, douce carle, was cotter to mine,
An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then, Jean Linn,
An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then.

Oh, then ye were a' thing to me, Jean Linn!
Oh, then ye were a' thing to me!
An' the moments scour'd by, like birds through the sky,
When tentin' the owsen wi' thee, Jean Linn,
When tentin' the owsen wi' thee.

I twined ye a bower by the burn, Jean Linn,
I twined ye a bower by the burn,
But dreamt na' that hour, as we sat in that bower,
That fortune wad tak' sic a turn, Jean Linn,
That fortune wad tak' sic a turn.

Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw, Jean Linn!
Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw!
Yer daddy's a laird, mine's i' the kirkyard,
An' I 'm yer puir ploughman, Jock Law, Jean Linn,
An' I 'm yer puir ploughman, Jock Law.

BONNIE MARY.

When the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,
I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun gaes down;
I'll row my apron up, an' I'll leave the reeky town,
And meet thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes down.

By the burnie there's a bower, we will gently lean us there,
An' forget in ither's arms every earthly care,
For the chiefest o' my joys, in this weary mortal roun',
Is the burnside wi' Mary when the sun gaes down.
When the sun gaes down, etc.

There the ruin'd castle tower on the distant steep appears,
Like a hoary auld warrior faded with years;
An' the burnie stealing by wi' a fairy silver soun',
Will soothe us wi' its music when the sun gaes down.
When the sun gaes down, etc.

The burnside is sweet when the dew is on the flower,
But 'tis like a little heaven at the trystin' hour;
And with pity I would look on the king who wears the crown,
When wi' thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes down.
When the sun gaes down, etc.

When the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,
I'll meet thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes down;
Come in thy petticoatie, and thy little drugget gown,
And I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun gaes down.

JOHN RAMSAY.

The author of "Woodnotes of a Wanderer," John Ramsay, was born at Kilmarnock in 1802. With a limited school education, he was early apprenticed in a carpet manufactory in his native place. He afterwards traded for some years as a retail grocer. During his connection with the carpet factory, he composed some spirited verses, which were inserted in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal;* and having subsequently suffered misfortune in business, he resolved to repair his losses by publishing a collected edition of his poetical writings, and personally pushing the sale. For the long period of fifteen years, he travelled over the country, vending his volume of "Woodnotes." From 1851 to 1866 he held a respectable appointment in Edinburgh. He has been some time resident in London.

FAREWELL TO CRAWFURDLAND.

Thou dark stream slow wending thy deep rocky way,
Ye grey towers that rise o'er the daffodil brae,
I've viewed you with pleasure, but now must with pain—
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

Ye woods where in life's gladsome morning I stray'd,
When all was in sunshine and beauty arrayed;
That dream has departed, how fleeting and vain—
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

O'er moss, and o'er moorland, my path soon shall be,
The cloud-cover'd mountain, and wide stormy sea,
Your beauties will gladden some happier swain—
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

JEANIE O' THE FIEL'.

Air—"*Willie was a wanton wag.*"

Sae lightly fa's my lassie's fit,
That silence owns the sound as kin,
While music says it's a' her ain,
And fain they baith the prize would win.

She's pure as pearly draps that fa',
Frae een o' joy for ithers weel,
Or harebell on yon castle wa',
My winsome Jeanie o' the Fiel'.

The guileless look, the witching smile,
The gracefu' air unkent to art
In Jeanie meet, unconscious she
O' a' her power to win the heart.

Wi' smiles upon her sordid band
Let fortune set her gowden seal;
Gi'e me the heart, gi'e me the hand
O bonny Jeanie o' the Fiel'.

JAMES PARKER.

JAMES PARKER, author of a duodecimo volume of poetry, entitled "Poems of Past Years," was born in Glasgow, and originally followed the trade of a master baker. He now holds a respectable appointment in the navy. He has contributed verses to the periodicals.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

OH merrily and gallantly
We sweep across the seas,
Like the wild ocean birds which ply
Their pinions on the breeze;
We quail not at the tempest's voice
When the billow dashes o'er us,
Firm as a rock we bear the shock,
And join its dreadful chorus.

Across the foaming surge we glide
With bosoms true and brave,
It is our home—our throne of pride—
It soon may be our grave;
Yet fearlessly we rush to meet
The foe that comes before us;
The fight begun, we man the gun,
And join its thundering chorus.

Our lives may be as fierce and free
As the waves o'er which we roam,
But let not landsmen think that we
Forget our native home;
And when the wind shall waft us back
To the shores from which they bore us,
Amid the throng of mirth and song
We'll join the jovial chorus.

HER LIP IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE.

HER lip is o' the rose's hue,
Like links o' gowd her hair,
Her ee is o' the azure blue,
An' love beams ever there;
Her step is like the mountain goat's
That climbs the stately Ben,
Her voice sweet as the mavis' notes
That haunt her native glen.

There is a sweet wee hazel bower
Where woodbine blossoms twine,
There Jeanie, ae auspicious hour,
Consented to be mine;
An' there we meet whene'er we ha'e
An idle hour to spen',
An' Jeanie ne'er has rued the day
She met me in the glen.

Oh bricht, bricht are the evenin' beams,
An' sweet the pearly dew,
An' lovely is the star that gleams
In gloamin's dusky brow;
But brichter, sweeter, lovelier far,
Aboon a' human ken,
Is my sweet pearl—my lovely star—
My Jeanie o' the glen.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, well known for his connection with the publishing house of W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh, and as the author of several meritorious works of a national character, was born on the 10th July 1802 at Peebles,* where his parents occupied a respectable position. Robert was the second of a family of six children, his elder brother William being about two years his senior. In consequence of misfortunes in business, James Chambers, the father of these youths, found it desirable to remove to Edinburgh with his family in 1813. While still in child-

* "Robert Chambers, son of Mr James Chambers, and Jean Gibson, his spouse, was born the 10th and baptized the 30th July 1802, by William Dalgleish, D.D., minister of Peebles."—*Peebles Register of Births and Baptisms.*

hood Robert manifested a remarkable aptitude for learning, as well as a taste for music and poetry—a taste inherited from his father, who was a good performer on several instruments, and possessed a taste for both literature and science. Before completing his twelfth year he had passed through a complete classical course at the grammar school of his native burgh, had perused no small portion of the books within his reach, including those of a circulating library, and mastered much of the general information contained in a copy of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," of which his father possessed a copy of the then latest edition. Left very much to their own resources, William became an apprentice to a bookseller in 1814; and Robert, at the age of sixteen, threw himself on the world, as a dealer in old books, a step in accordance with his natural tastes, and which proved fortunate. How the two lads struggled on obscurely, but always improving their circumstances; how they were cheered onward by the counsels of their widowed mother; how they finally went into partnership for the purpose of prosecuting literary undertakings—need not here be detailed. Robert, in 1822–23, began to write the "Traditions of Edinburgh," which first brought him prominently into notice. This amusing work was followed by the "Popular Rhymes of Scotland." Next came his "Picture of Scotland," an interesting topographical work in two volumes; "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions;" three volumes of "Scottish Ballads and Songs;" and "Biography of Distinguished Scotsmen," in four volumes. Besides various popular works, he produced, for private circulation, a volume of poetical pieces, distinguished for their fine taste and feeling. William having started *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* in February 1832, Robert became an efficient coadjutor, and mainly helped to give the work its extensive popularity. In the more early volumes, in particular, there appear many admirable essays, humorous and pathetic, from his pen. Besides these professional avocations, Mr Robert Chambers took part for many years in the proceedings of the scientific and other learned bodies in Edinburgh. He has published two works of a geological character, entitled, "Ancient Sea Margins of Scotland;" and "Tracings of Iceland," the result of a visit to that interesting island. Under a hope of being more useful to his copartnery, he removed to London in 1861, and there brought out one of the most laborious of his works, the "Book of Days," 2 vols. royal 8vo. But here, in 1863, his health broke down; the loss of his wife, and of a beautiful and interesting daughter, all within a month, disposed him to retirement; and he was led to take up his residence for the future in a pretty sea-side villa which he built at St Andrews. Here health has been partially restored, but not so as to enable him to grapple with any literary task. In January 1863, at the installation of Sir William Stirling Maxwell as Lord Rector, the University of St Andrews conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

It ought to have been mentioned before, that in 1851 Dr Chambers published an elaborate work, "The Life and Works of Robert Burns," 4 vols., and gave the profits (a not inconsiderable sum), to the surviving sister and nieces of the poet. He also prepared, 1858–61, what is perhaps the most valuable of his writings, "The Domestic Annals of Scotland," 3 vols. 8vo.

YOUNG RANDAL.

TUNE—"*There grows a bonny brier-bush.*"

YOUNG RANDAL was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa',
Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa',
'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and thritty-twa,
That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
And monie mae friends in the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa',
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the castle wa',
And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa',

"Oh, whan will ye be back," sae kindly did she speir,
"Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my dear?"
"Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed awa'—
Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red when he gaed awa',
And in his bonnie ee, a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie look in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an altert man whan he came hame—
A sair altert man was he whan he came hame;
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a Sir at his name—
And grey, grey cheeks did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit with the ring,
And down came a ladye to see him come in,
And after the ladye came bairns feifteen:
"Can this muckle wife be my true love Jean?"

"Whatna stoure carl is this," quo' the dame,
"Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"
"Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Graham?"
"In troth," quo' the ladye, "sweet sir, the very same."

He turned him about wi' a waefu' ee,
And a heart as sair as sair could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildly flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be,
For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in this hale countrie.

THE LADYE THAT I LOVE.

Were I a doughty cavalier
On fire for high-born dame,
With sword and lance I would not fear
To win a warrior's fame.
But since no more stern deeds of blood
The gentle fair may move,
I'll woo in softer better mood
The ladye that I love.

For helmet bright with steel and gold,
And plumes that flout the sky,
I'll wear a soul of hardier mould,
And thoughts that sweep as high.
For scarf athwart my corslet cast,
With her fair name y-wove;
I'll have her pictured in my breast,
The ladye that I love.

No crested steed through battle throng
Shall bear me bravely on,
But pride shall make my spirit strong,
Where honours may be won.
Amidst the great of mind and heart,
My prowess I will prove,
And thus I'll win, by gentler art,
The ladye that I love.

THOU GENTLE AND KIND ONE.

Thou gentle and kind one,
Who com'st o'er my dreams,
Like the gales of the west,
Or the music of streams;
Oh, softest and dearest,
Can that time e'er be,
When I could be forgetful
Or scornful of thee?

No! my soul might be dark,
Like a landscape in shade,
And for thee not the half
Of its love be display'd,
But one ray of thy kindness
Would banish my pain,
And soon kiss every feature
To brightness again.

And if, in contending
With men and the world,
My eye might be fierce,
Or my brow might be curl'd;
That brow on thy bosom
All smooth'd would recline,
And that eye melt in kindness
When turn'd upon thine.

If faithful in sorrow,
More faithful in joy—
Thou shouldst find that no change
Could affection destroy;
All profit, all pleasure,
As nothing would be,
And each triumph despised
Unpartaken by thee.

LAMENT FOR THE OLD HIGHLAND WARRIORS.

Oh, where are the pretty men of yore!
Oh, where are the brave men gone?
Oh, where are the heroes of the north?
Each under his own grey stone.
Oh, where now the broad bright claymore?
Oh, where are the trews and plaid?
Oh, where now the merry Highland heart?
In silence for ever laid.
Och on a rie, och on a rie,
Och on a rie, all are gone;
Och on a rie, the heroes of yore,
Each under his own grey stone.

The chiefs that were foremost of old,
Macdonald and brave Lochiel,
The Gordon, the Murray, and the Graham,
With their clansmen true as steel;
Who follow'd and fought with Montrose,
Glencairn, and bold Dundee;
Who to Charlie gave their swords and their all,
And would aye rather fa' than flee.
Och on a rie, etc.

The hills that our brave fathers trod
Are now to the stranger a store;
The voice of the pipe and the bard
Shall awaken never more.
Such things it is sad to think on—
They come like the mist by day—
And I wish I had less in this world to leave,
And be with them that are away.
Och on a rie, etc.

THOMAS AIRD.

Thomas Aird, one of the most distinguished of the living Scottish poets, was born in the village of Bowden, Roxburghshire, in 1802. He received the rudiments of his education at Bowden and Melrose parish schools; and went through a course of literary and philosophical study at the University of Edinburgh. In 1827 he published a little treatise, entitled "Religious Characteristics." After a residence of some years in Edinburgh, in the course of which he contributed occasionally to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and other periodicals, he was, in 1835, on the recommendation of his steadfast friend Professor Wilson, appointed editor of the *Dumfries Herald*, a conservative journal newly started in Dumfries. In 1845 he published "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village," a collection of tales and sketches of Scottish scenery, character, and life. In 1848 he collected and published his poems. In 1852 he wrote a memoir of his friend, David Macbeth Moir (the well-known "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*), and prefixed it to an edition of Moir's poems, which he edited for behoof of the poet's family. In 1856 a new edition of Mr Aird's poems appeared, with many fresh pieces, and the old carefully revised. For several years Mr Aird has retired from his editorial duties, but he still continues to reside at a pleasant suburb of Dumfries.

THE SWALLOW.

The little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea,
The comer of the summer, all the sunny days to be;
How pleasant, through the pleasant sleep, thy early twitter heard—
Oh, swallow by the lattice! glad days be thy reward!

Thine be sweet morning, with the bee that's out for honey-dew,
And glowing be the noontide, for the grasshopper and you;
And mellow shine, o'er days' decline, the sun to light thee home—
What can molest thy airy nest? Sleep till the morrow come.

The river blue, that lapses through the valley, hears thee sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light dipping wing;
The thunder-cloud, over us bow'd, in deeper gloom is seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent power that brings thee back, with leading-strings af love,
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in our eaves.

ROBERT WHITE.

ROBERT WHITE, an indefatigable antiquary, and pleasing poet, was born at Yetholm, in Roxburghshire. His youth and early manhood were spent at Otterburn in Redesdale, where his father rented a farm. Possessed of an ardent love of reading, he early became familiar with the English poets, and himself tried metrical composition. While a very young man he ranked among the poetical contributors to the *Newcastle Magazine*. In 1825 he accepted the situation of clerk to a respectable brassfounder in Newcastle. After a period of nearly forty years spent in the counting-room, he has been enabled to retire from business in affluent circumstances.

Mr White has been an industrious writer. In 1829 he published "The Tynemouth Nun," an elegantly versified tale. His other poetical works consist in "The Wind, a Poem," 1853; "England, a Poem," 1856; and a collected edition of his poems, songs, and metrical tales, which was published at Kelso in 1867. Mr White has afforded evidence of diligent research and superior historical talent in his works on the battles of Otterburn, Flodden, and Neville's Cross. In 1858 he published, at Kelso, a new edition of the poetical works of Dr John Leyden; and he has announced a work on the Battle of Bannockburn. Mr White is an extensive traveller, the friend of men of genius, and a zealous collector of ancient and modern works illustrative of the national history. As a song-writer, his name is familiar to the readers of "Whistle Binkie," and "The Book of Scottish Song."

MY NATIVE LAND.

FAIR Scotland! dear as life to me
Are thy majestic hills,
And sweet as purest melody
The music of thy rills.
The wildest cairn, the darkest dell,
Within thy rocky strand,
Possess o'er me a living spell—
Thou art my native land.

Loved country, when I muse upon
Thy dauntless men of old,
Whose swords in battle foremost shone—
Thy Wallace brave and bold;
And Bruce who, for our liberty,
Did England's sway withstand;
I glory I was born in thee,
Mine own ennobled land!

Nor less thy martyrs I revere,
Who spent their latest breath
To seal the cause they held so dear,
And conquer'd even in death.
Their graves evince, o'er hill and plain,
No bigot's stern command
Shall mould the faith thy sons maintain,
My dear devoted land.

And thou hast ties around my heart,
Attraction deeper still—
The gifted poet's sacred art,
The minstrel's matchless skill.
Yea; every scene that Burns and Scott
Have touch'd with magic hand,
Is in my sight a hallow'd spot,
Mine own distinguish'd land!

Oh! when I wander'd far from thee
I saw thee in my dreams;
I mark'd thy forests waving free,
I heard thy rushing streams.
Thy mighty dead in life came forth,
I knew the honour'd band;
We spoke of thee—thy fame—thy worth—
My high exalted land!

Now if the lonely home be mine
In which my fathers dwelt,
And I can worship at the shrine
Where they in fervour knelt;
No glare of wealth, or honour high,
Shall lure me from thy strand;
Oh, I would yield my parting sigh
In thee, my native land!

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

ELIZA fair, the mirth of May
Resounds from glen and tree;
Yet thy mild voice, I need not say,
Is dearer far to me.
And while I thus a garland cull,
To grace that brow of thine,
My cup of pure delight is full—
A shepherd's life be mine!

Believe me, maid, the means of wealth,
Howe'er profuse they be,
Produce not pleasure that in health
Is shared by you and me!

'Tis when elate with thoughts of joy
We find a heart like thine,
That objects grateful glad the eye—
A shepherd's life be mine!

O mark, Eliza, how the flowers
Around us sweetly spring;
And list how in these woodland bowers
The birds with rapture sing;
Behold that vale whose streamlet clear
Flows on in waving line;
Can Paradise more bright appear?
A shepherd's life be mine!

Now, dearest, not the morning bright,
That dawns o'er hill and lea,
Nor eve, with all its golden light,
Can charm me without thee.
To feel the magic of thy smile—
To catch that glance of thine—
To talk to thee of love the while,
A shepherd's life be mine!

HER I LOVE BEST.

Thou morn full of beauty
That chases the night,
And wakens all Nature
With gladness and light,
When warbles the linnet
Aloof from its nest,
O scatter thy fragrance
Round her I love best!

Ye hills, dark and lofty,
That near her ascend,
If she in her pastime
Across thee shall wend,
Let every lone pathway
In wild flowers be drest,
To welcome the footsteps
Of her I love best!

Thou sun, proudly sailing
O'er depths of the sky,
Dispensing beneath thee
Profusion and joy,
Until in thy splendour
Thou sink'st to the west,
Oh, gaze not too boldly
On her I love best!

Ye wild roving breezes,
I charge you, forbear
To wantonly tangle
The braids of her hair:
Breathe not o'er her rudely,
Nor sigh on her breast,
Nor kiss you the sweet lip
Of her I love best!

Thou evening, that gently
Steals after the day,
To robe with thy shadow
The landscape in grey,
O fan with soft pinion
My dearest to rest!
And calm be the slumber
Of her I love best!

Ye angels of goodness,
That shield us from ill,
The purest of pleasures
Awarding us still,
As near her you hover,
Oh, hear my request!
Pour blessings unnumber'd
On her I love best!

THE MAID WHOM I ADORE.

The rustling of the western gale
Is music sweet to me;
It joyful comes o'er moor and dale,
From off the distant sea,
Whose waves in lines of snowy foam
Salute the winding shore,
Which circling bounds the peaceful home
Of her whom I adore.

The slowly sinking radiant sun
Is welcome to my sight,
When lofty ridge and summit dun
Are basking in his light;
I deem the while, ere he depart,
He sheds his glory o'er
The dark-eyed damsel of my heart,
The maid whom I adore.

I love to breathe at early day
The balmy air of Spring,
When dew-drops hang on every spray,
And birds unnumber'd sing:
The blossoms white, the foliage green,
Expanding more and more,
Recall to me my bosom-queen,
The maid whom I adore.

O sweet is Summer's glorious smile,
And Autumn's promise rare!
But what, o'er land, or sea, or isle,
May with my love compare?
So high in worth, surpassing far
All nature's precious store,
Is she—my bright, my leading star,
The maid whom I adore.

ELLEN.

Of wealth in profusion
I seek not to share;
It brings but confusion,
With trouble and care.
One gem that is rarest
I seek to obtain:
O bring me my dearest—
My Ellen again!

Her eyes are the brightest
In lustre and hue;
Her step is the lightest
That brushes the dew;
She smiles like the blossom
Expanding in rain—
O give to this bosom
My Ellen again!

All objects in nature
Attractive or fair
Recall every feature—
Her form and her air;
But morning is lonely—
The evening how vain!
O bring to me only
My Ellen again!

I loved her from childhood,
And cannot forget,
By streamlet and wildwood,
The spots where we met.
Ye powers bending o'er me,
O listen my strain—
In safety restore me
My Ellen again!

THE BONNIE REDESDALE LASSIE.

The breath o' spring is gratefu',
As mild it sweeps alang,
Awakening bud an' blossom
The broomy braes amang,
And wafting notes o' gladness
Frae ilka bower and tree;
Yet the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is sweeter still to me.

How bright is summer's beauty,
When, smilin' far an' near,
The wildest spots o' nature
Their gayest livery wear;
And yellow cups an' daisies
Are spread on ilka lea;
But the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Mair charming is to me.

Oh! sweet is mellow autumn,
When, wide owre a' the plain,
Slow waves in rustlin' motion
The heavy-headed grain;
Or in the sunshine glancin',
And rowin' like the sea;
Yet the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is dearer far to me!

As heaven itsel', her bosom
Is free o' fraud or guile;
What hope o' future pleasure
Is centred in her smile!
I wadna lose for kingdoms
The love-glance o' her ee;
Oh! the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is life and a' to me!

BONNIE COQUET-SIDE.

O Mary, look how sweetly spring
Revives ilk opening flower:
Here in this brake, where lintwhites sing,
I'll form a simmer bower,
Beneath whose shade, in sultry days,
We'll see the burnies glide,
And sportive lambkins deck the braes,
On bonnie Coquet-side.

At morn I'll mark how melting shine
Thy een sae deeply blue;
Or, tempted thereby, press to mine
Thy lips o' rosy hue.
To breathe the halesome air, we'll rove
Amang the hazels wide,
And rest betimes, to speak o' love,
By bonnie Coquet-side.

The wild-rose pure, that scents the gale,
Shall grace thy bosom fair:
The violet dark, and cowslip pale,
I'll pu' to wreath thy hair.
O'er shelving banks, or wimpling streams,
Thy gracefu' steps I'll guide
To spots where nature loveliest seems
On bonnie Coquet-side.

And when we view ilk furzy dale
Where hang the dews o' morn,
Ilk winding, deep, romantic vale,
Ilk snaw-white blossom'd thorn,
Frae every charm, I'll turn to thee,
And think my winsome bride
Mair sweet than aught that meets my ee
By bonnie Coquet-side.

WILLIAM CAMERON.

William Cameron was born on the 3d December 1801, in the parish of Dunipace, Stirlingshire. His father was employed successively in woollen factories at Dumfries, Dalmellington, and Dunipace; he subsequently became proprietor of woollen manufactories at Slamannan, Stirlingshire, and at Blackburn and Torphichen, in the county of Linlithgow. While receiving an education with a view to the ministry, the death of his father in 1819 was attended with an alteration in his prospects, and he

was induced to accept the appointment of schoolmaster at the village of Armadale, near Bathgate. In 1836 he resigned this situation, and removed to Glasgow, where he has since engaged in merchandise. His songs, "Jessie o' the Dell" and "Meet me on the gowan lea," are deservedly popular.

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL.

O BRIGHT the beaming queen o' night
Shines in yon flow'ry vale,
And softly sheds her silver light
O'er mountain, path, and dale.
Short is the way, when light's the heart
That's bound in love's soft spell;
Sae I'll awa' to Armadale,
To Jessie o' the Dell,
To Jessie o' the Dell,
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell,
The bonnie lass o' Armadale,
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes
Beside my Jessie's cot,
We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd slaes,
In that sweet rural spot.
The wee short hours danced merrily,
Like lambkins on the fell;
As if they join'd in joy wi' me
And Jessie o' the Dell.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
I'll love her till I dee;
For she's sae sweet and bonnie aye,
And kind as kind can be.
This night in mutual kind embrace,
Oh, wha our joys may tell;
Then I'll awa to Armadale,
To Jessie o' the Dell.

MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA.

MEET me on the gowan lea,
Bonnie Mary, sweetest Mary;
Meet me on the gowan lea,
My ain, my artless Mary.

Before the sun sinks in the west,
And nature a' ha'e gane to rest,
There to my fond, my faithful breast,
Oh, let me clasp my Mary.
Meet me, etc.

The gladsome lark o'er moor and fell,
The lintie in the bosky dell,
Nae blyther than your bonnie sel',
My ain, my artless Mary.
Meet me, etc.

We'll join our love notes to the breeze
That sighs in whispers through the trees,
And a' that twa fond hearts can please
Will be our sang, dear Mary.
Meet me, etc.

There ye shall sing the sun to rest,
While to my faithfu' bosom prest;
Then wha sae happy, wha sae blest,
As me and my dear Mary.
Meet me on the gowan lea,
Bonnie Mary, sweetest Mary;
Meet me on the gowan lea,
My ain, my artless Mary.

ALEXANDER TAIT.

ALEXANDER TAIT was born at Peebles, on the 18th December 1802.* Abandoning in 1829 the occupation of a cotton-weaver, he has since been engaged in the work of tuition. He has taught successively in the parishes of Lasswade, Tweedsmuir, Meggat, Pennicuick, Yarrow, and Peebles. To the public journals, both in prose and verse, he has been an extensive contributor.

* Peebles Register of Births.

E'ENING'S DEWY HOUR.

AIR—"*Roslin Castle.*"

WHEN rosy day, far in the west, has vanish'd frae the scene,
And gloamin' spreads her mantle grey owre lake and mountain green;
When yet the darklin' shades o' mirk but haflins seem to lower,
How dear to love and beauty is the e'ening's dewy hour!

When down the burnie's wimpling course,
amid the hazel shade,
The robin chants his vesper sang, the cushat
seeks the glade;
When bats their drowsy vigils wheel round
eldrich tree and tower,
Be't mine to meet the lass I lo'e at e'ening's
dewy hour!

When owre the flower-bespangled sward the
flocks have ceased to stray,
And maukin steals across the lawn beneath the
twilight grey;
Then, oh! how dear, frae men apart, in glen
or woodland bower,
To meet the lass we dearly lo'e at e'ening's
dewy hour!

The ruddy morn has charms enow, when, from
the glowin' sky,
The sun on rival beauties smiles wi' gladness
in his eye;
But, oh! the softer shaded scene has magic in
its power,
Which cheers the youthful lover's heart at
e'ening's dewy hour!

JAMES BALLANTINE.

James Ballantine, an esteemed writer of Scottish songs, was born in 1808 at the West Port of Edinburgh. Of this locality, now considerably changed in its character, but still endeared to him by the associations of his boyhood, he has presented a graphic description in a poem, in which he records some of the cherished recollections of the days when, amid its "howffs," and "laigh" half-doored shops, he "gat schulin' and sport." He lost his father, who was a brewer, when he was only ten years old, and, being the youngest of the family, which consisted of three daughters and himself, his early training devolved upon his mother, who contrived to obtain for her children the advantage of an ordinary education. James Ballantine must, however, be considered as a self-taught man. Beyond the training which he received in early life, he owes his present position to his own indefatigable exertions.

By his father's death, the poet was necessitated, while yet a mere boy, to exert himself for his own support and the assistance of the family. He was, accordingly, apprenticed to a house-painter in the city, and very soon attained to considerable proficiency in his trade. On growing up to manhood he made strenuous exertions to obtain the educational advantages which were not within his reach at an earlier period of life, and about his twentieth year he attended the University of Edinburgh for the study of anatomy, with a view to his professional improvement. At a subsequent period he turned his attention to the art of painting on glass, and he has long been well known as one of the most distinguished of British artists in that department. At the period Mr Ballantine began his career as a glass-painter, the art had greatly degenerated in character; and the position to which it has of late years attained is chiefly owing to his good taste and archæological researches. When the designs and specimens of glass-painting for the windows of the House of Lords were publicly competed for, the Royal Commissioners of the Fine Arts adjudged those produced by Mr Ballantine as the best which were exhibited, and the execution of the work was intrusted to him. A few years ago he published a work on stained glass, which has been translated and published in Germany, where it retains its popularity. Mr Ballantine has thus never allowed his literary pursuits to interfere with the exercise of his chosen avocations; "he has," in the words of Lord Cockburn, "made the business feed the Muses, and the Muses grace the business."

Although Mr Ballantine began at a very early age to woo the Muse, some of his most popular pieces having been produced about his sixteenth year, he made his first appearance in print in the pages of "Whistle Binkie." In 1843 his well-known work, "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," was published in monthly numbers, illustrated by the late Alexander Ritchie. This production was enriched with some of his best

lyrics. His second work, "The Miller of Deanhaugh," likewise contains a number of songs and ballads. In 1856 Messrs Constable & Co., of Edinburgh, published an edition of his poems, including many of those which had been previously given to the world. This volume contains the happiest effusions of his genius, and has procured him a prominent place in his country's literature. Mr Ballantine is the poet of the affections, a lover of the beautiful and tender among the humbler walks of life, and an exponent of the lessons to be drawn from familiar customs, common sayings, and simple character.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

She was Naebody's bairn, she was Naebody's bairn,
She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to learn,
Afore a kind word or kind look she could earn,
For naebody cared about Naebody's bairn.

Though faither or mither ne'er own'd her ava,
Though rear'd by the fremmit for fee unco sma',
She grew in the shade like a young lady-fern,
For Nature was bounteous to Naebody's bairn.

Though toited by some, and though lightlied by mair,
She never compleened, though her young heart was sair,
And warm virgin tears that might melted cauld airn
Whiles glist in the blue ee o' Naebody's bairn.

Though nane cheer'd her childhood, an' nane hail'd her birth,
Heaven sent her an angel to gladden the earth;
And when the earth doom'd her in laigh nook to dern,
Heaven couldna but tak' again Naebody's bairn.

She cam smiling sweetly as young mornin' daw,
Like lown simmer gloamin' she faded awa,
And lo! how serenely that lone e'ening starn
Shines on the greensward that haps Naebody's bairn!

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn sits pokin' in the ase,
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round face;
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air!

His wee chubby face, an' his towzy curly pow,
Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin' lowe;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
Glowerin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,
He sees little sodgers puin' them a' doun;
Warlds whomlin' up an' doun, blazin' wi' a flare,
Losh! how he loups, as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony mighty men;
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,—
There are mair folks than him biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld;
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that Daddy Care
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire, an' he'll keek at the light;
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by night;
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken—heads are turn'd—wi' castles in the air.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm an' tranquil mind;
Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side, ha'e faith an' ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or cross'd in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep-hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer when the clear and cludless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel
ower proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae
poortith's ee,
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken
na whence or hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

WIFIE, COME HAME.

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
Oh, but ye 're far awa',
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,
Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine ee,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea.
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie-like air—
Oh, quickly come, and shed blessings on me!

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
Oh, my heart wearies sair,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clamb'rin' my
knee;
Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee.
Oh, but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree;
Oh, come awa', an' I'll dance round about ye,
Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

THE BIRDIE SURE TO SING IS AYE THE GORBEL O' THE NEST.

Oh, dinna look ye pridefu' doon on a' aneath
your ken,
For he wha seems the farthest but aft wins
the farthest ben;
And whiles the doubie o' the school tak's lead
o' a' the rest,
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the
nest.

The cauld grey misty morn aft brings a sultry
sunny day;
The trees wha's buds are latest are the langest
to decay;
The heart sair tried wi' sorrow aye endures the
sternest test—
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the
nest.

The wee, wee stern that glints in heaven may
be a lowin' sun,
Though like a speck o' light, scarce seen amid
the welkin dun;
The humblest sodger on the field may win
the warrior's crest—
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the
nest.

Then dinna be impatient wi' your bairnie
when he's slow,
And dinna scorn the humble, though the
world deem them low;
The hindmost and the feeblest aft become the
first and best—
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the
nest.

CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang;
Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld grannie's
sang;
Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road
lang,
Creep awa', my bairnie—creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to
learn
To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn,
Better creepin' cannie, than fa'in' wi' a bang,
Duntin' a' your wee brow—creep afore ye
gang.

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll laugh, an' ye'll nod to
your mither,
Watchin' ilka step o' your wee dousy brither;
Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow
strang,
An' ye'll be a braw chiel' yet—creep afore ye
gang.

The wee birdie fa's when it tries ower soon to
flee;
Folks are sure to tumble when they climb
ower hie;
They wha dinna walk right are sure to come
to wrang—
Creep awa', my bairnie—creep afore ye gang.

AE GUDE TURN DESERVES ANITHER.

Ye maunna be proud, although ye be great,
The puirest bodie is still your brither;
The king may come in the cadger's gate—
Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The hale o' us rise frae the same cauld clay,
Ae hour we bloom, ae hour we wither;
Let ilk help ither to climb the brae—
Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The highest among us are unco wee,
Frae Heaven we get a' our gifts thegether;
Hoard na, man, what ye get sae free!—
Ae gude turn deserves anither.

Life is a weary journey alane,
Blythe's the road when we wend wi' ither;
Mutual gi'eing is mutual gain—
Ae gude turn deserves anither.

THE NAMELESS LASSIE.

THERE's nane may ever guess or trow my bonnie lassie's name,
There's nane may ken the humble cot my lassie ca's her hame;
Yet though my lassie 's nameless, an her kin o' low degree,
Her heart is warm, her thochts are pure, and oh! she's dear to me.

She's gentle and she's bonnie, an' she's modest as she's fair,
Her virtues, like her beauties a', are varied as they're rare;
While she is light an' merry as the lammie on the lea—
For happiness an' innocence thegether aye maun be!

Whene'er she shows her blooming face, the flowers may cease to blaw,
An' when she opes her hinnied lips, the air is music a';
But when wi' other's sorrow touch'd, the tear starts to her ee,
Oh! that's the gem in beauty's crown, the priceless pearl to me.

Within my soul her form's enshrin'd, her heart is a' my ain,
An' richer prize or purer bliss nae mortal e'er can gain;
The darkest paths o' life I tread wi' steps o' bounding glee,
Cheer'd onward by the love that lichts my nameless lassie's ee.

BONNIE BONALY.

BONNIE Bonaly's wee fairy-led stream,
Murmurs and sobs like a child in a dream;
Falling where silver light gleams on its breast,
Gliding through nooks where the dark shadows rest,
Flooding with music its own tiny valley,
Dances in gladness the stream o' Bonaly.

Proudly Bonaly's grey-brow'd castle towers,
Bounded by mountains, and bedded in flowers;
Here hangs the blue bell, and there waves the broom;
Nurtured by art, rarest garden sweets bloom;
Heather and thyme scent the breezes that dally,
Playing amang the green knolls o' Bonaly.

Pentland's high hills raise their heather-crown'd crest,
Peerless Edina expands her white breast,
Beauty and grandeur are blent in the scene,
Bonnie Bonaly lies smiling between;
Nature and Art, like fair twins, wander gaily;
Friendship and love dwell in bonnie Bonaly.

SAFT IS THE BLINK O' THINE EE, LASSIE.

OH, saft is the blink o' thine ee, lassie,
Saft is the blink o' thine ee;
An' a bonnie wee sun glimmers in its blue orb,
As kindly it glints upon me.

The ringlets that twine round thy brow, lassie,
Are gowden, as gowden may be;
Like the wee curly cluds that play round the sun,
When he's just going to drap in the sea.

Thou hast a bonnie wee mou', lassie,
As sweet as a body may pree;
And fondly I'll pree that wee hinny mou',
E'en though thou shouldst frown upon me.

Thou hast a lily-white hand, lassie,
As fair as a body may see;
An' saft is the touch o' that wee genty hand,
At e'en when thou partest wi' me.

Thy thoughts are sae haly and pure, lassie,
Thy heart is sae kind and sae free;
My bosom is flooded wi' sunshine an' joy,
Wi' ilka blythe blink o' thine ee.

THE MAIR THAT YE WORK, AYE THE MAIR WILL YE WIN.

BE eident, be eident, fleet time rushes on,
Be eident, be eident, bricht day will be gone;
To stand idle by is a profitless sin:
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

The earth gathers fragrance while nursing the flower,
The wave waxes stronger while feeding the shower,
The stream gains in speed as it sweeps o'er the linn:
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

There's nought got by idling, there's nought got for nought—
Health, wealth, and contentment by labour are bought;
In raising yoursel', ye may help up your kin:
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

Let every man aim in his heart to excel,
Let every man ettle to fend for himsel';
Aye nourish ye stern independence within:
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

An able physician, an accomplished writer of prose and poetry, and the generous friend and patron of men of letters, William Beattie was born, about the close of the century, in the parish of Dalton, in the vale of Annan, Dumfriesshire. Through the result of an accident, his father died in early life. After preparatory training at Clarencefield Academy, he entered as a student the University of Edinburgh in 1813. At Edinburgh he took his degree as M.D. in 1820, and proceeded to London, where he continued to prosecute medical studies till 1822. He now visited the more celebrated medical schools on the Continent. During 1823–4 he resided chiefly in Italy, and in the two following years he travelled and studied in Germany and Holland. He commenced medical practice in London in 1830. Dr Beattie was appointed physician to William IV. and Queen Adelaide, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, an office which he held for eight years. For three years he acted as private secretary to their Royal Highnesses, and accompanied them during their several visits to foreign courts. A gift of silver plate constituted his entire recompence for his professional and other services.

While actively following his practice as a physician, Dr Beattie industriously devoted himself to literary pursuits. His work on the Courts of Germany was published in 1827, in two octavo volumes. "John Huss, a Poem," appeared in 1829. In 1833 he published "Heliotrope; or, A Pilgrim in Quest of Health," of which a third edition, greatly enlarged, appeared a few years later. His next work, "Polynesia, a Poem," celebrated the labours of missionaries in the South Seas. Among his descriptive and historical works are, "Switzerland Illustrated," Lond., 1836, 2 vols. 4to; "Scotland Illustrated," Lond., 1858, 2 vols. 4to; "The Waldenses; or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont," Lond., 1838, 4to; "The Castles and Abbeys of England," Lond., 1842, 2 vols. 8vo; and "The Danube, Illustrated," Lond., 1844, 8vo. In 1838 he edited two 8vo volumes of "Dramatic and Prose Miscellanies." Among his professional writings is a Latin Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption. Dr Beattie's most popular work is "The Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell," 3 vols. 8vo. Dr Beattie enjoyed the personal intercourse of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and, as physician and friend, essentially ministered to the comfort of the great poet in his declining years. Through his persevering efforts a statue of Campbell was placed in Westminster Abbey. With Samuel Rogers, Dr Beattie also enjoyed a cordial intimacy, and as he had closed the eyes of the Bard of Hope, the poet of "Memory" made request that he would close his also. When the Countess of Blessington experienced her unhappy reverses, Dr Beattie proved a steady friend; he retained to the last the full confidence of that gifted gentlewoman. From Lady Byron Dr Beattie received an emphatic expression of her gratitude for valuable services. Dr Beattie is a member of many of the historical and medical societies of Europe, and is an active director of charitable and other useful institutions in London. He has contributed to the leading periodicals, and several of his works have been translated into German and other continental languages. For a period of forty years he has rendered his professional services gratuitously to clergymen and to the cultivators of learning. Many who were ready to perish have been cheered by his counsel and aided by his bounty. Though long resident in London, he has not forgotten the claims of his native Annandale, where many families have profited by his beneficence.

SPRING-TIDE IN LAUTERBRUNNEN.

Love in a Châlèt.

THE snows are departed,
The uplands are green,
Where the fountain leaps forth
On the flower-spangled scene!
The goats climb aloft,
While the smoke from the châlèt,
Cries, "Come, come away,
Come away from the valley!"

The sleek herd is roaming
Yon pastures at large,
Where the keeper pipes sweet,
As he follows his charge:
While Bernard cries, "Litz!
Come away from the valley!
Let my chamois-eyed* maid
Be the light of my châlèt!"

Shall I go? Can I linger
When Bernard says "Come!
How sweet on our flower-spangled
Prairies to roam!"

No, no! So adieux
To the lake and the valley!
My Bernard for me,
The green Alps, and a châlèt!

* The chamois, like the gazelle, is remarkable for the beauty and lustre of its eyes.

FLOWERS THAT NEVER DIE.

THE balmy West is blowing,
And, veil'd in smiles and tears,
With rose-buds round her blowing,
The infant Spring appears.
Again, the voice of gladness
Falls sweetly on the ear;
And from the cheek of sadness,
Hope wipes away the tear.

The sky looks bright above us;
The earth is deck'd with flowers;
And, shared with those who love us,
Joy wings the fleeting hours!
But earthly flowers, how fading!
A breath can make them blow!
A breath, its leaves invading,
May chill the rose's glow.

But Faith, that faith we cherish,
Points upward to the sky!
To joys that never perish—
To flowers that never die!

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

FRANCIS BENNOCH was born at Drumcool, in the parish of Durrisdeer, and county of Dumfries, on the 25th June 1812. In his sixteenth year he proceeded to London, and entered a house of business in the city. In 1837 he formed a copartnership, and commenced business as a silk merchant in the city of London. He has latterly conducted merchandise on his own account.

In 1849 Mr Bennoch published "The Storm, and other Poems," which passed into a second edition. He has contributed somewhat extensively both in prose and verse to various periodicals and newspapers. The columns of the *Dumfries Courier* have frequently been adorned by his verses. Mr Bennoch was a kind friend to Haydon, the ingenious but unfortunate artist; he befriended Miss Mitford; and the late Mr William Jerdan and other literary friends have testified as to the value of his friendship. Mr Bennoch resides at the Knoll, Blackheath, Kent; he has held the office of common councilman in the city of London; he is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and a member of the Society of Arts, and of the Royal Society of Literature.

TRUTH AND HONOUR.

IF wealth thou art wooing, or title, or fame,
There is that in the doing brings honour or shame;
There is something in running life's perilous race,
Will stamp thee as worthy, or brand thee a base.
Oh, then, be a man—and, whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

If a king—be thy kingship right royally shown,
And trust to thy subjects to shelter thy throne;
Rely not on weapons or armies of might,
But on that which endureth,—laws loving and right.
Though a king, be a man—and, whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

If a noble—remember, though ancient thy blood,
The heart truly noble is that which is good;
Should a stain of dishonour encrimson thy brow,
Thou art slave to the peasant that sweats at the plough.
Be noble as man—and, whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

If lover or husband—be faithful and kind,
For doubting is death to the sensitive mind;
Love's exquisite passion a breath may destroy;
The sower in faith, reapeth harvests of joy.
Love dignifies man—and, whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

If a father—be firm, yet forgiving, and prove
How the child honours him who rebuketh with love.
If rich, or if poor, or whate'er thou may'st be,
Remember the truthful alone are the free,
Erect in thy manhood, whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

Then, though sickness may come, or misfortunes may fall,
There is that in thy bosom surviveth them all?
Truth, honour, love, friendship, no tempests can pale,
They are beacons of light in adversity's gale.
Oh, the manlike is godlike—no ill shall betide
While truth's thy companion, and honour thy guide.

AULD PETER MACGOWAN.

AIR—*"The Brisk Young Lad."*

AULD Peter MacGowan cam' down the craft,
An' rubbit his han's an' fidged an' laugh't;
O little thought he o' his wrinkled chaft,
When he wanted me to lo'e;
He patted my broo, an' smooth'd my chin,
He praised my een an' sleek white skin,
Syne fain wad kiss; but the laugh within
Cam' rattlin' out, I trow.
O sirs, but he was a canty carle,
Wi' rings o' gowd, an' a brooch o' pearl,
An' aye he spoke o' his frien' the Earl,
And thought he would conquer lo'e.

He boasted o' gear an' acres wide,
O' his bawsand yaud that I should ride
When I was made his bonny wee bride,
Returning lo'e for lo'e;
That I a lady to kirk should gang,
Ha'e writ my virtues in a sang;
But I snapp'd my thumb, and said, "gae hang,
Gin that's the best ye can do."
O sirs, but he was a silly auld man,
Nae mair he spak' o' his gear an' lan';
An' through the town like lightning ran
The tale o' auld Peter's lo'e.

An' sae the auld carle spiel'd up the craft,
And raved and stamped like ane gane daft,
Till tears trickled owre his burning chaft,
Sin' he couldna win my lo'e.
"Far better be single," the folk a' said,
"Than a warming pan in an auld man's bed;"
He will be cunning wha gars me wed,
Wi' ane that I never can lo'e;
Na, na! he maun be a fine young lad,
A canty lad, an' a dainty lad;
Oh, he maun be a spirited lad,
Wha thinks to win my lo'e.

THE FLOWER OF KEIR.

O WHAT care I where love was born;
I know where oft he lingers,
Till night's black curtain's drawn aside,
By morning's rosy fingers.
If you would know, come, follow me,
O'er mountain, moss, and river,
To where the Nith and Scar agree
To flow as one for ever.

Pass Kirk-o'-Kier and Clover lea,
Through loanings red with roses;
But pause beside the spreading tree,
That Fanny's bower incloses.
There, knitting in her shady grove,
Sits Fanny singing gaily;
Unwitting of the chains of love,
She's forging for us daily.

Like light that brings the blossom forth,
And sets the corn a-growing,
Melts icy mountains in the north,
And sets the streams a-flowing;
So Fanny's eyes, so bright and wise,
Shed loving rays to cheer us,
Her absence gives us wintry skies,
'Tis summer when she's near us!

O, saw ye ever such a face,
To waken love and wonder;
A brow with such an arch of grace,
And blue eyes shining under!
Her snaring smiles, sweet nature's wiles,
Are equall'd not by many;
Her look it charms, her love it warms,
The flower of Keir is Fanny.

MY BONNIE WEE WIFIE.

MY bonnie wee wifie, I'm waefu' to leave thee,
To leave thee sae lanely, and far frae me;
Come night and come morning, I'll soon be returning;
Then, oh, my dear wifie, how happy we'll be!

Oh, cauld is the night, and the way dreigh and dreary,
The snaw's drifting blindly o'er moorland an' lea;
All nature looks eerie. How can she be cheery,
Since weel she maun ken I am parted frae thee?

Oh, wae is the lammie, that's lost its dear mammy,
An' waefu' the bird that sits chirping alane;
The plaints they are making, their wee bit hearts breaking,
Are throbbings o' pleasure compared wi' my pain.
The sun to the simmer, the bark to the timmer,
The sense to the soul, an' the light to the ee,
The bud to the blossom, sae thou'rt to my bosom;
Oh, wae's my heart, wifie, when parted frae thee.

There's nae guid availing in weeping or wailing,
Should friendship be failing wi' fortune's decay;
Love in our heart's glowing, its riches bestowing,
Bequeaths us a treasure life takes not away.
Let nae anxious feeling creep o'er thy heart, stealing
The bloom frae thy cheek when thou'rt thinking of me;
Come night and come morning, I'll then be returning;
Nae mair, cosy wifie, we parted shall be.

COME WHEN THE DAWN.

Come when the dawn of the morning is breaking,
Gold on the mountain-tops, mist on the plain,
Come when the clamorous birds are awaking
Man unto duty and pleasure again;
Bright let your spirits be,
Breathing sweet liberty,
Drinking the rapture that gladdens the brain.

High o'er the swelling hills shepherds are climbing,
Down in the meadows the mowers are seen,
Haymakers singing, and village bells chiming;
Lasses and lads lightly trip o'er the green,
Flying, pursuing,
Toying, and wooing—
Nature is now as she ever has been.

Then when the toils of the day are all over,
Gather'd, delighted, set round in a ring—
Youth, with its mirthfulness—age, with its cheerfulness,
Brimful of happiness, cheerily sing,
"Bright may our spirits be—
Happy and ever free;
Blest are the joy's that from innocence spring."

THE NITH.

Flow on, flow on, beloved stream,
My dear, delightful river,
By castles grey and meadows green,
Flow on in peace for ever.
In youth I wander'd by thy side,
The Tynron hills before me,
And now as bridegroom loves his bride,
In spirit I adore thee.

I'm wedded to thy glens and holms,
So wild, so full of beauty;
The past into the present glides,
And blends with love and duty.
I hear the pulsing evening breeze
Among the branches beating;
My heart, attuned to winds and trees,
The cadence is repeating.

High up the sky in clouds I trace
The day's departing glory,
While by my side a sunny face
Reflects a sweeter story:
The story of a loving life,
The passing hours renew it;
Nor joy, nor care, nor worldly strife,
Can conquer or subdue it.

The cloven rocks make dismal dens,
In which your waters darkle,
Emerging from their gloomy glens,
Oh, how you dash and sparkle!
So life must pass through clouds and tears,
Few rays of hope surrounding;
As mists roll off the sky appears,
With light and love abounding.

Dear stream, thou emblem of my days,
Thou child of moss and mountain,
My heart to thee would be of praise
A never-failing fountain.
So flow for aye, beloved stream!
Dear Nith, delightful river,
By castles grey and meadows green,
Flow on in peace for ever.

HEY, MY BONNIE WEE LASSIE.

Hey, my bonnie we lassie,
Blythe and cheery wee lassie,
Will ye wed a canty carle,
Bonnie, bonnie wee lassie?

I ha'e sheep, an' I ha'e kye,
I ha'e wheat, an' I ha'e rye,
An' heaps o' siller, lass, forbye,
That ye shall spend wi' me, lassie!
Hey, my bonnie wee lassie,
Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
Will ye wed a canty carle,
Bonnie, bonnie wee lassie?

Ye shall dress in damask fine,
My gowd and gear shall a' be thine,
And I to ye be ever kin'.
Say,—will ye marry me, lassie?
Hey, my bonnie wee lassie,
Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
Will ye wed a canty carle,
Bonnie, smiling wee lassie?

Gae hame, auld man, an' darn your hose,
Fill up your lanky sides wi' brose,
An' at the ingle warm your nose;
But come na courtin' me, carle.
Oh, ye tottering auld carle,
Silly, clavering, auld carle,
The hawk and doo shall pair, I trow,
Before I pair wi' ye, carle!

I winna share your gowd wi' ye,
Your withering heart, an' watery ee;
In death I'd sooner shrouded be
Than wedded to ye, auld carle!
Oh, ye tottering auld carle,
Silly, clavering auld carcle,
When roses blaw on leafs o' snaw,
I'll bloom upon your breast, carle.

But there's a lad, an' I'm his ain,
May Heaven blessings on him rain!
Though plackless, he is unco fain,
And he's the man for me, carle!
Oh, youth and age can ne'er agree;
Though rich, you're no the man for me.
Gae hame, auld carle, prepare to dee;
Pray Heaven to be your bride, carle.

BESSIE.

Oh, mony a year has come and gane,
An' mony a weary day,
Sin' frae my hame, my mountain hame,
I first was lured away,
To wander over unco lands,
Far, far ayont the sea;
But no to find a land like this,
The hame o' Bess an' me!

I've traversed mony a dreary land,
Across the braid, braid sea;
But, oh, my native mountain hame,
My thochts were aye wi' thee.
As certain as the sun wad rise,
And set ahint the sea,
Sae constant, Bessie, were my prayers,
At morn an' nicht for thee;

When I return'd unto my hame,
The hills were clad wi' snow;
Though they look'd cold and cheerless, love,
My heart was in a glow.
Though keen the wintry north wind blew,
Like summer 'twas to me;
For, Bess, my frame was warm wi' love,
Of country, kindred, thee!

Nae flower e'er hail'd wi' sweeter smiles
Returning sunny beams,
Than I then hail'd my native hame,
Its mountains, woods, and streams.
Now we are met, my bonnie Bess,
We never mair will part;
Although to a' we seem as twa,
We only ha'e ae heart!

We'll be sae loving a' the nicht,
Sae happy a' the day,
That though our bodies time may change,
Our love shall ne'er decay:
As gently as yon lovely stream
Declining years shall run,
An' life shall pass frae our auld clay,
As snow melts 'neath the sun.

COURTSHIP.

Yestreen on Cample's bonnie flood
The summer sun was shining;
While on a bank in Chrichope wood
Two lovers were reclining:
They spak' o' youth an' hoary age,
O' time how swiftly fleeting,
Of ilka thing, in sooth, but ane,—
The reason of their meeting.

When Willie thocht his heart was firm,
An' might declare its feeling,
A glance frae Bessy's starry een
Sent a' his senses reeling;
For aye when he essay'd to speak,
An' she prepared to hear him,
The thought in crimson dyed his cheek,
But words would no come near him!

'Tis ever thus that love is taught
By his divinest teacher;
He silent adoration seeks,
But shuns the prosy preacher.
Now read me right, ye gentle anes,
Nor deem my lesson hollow;
The deepest river silent rins,
The babbling brook is shallow.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

With lofty song we love to cheer
The hearts of daring men;
Applauded thus, they gladly hear
The trumpet's call again.
But now we sing of lowly deeds
Devoted to the brave,
Where she, who stems the wound that bleeds,
A hero's life may save:
And heroes saved exulting tell
How well her voice they knew;
How sorrow near it could not dwell,
But spread its wings and flew.

Neglected, dying in despair,
They lay till woman came

To soothe them with her gentle care,
And feed life's flickering flame.
When wounded sore, on fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She called their fluttering spirits back
And gave them strength again.
'Twas grief to miss the passing face
That suffering could dispel;
But joy to turn and kiss the place
On which her shadow fell.*

When words of wrath profaning rung,
She moved with pitying grace;
Her presence still'd the wildest tongue,
And holy* made the place.
They knew that they were cared for then,
Their eyes forgot their tears;
In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
And thought of early years—
Of early years, when all was fair,
Of faces sweet and pale.
They woke: the angel bending there
Was—Florence Nightingale!

* "She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content."—*Soldier's Letter from the Crimea.*

* "Before she came there was cursin' and swearin', but after that it was as holy as a church."—*Soldier's Letter from the Crimea.*

MARY MAXWELL CAMPBELL.

THE authoress of the four following songs is Miss Mary Maxwell Campbell, Pitlour, Fifeshire. Her father was Dugald Campbell, Esq. of Skerrington, Ayrshire; her mother, Janet Baillie, was a daughter of Lord Polkemmet, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. Miss Campbell composed the words and music of "The March of the Cameron Men" many years ago; she has been induced to acknowledge the authorship, consequent on the song being assigned to others. These four songs have been published with music composed by the authoress.

LAMENT FOR GLENCOE.

YE loyal Macdonalds, awaken! awaken!
Why sleep ye so soundly in face of the foe?
The clouds pass away, and the morning is breaking;
But when will awaken the Sons of Glencoe?
They lay down to rest with their thoughts on the morrow,
Nor dreamt that life's visions were melting like snow;
But daylight has dawn'd in the silence of sorrow,
And ne'er shall awaken the Sons of Glencoe.

Oh! dark was the moment that brought to our shealing
The black-hearted foe with his treacherous smile.
We gave him our food with a brother's own feeling;
For then we believed there was truth in Argyle.
The winds howl a warning, the red lightning flashes,
We heap up our faggot's a welcome to show;
But traitors are brooding on death near the ashes
Now cold on the hearths of the Sons of Glencoe.

My clansmen, strike boldly—let none of ye count on
The mercy of cowards who wrought us such woe;
The wail of their spirits, when heard on the mountain,
Must surely awaken the Sons of Glencoe.
Ah! cruel as adders, ye stung them while sleeping;
But vengeance shall track ye wherever ye go.
Our loved ones lie murder'd; no sorrow nor weeping,
Shall ever awaken the Sons of Glencoe.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.*

THERE'S many a man of the Cameron clan
That has follow'd his chief to the field;
He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.
I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light-springing footsteps are trampling the heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron Men.

Oh proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gather'd before.
I hear the pibroch sounding, etc.

* "I composed this song when very young, after travelling from morning to night through Highland scenery with a member of the family of Lochiel."—*Note by the authoress.*

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path
Now trod by the gallant and true—
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said
That whatever men dare, they can do.
I hear the pibroch sounding, etc.

THE MOLE AND THE BAT.*

My friend is a Mole, and I am a Bat,
Two travellers are we;
And we have gone over the wide, wide world,
To see what we could see.
But the Mole and I came back again,
And both of us agree,
That there's no place in all the world
So good as our countrie.

And first we went to merry France,
Where the sun shines warm and bright;
But frogs to eat were no great treat,
So we only stayed a night.
So the Mole and I came back again, etc.

And next we went to Holland,
But 'twas far too damp for me;
'Twas all as flat as the crown of your hat,
And nothing could we see.
So the Mole and I came back again, etc.

We then set off to Germany,
Where they made us understand
That they smoked their pipe and drank their beer
For the good of the Fatherland.
So the Mole and I came back again, etc.

We went to Spain and Portugal,
And thought them pretty places;
But 'twould appear that water's dear,
For they never wash their faces.
So the Mole and I came back again, etc.

Oh, then we came to Italy,
Where beggars swarm like bees;
The Mole had to work like any Turk,
While they sat at their ease.
So the Mole and I came back again, etc.

Then we went off to Austria,
Where, much to our surprise,
They tried to shut us up for life,
And called us English spies.
So the Mole and I came back again, etc.

And next we got to Russia,
Where we tried to look about;
But we chanced to stare at the Russian Bear,
And he order'd us the knout.
So the Mole and I came back again, etc.

We started off to America,
The land of the free and the brave,
But they said the Mole was as black as a coal,
And they'd sell him for a slave.
So the Mole and I came back again, etc.

We travell'd off to Africa,
To see a wondrous lake,
But turned our tail, and made all sail,
When we met a rattlesnake.
So the Mole and I came back again, etc.

Then last we went to Scotland,
Where we met some pleasant fellows,
But every one wore waterproofs,
And carried large umbrellas.
So the Mole and I came back again,
And satisfied are we,
That there's no place in all the world
So good as our countrie.

* The words and music of this song, and of that which follows it, were composed by Miss Campbell for the amusement of the young.

O, WHAT WILL WE DO IN THE MORNING.

O, WHAT will we do in the morning—
O, what will we do in the morning?
When we open our eyes we will cheerfully rise,
And dress ourselves neat in the morning.

O what will we do in the morning—
O what will we do in the morning?
With water and soap, our faces I hope,
We'll wash till they're clean in the morning.

O, what will we do in the morning—
O, what will we do in the morning?
We've a brush and a comb, so we'll never leave home
Without smoothing our hair in the morning.

O, what will we do in the morning—
O, what will we do in the morning?
Be contented and good with the plainest of food,
And never be cross in the morning.

O, what will we do in the morning—
O, what will we do in the morning?
We must make it a rule to go early to school,
And never be late in the morning.

O, what will we do in the morning—
O, what will we do in the morning?
As quiet's pussy cats, we'll put off our hats,
And say to our teacher, Good morning.

ELIZA A. H. OGILVY.

Mrs Eliza A. H. Ogilvy was born in India, in January 1822. Her father, Abercrombie Dick, Esq., was many years a Judge in the East India Company's Civil Service. Her childhood was passed in Scotland, under the care of her uncle, Sir Robert Dick of Tullymett, who afterwards, at the head of his division, fell at the battle of Sobraon. In 1843, she married David Ogilvy, Esq., a cadet of the Ogilvys of Inverquharity, in Forfarshire. Several years of her married life were spent in Italy. She has long resided in London or its neighbourhood.

Mrs Ogilvy has published "Highland Minstrelsy," 1848, 4to; "Traditions of Tuscany," 1851, 12mo; and "Poems of Ten Years," 1856, 12mo. She has extensively contributed to the periodicals both in prose and verse.

CRAIG ELACHIE.

Blue are the hills above the Spey,
The rocks are red that line his way;
Green is the strath his waters lave,
And fresh the turf upon the grave
Where sleep my sire and sisters three,
Where none are left to mourn for me:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

The roofs that shelter'd me and mine
Hold strangers of a Sassenach line;
Our hamlet thresholds ne'er can show
The friendly forms of long ago;
The rooks upon the old yew-tree
Would e'en have stranger notes to me:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

The cattle feeding on the hills,
We tended once o'er moors and rills,
Like us have gone; the silly sheep
Now fleck the brown sides of the steep,
And southern eyes their watchers be,
And Gael and Sassenach ne'er agree:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Where are the elders of our glen,
Wise arbiters for meaner men?
Where are the sportsmen, keen of eye,
Who track'd the roe against the sky;
The quick of hand, of spirit free?
Pass'd, like a harper's melody:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Where are the maidens of our vale,
Those fair, frank daughters of the Gael?
Changed are they all, and changed the wife,
Who dared for love the Indian's life;
The little child she bore to me
Sunk in the vast Atlantic sea:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Bare are the moors of broad Strathspey,
Shaggy the western forests grey;
Wild is the corri's autumn roar,
Wilder the floods of this far shore;
Dark are the crags of rushing Dee,
Darker the shades of Tennessee:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Great rock, by which the Grant hath sworn,
Since first amid the mountains born;
Great rock, whose sterile granite heart
Knows not, like us, misfortune's smart,
The river sporting at thy knee,
On thy stern brow no change can see:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Stand fast on thine own Scottish ground,
By Scottish mountains flank'd around,
Though we uprooted, cast away
From the warm bosom of Strathspey,
Flung pining by this western sea,
The exile's hopeless lot must dree:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Yet strong as thou the Grant shall rise,
Cleft from his clansmen's sympathies;
In these grim wastes new homes we'll rear,
New scenes shall wear old names so dear;
And while our axes fell the tree,
Resound old Scotia's minstrelsy:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Here can no treacherous chief betray
For sordid gain our new Strathspey;
No fearful king, no statesmen pale,
Wrench the strong claymore from the Gael.
With armed wrist and kilted knee,
No prairie Indian half so free:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

Thomas Tod Stoddart, well-known through his ingenious works on angling, was born on the 14th February 1810, in Argyle Square, Edinburgh. In the chamber of his birth Dr Robertson is believed to have written the "History of Scotland." His father, a rear-admiral in the navy, shared in several distinguished services: he was present at Lord Howe's victory; at the landing in Egypt; at the battles of the Nile and Copenhagen, and in many desperate encounters between Russia and Sweden. Young Stoddart was educated at the Moravian establishment at Fairfield, near Manchester, and subsequently passed through a course of philosophy and law in the University of Edinburgh. Early devoted to verse-making, he composed a tragedy in his ninth year; and at the age of sixteen was the successful competitor in Professor Wilson's class, for a poem on "Idolatry." He was an early contributor to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

Mr Stoddart studied for the Bar, and passed advocate in 1833. Finding the legal profession uncongenial, he soon relinquished it; and entering upon the married state in 1836, he has since resided at Kelso. For many years he has divided his time between the pursuits of literature, and the recreation of angling. In 1831, he published "The Deathwake, or Lunacy, a Poem;" in 1834, "The Art of Angling;" in 1836, "Angling Reminiscences;" in 1839 "Songs and Poems;" and in 1844, "Abel Massinger, or the Aëronaut, a Romance." The second of these publications has been remodelled, and under the title of "The Angler's Companion," has exhausted several impressions, and continues in general favour. Living at Kelso, Mr Stoddart has every opportunity of prosecuting his favourite pastime in the Tweed, and enjoying scenery calculated to foster the poetic temperament.

ANGLING SONG.

Bring the rod, the line, the reel!
Bring, oh, bring the osier creel!
Bring me flies of fifty kinds,
Bring me showers, and clouds, and winds,
All things right and tight,
All things well and proper,
Trailer red and bright,
Dark and wily dropper;
Casts of midges bring,
Made of plover hackle,
With a gaudy wing,
And a cobweb tackle.

Lead me where the river flows,
Show me where the alder grows,
Reed and rushes, moss and mead,
To them lead me—quickly lead,
Where the roving trout
Watches round an eddy,
With his eager snout
Pointed up and ready,
Till a careless fly,
On the surface wheeling,
Tempts him, rising sly
From his safe concealing.

There, as with a pleasant friend,
I the happy hours will spend,
Urging on the subtle hook,
O'er the dark and chancy nook,
With a hand expert
Every motion swaying,
And on the alert
When the trout are playing;
Bring me rod and reel,
Flies of every feather,
Bring the osier creel,
Send me glorious weather!

LET ITHER ANGLERS.

Let ither anglers choose their ain,
An' ither waters tak' the lead;
O' Hieland streams we covet nane,
But gi'e to us the bonnie Tweed!
An' gi'e to us the cheerfu' burn
That steals into its valley fair—
The streamlets that at ilka turn,
Sae saftly meet an' mingle there.

The lanesome Tala and the Lyne,
An' Manor wi' its mountain rills,
An' Etterick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow, frae the forest hills;

An' Gala, too, an' Teviot bright,
An' mony a stream o' playfu' speed;
Their kindred valleys a' unite
Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed.

There's no a hole abune the Crook,
Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,
Nor drumlie rill, nor fairy brook,
That daunders through the flowr'y heath,
But ye may fin' a subtle troot,
A' gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead,
An' mony a sawmon sooms aboot,
Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
A chancier bit ye canna ha'e,
So gin ye tak' an' angler's word,
Ye'd through the whins an' ower the brae,
An' work awa' wi' cunnin' hand
Yer birzy hackles black and reid;
The saft sough o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed!

THE BRITISH OAK.

The oak is Britain's pride!
The lordliest of trees,
The glory of her forest side,
The guardian of her seas!
Its hundred arms are brandish'd wide
To brave the wintry breeze.

Our hearts shall never quail
Below the servile yoke,
Long as our seamen trim the sail,
And wake the battle smoke—
Long as they stem the stormy gale
On planks of British oak!

Then in its native mead
The golden acorn lay,
And watch with care the bursting seed,
And guard the tender spray;
England will bless us for the deed
In some far future day!

Oh! plant the acorn tree
Upon each Briton's grave;
So shall our island ever be
The island of the brave—
The mother-nurse of liberty,
And empress o'er the wave!

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

Alexander Maclagan was born at Bridgend, Perth, on the 3d April 1811. His father Thomas Maclagan, was bred to farming, but early abandoning this occupation, settled in Perth as a manufacturer. Unfortunate in business, he removed to Edinburgh, with a young family of three children; the subject of this sketch being the eldest. Catherine Stuart, the poet's mother, was descended from the Stuarts of Breadalbane, a family of considerable rank in that district. At the period of his father's removal to Edinburgh, Alexander was only in his fifth year. Not more successful in his pursuits in Edinburgh, where three additional children were born to him, Thomas Maclagan was unable to bestow upon his son Alexander the liberal education which his strong natural capacity demanded; but acquiring the common rudiments of knowledge at several schools in the Old Town, he was at the early age of ten taken thence, and placed in a jeweller's shop, where he remained two years. Being naturally strong, and now of an age to undertake more laborious employment, his father rather against the son's inclinations, bound him apprentice to a plumber in Edinburgh, with whom he served six years. About this time he produced many excellent drawings, which received the approbation of the managers of the Edinburgh School of Design, but the arduous duties of his occupation precluded the possibility of his following his natural bent. His leisure time was chiefly devoted to the cultivation of literature. So early as his thirteenth year he entered the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library as a member; and from this early age he dates his taste for poetry.

In 1829, while yet an apprentice, Maclagan became connected with the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by Mr Glassford Bell. As a contributor to that publication, he was introduced to the Ettrick Shepherd, Professor Wilson, and William Motherwell, who severally commended his verses. On the expiry of his apprenticeship he

worked for some time as a journeyman plumber. He was married in his eighteenth year; and he has three surviving children. In 1831 he commenced on his own account, in a shop at the head of the Mound, Edinburgh; but finding he had inadequate capital, he proceeded to London in quest of employment in some managing department of his trade. In the metropolis he was well received by Allan Cunningham, and was, through his recommendation, offered an appointment under Mr Cubitt, the well known builder. A strike among Mr Cubitt's workmen unfortunately interfered with the completion of the arrangement, and the poet, much disappointed, returned to Edinburgh. He now accepted an engagement as manager of a plumbery establishment in Dunfermline, where he continued two years. He has since devoted himself to literary pursuits.

In 1841 Maclagan published a collected edition of his poems, which attracted the favourable notice of Lord Jeffrey. He invited the poet to his residence, and on many occasions proved his benefactor. On the publication, in 1849, of another volume, entitled, "Sketches from Nature," the great reviewer wrote to the poet in these words, "I can remember when the appearance of such a work would have produced a great sensation, and secured to its author both distinction and more solid advantages." Among the last written of Lord Jeffrey's letters, was one addressed to Mr Maclagan in regard to the second edition of his Poems. Shortly after his patron's death, the poet found a new friend in Lord Cockburn, who procured him a junior clerkship in the office of the Inland Revenue, Edinburgh. This situation proved uncongenial; the poet found himself unsuited to the practice of lengthened arithmetical summations, and he resigned his post under the promise of being transferred to another department, more suitable to his habits. In 1851 he was, by a number of his admirers, entertained at a public dinner in the hall attached to Burns' Cottage, and more lately he received a similar compliment in his native town. Considerate attentions have been shown him by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Argyle, the Rev. Dr Guthrie, and other distinguished individuals. In the autumn of 1856 he had conferred on him a Civil List pension.

Maclagan published, in 1854, "Ragged and Industrial School Rhymes." Imbued with a keen perception of the beautiful and pleasing, alike in the natural and moral world, his poetry is marked by refinement of thought, elegance of expression, and an earnest devotedness. He delights to depict the praises of virtue. The lover's tale he has told with simplicity and tenderness.

CURLING SONG.

HURRAH for Scotland's worth and fame,
A health to a' that love the name;
Hurrah for Scotland's darling game,
The pastime o' the free, boys.
While head, an' heart, an' arm are strang,
We'll a' join in a patriot's sang
And sing its praises loud and lang—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.
Hurrah, hurrah, for Scotland's fame,
A health to a' that love the name;
Hurrah for Scotland's darling game;
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

Gi'e hunter chaps their break-neck hours,
Their slaughtering guns amang the muirs;
Let wily fisher prove his powers
At the flinging o' the flee, boys.
But let us pledge ilk hardy chiel,
Wha's hand is sure, wha's heart is leal,
Wha glories in a brave bonspiel—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

In ancient days—fame tells the fact—
That Scotland's heroes werena slack
The heads o' stubborn foes to crack,
And mak' the feckless flee, boys.
Wi' brave hearts, beating true and warm,
They aften tried the curlin' charm
To cheer the heart and nerve the arm—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

May love and friendship crown our cheer
Wi' a' the joys to curlers dear;
We ha'e this nicht some heroes here
We aye are blythe to see, boys.

A' brithers brave are they, I ween;
May fickle Fortune, slippery queen,
Aye keep their ice baith clear and clean—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

May health an' strength their toils reward,
And should misfortune's gales blow hard,
Our task will be to plant a guard,
Or guide them to the tee, boys.
Here's three times three for curlin' scenes,
Here's three times three for curlin' freen's,
Here's three times three for beef an' greens—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

A' ye that love auld Scotland's name,
A' ye that love auld Scotland's fame,
A' ye that love auld Scotland's game,
A glorious sicht to see, boys.
Up, brothers, up, drive care awa';
Up, brothers, up, ne'er think o' thaw;
Up, brothers, up, and sing hurrah—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

THE SCOTCH BLUE-BELL.

THE Scotch blue-bell, the Scotch blue-bell,
The dear blue-bell for me!
Oh! I wadna gi'e the Scotch blue-bell
For a' the flowers I see.

I lo'e thee weel, thou Scotch blue-bell,
I hail thee, floweret fair;
Whether thou bloom'st in lanely dell,
Or wavest mid mountain air—
Blythe springing frae our bare rough rocks,
Or fountain's flowery brink:
Where, fleet as wind, in thirsty flocks,
The deer descend to drink.
The Scotch blue-bell, etc.

Sweet flower! thou deck'st the sacred nook
Beside love's trystin' tree;
I see thee bend to kiss the brook,
That kindly kisseth thee.
'Mang my love's locks ye're aften seen,
Blythe noddin' o'er her brow,
Meet marrows to her lovely een
O' deep endearin' blue!
The Scotch blue-bell, etc.

When e'enin's gowden curtains hing
O'er moor and mountain grey,
Methinks I hear the blue-bells ring
A dirge to deein' day;
But when the licht o' mornin' wakes
The young dew-drooket flowers,
I hear amid their merry peals
The mirth o' bridal hours!
The Scotch blue-bell, etc.

How oft wi' rapture ha'e I stray'd
The mountain's heather crest;
There aft wi' thee ha'e I array'd
My Mary's maiden breast;
Oft tremblin' mark'd amang thy bells,
Her bosom fa' and rise,
Like snawy cloud that sinks and swells
'Neath summer's deep blue skies.
The Scotch blue-bell, etc.

Oh! weel ye guess when morning daws
I seek the blue-bell grot;
An' weel ye guess when e'enin' fa's
Sae sweet, I leave it not;
An' when upon my tremblin' breast
Reclines my maiden fair,
Thou know'st full well that I am blest,
And free frae ilka care.

The Scotch blue-bell, the Scotch blue-bell,
The dear blue-bell for me!
Oh! I wadna gi'e the Scotch blue-bell
For a' the flowers I see.

THE THISTLE.

HURRAH for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle,
The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me!
A fig for the flowers, in your lady-built bowers—
The strong-bearded, weel-guarded thistle for me!

'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in its flight,
When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might;
'Tis the flower that laughs at the storm as it blows,
For the stronger the tempest, the greener it grows!
Hurrah for the thistle, etc.

Round the love-lighted hames o' our ain native land—
On the bonneted brow, on the hilt of the brand—
On the face o' the shield, 'mid the shouts o' the free,
May the thistle be seen where the thistle should be!
Hurrah for the thistle, etc.

Hale hearts we ha'e yet to bleed in its cause;
Bold harps we ha'e yet to sound its applause;
How, then, can it fade, when sic chiels an' sic cheer,
And sae mony braw sprouts o' the thistle are here?

Then hurrah for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle,
The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me!
A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers—
The strong-bearded, well-guarded thistle for me!

THE WIDOW.

Oh, there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain,
Oh, there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain;
Though the heart o' this warld's as hard as a stane,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though totterin' noo, like her auld crazy biel,
Her step ance the lichtest on hairst-rig or reel;
Though sighs tak' the place o' the heart-cheerin' strain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Though humble her biggin', and scanty her store,
The beggar ne'er yet went unserved frae her door;
Though she aft lifts the lid o' her girnel in vain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Though thin, thin her locks, noo like hill-drifted snaw,
Ance sae glossy and black, like the wing o' the craw;
Though grief frae her mild cheek the red rose has ta'en,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

The sang o' the lark finds the Widow asteer,
The birr o' her wheel starts the nicht's dreamy ear;
The tears o'er the tow-tap will whiles fa' like rain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Ye may hear in her speech, ye may see in her claes,
That auld Widow Miller has seen better days,
Ere her auld Robin dee'd, sae fond an' sae fain'—
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Oh, sad was the hour when the brave Forty-twa,
Wi' their wild-sounding pipes, march'd her callant awa';
Though she schules, feeds, an' cleeds his wee orphan wean,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Ye wild wintry winds, ye blaw surly and sair
On the heart that is sad, on the wa's that are bare;
When care counts the links o' life's heavy chain,
The poor heart is hopeless that winna complain.

The Sabbath-day comes, and the Widow is seen
I' the aisle o' the auld kirk, baith tidy and clean;
Though she aft sits for hours on the mossy-grave-stane,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

An' then when she turns frae the grave's lanely sod,
To breathe out her soul in the ear of her God;
What she utters to Him is no kent to ane,
But there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Ye wealthy an' wise in this fair world o' ours,
When your fields wave wi' gowd, your gardens wi' flowers;
When ye bind up the sheaves, leave out a few grains
To the heart-broken Widow wha never complains.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

What though ye ha'e nor kith nor kin,
An' few to tak' your part, love;
A happy hame ye'll ever fin'
Within my glowing heart, love.
So! while I breathe the breath o' life,
Misfortune ne'er shall steer ye;
My Highland Plaid is warm and wide—
Creep closer, my wee dearie!

The thunder loud, the burstin' cloud,
May speak o' ghaists an' witches,
An' spunkie lichts may lead puir wichts
Through bogs an' droonin' ditches;
There's no ae imp in a' the host,
This nicht will daur come near ye;
My Highland Plaid is warm an' wide—
Creep closer, my wee dearie!

Why do you heave sic heavy sighs,
Why do ye sab sae sair, love?
Altho' beneath my rustic plaid
An earl's star I wear, love,
I woo'd ye as a shepherd youth,
And as a queen revere thee;
My Highland Plaid is warm an' wide—
Creep closer, my wee dearie!

JANE C. SIMPSON.

Mrs Simpson *nee* Jane Cross Bell, is the daughter of the late James Bell, Esq., Advocate, and is a native of Glasgow. Her first effusions, written in early youth, were published in the *Greenock Advertiser*, while her father for a short time resided in that town, as assessor to the Magistrates. To the pages of the *Edinburgh Literary*

Journal, edited by her brother Henry Glassford Bell, she afterwards contributed numerous poetical compositions, and subsequently various articles in prose and verse to the *Scottish Christian Herald*, then under the editorship of the Rev. Dr Gardner. She assumed the literary *nom de plume* of "Gertrude," and under this designation she reproduced her poetical compositions in "April Hours," a small duodecimo, which appeared in 1838. She had previously published in 1836 a volume of tales and sketches, entitled "The Piety of Daily Life." In 1848 she published "Woman's History." Her latest work, "Linda; or Beauty and Genius," appeared in 1859. She is at present engaged in editing the works of Robert Burns. "Gertrude" has been for many years married to her cousin Mr J. B. Simpson, of Glasgow.

GENTLENESS.

Oh! the winning charm of gentleness, so beautiful to me,
'Tis this has bound my soul so long, so tenderly, to thee;
The gentle heart, like jewel bright, beneath the ocean blue,
In every look and tone of thine, still shining sweetly through!

What though the crowd with wonder bow, before great genius' fire,
And wit, with lightning flash, commands to reverence and admire;
'Tis gentleness alone that gains the tribute of our love,
And falls upon the ear like dew on flowers, from heaven above!

Ah! many a day has passed since then, yet I remember well,
Once from my lips an angry thought, in hasty accents fell;
A word of wrath I utter'd, in a light and wayward mood—
Of wrath to thee, my earliest friend, the noble and the good!

No answering words were given for mine, but, calm and bright as now,
Thy speaking eyes a moment dwelt upon my ruffled brow,
And then a sweet, forgiving smile came o'er thy pensive face,
And thy hand was softly tender'd me, with melancholy grace.

An instant mute and motionless, before thee did I stand,
And gazed upon thy placid mien, thy smile, thy proffer'd hand—
Ah! ne'er could angel, sent to walk this earth of sinful men,
Look lovelier in his robes of light, than thou to me wert then!

I long'd to weep—I strove to speak—no words came from my tongue,
Then silently to thy embrace, I wildly, fondly sprung;
The sting of guilt, like lightning, struck to my awaken'd mind;
I could have borne to meet thy wrath—'twas death to see thee kind!

'Tis ever thus! when anger wins but anger in return,
A trifle grows a thing of weight, and fast the fire will burn;
But when reproachful words are still in mild forgiveness past,
The proudest soul will own his fault, and melt in tears at last!
O Gentleness! thy gentleness, so beautiful to me!
It will ever bind my heart in love and tenderness to thee;
I bless thee for all high-born thoughts, that fill that breast of thine,
But most, I bless thee for that gift of gentleness divine!

HE LOVED HER FOR HER MERRY EYE.

He loved her for her merry eye,
That, like the vesper star,
In evening's blue and deepening sky,
Shed light and joy afar!

He loved her for her golden hair,
That o'er her shoulders hung;
He loved her for her happy voice,
The music of her tongue.

He loved her for her airy form
Of animated grace;
He loved her for the light of soul;
That brighten'd in her face.

He loved her for her simple heart,
A shrine of gentle things;
He loved her for her sunny hopes,
Her gay imaginings.

But not for him that bosom beat,
Or glanced that merry eye,
Beneath whose diamond light he felt
It would be heaven to die.

He never told her of his love,
He breathed no prayer—no vow;
But sat in silence by her side,
And gazed upon her brow.

And when, at length, she pass'd away,
Another's smiling bride,
He made his home 'mid ocean's waves—
He died upon its tide.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

MARION PAUL AIRD is a native of Glasgow. Her paternal ancestors were respectable yeomen in the Carrick district of Ayrshire. Her mother, a niece of Hamilton Paul,* was descended from a race of opulent landowners in the district of Cunningham. In her youth, Miss Aird had her abode in a romantic cottage at Govan Hill, in the vicinity of Glasgow. For a number of years she has resided in Kilmarnock. She composed verses in early youth. In 1846 she published a duodecimo volume of poems and lyrics, entitled "The Home of the Heart, and other Poems;" this was followed in 1853 by a volume of prose and verse, under the title of "Heart Histories."

* *See ante*, p. 128.

THE FA' O' THE LEAF.

'Tis the fa' o' the leaf, and the cauld winds are blawin',
The wee birds, a' sangless, are dowie and wae;
The green leaf is sear, an' the brown leaf is fa'in',
Wan Nature lamentin' o'er simmer's decay.

Noo drumlie an' dark row the siller-like waters,
No a gowden-eed gowan on a' the green lea;
Her snell breath, wi' anger, in darkness noo scatters
The wee flowers, that danced to the sang o' the bee.

The green leaves o' simmer sing hopefu' an' cheerie,
When bonnie they smile in the sun's gowden ray;
But dowie when sear leaves in autumn winds eerie
Sigh, "Life, love, and beauty, as flowers ye decay."

How waefu' the heart, where young hopes that gather,
Like spring-flowers in simmer, "are a' wede awa';"
An' the rose-bloom o' beauty, e'er autumn winds wither,
Like green leaves unfaded, lie cauld in the snaw:

But waefu' to see, as a naked tree lanely,
Man shake like a wan leaf in poortith's cauld blast;
The last o' his kin, sighin', "Autumn is gane by,"
An' the wrinkles o' eild tell "his simmer is past."

The fire that's blawn out, ance mair may be lighted,
An' a wee spark o' hope in the cauld heart may burn;
An' the "morning star" break on the traveller benighted,
An' day, wi' its fresh gushing glories, return:

But dool, dool the fa', when shakes the clay shielin',
An' the last keek o' day sets for ever in night!
When no ae wee star through the dark clud is stealin',
Through the cauld wave o' death, his dark spirit to light.

The spring flowers o' life, a' sae blythesome and bonnie,
Though wither'd and torn frae the heart far awa',
An' the flower we thought fadeless, the fairest o' onie,
May spring up again whar nae freezin' winds blaw.

Kin' spring'll woo back the green "bud to the timmer,"
Its heart burst in blosom 'neath simmer's warm breath;
But when shall the warm blush o' life's faded simmer
Bring back the rose-bloom frae the winter o' death?

How kin' should the heart be, aye warm an' forgi'en,
When sune, like a leaf, we maun a' fade awa';
When life's winter day as a shadow is fleein'—
But simmer aye shines whar nae autumn leaves fa'!

FAR, FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"*Long, long ago.*"

HAD I the wings of a dove, I would fly
Far, far away; far, far away;
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,
Hearts, like their garments, are pure as the snow,
Far, far away; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,
Far, far away; far, far away;
There I from sorrow for ever would rest,
Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast;
Tears never fall in the homes of the blest,
Far, far away; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,
Far, far away; far, far away;
One is their temple, their home, and their heart,
Far, far away; far, far away;
The river of crystal, the city of gold,
The portals of glory, such glory unfold,
Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,
Far, far away; far away.

List! what yon harpers on golden harps play;
Come, come away; come, come away;
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay;
Come, come away; come, come away:
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true;
Sing ye the song, ever old, ever new;
Come, come away; come away.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

A PLEASING lyric poet, William Sinclair, was born at Edinburgh in 1811. His father was a trader in the city. Receiving an ordinary education, he became in his fourteenth year apprentice to a bookseller in Frederick Street. A large circulating library connected with the establishment enabled him to gratify an ardent love of reading, and brought him into contact with persons of literary tastes. Quitting the business of bookseller, he proceeded to Dundee, as clerk in a lawyer's office. He afterwards accepted a situation in the Customs at Liverpool. His official services were subsequently transferred to Leith, where he had the privilege of associating with the poets Moir, Gilfillan, and Vedder.

Early devoted to song-writing, Mr Sinclair, while a bookseller's apprentice, contributed verses to the newspapers and popular periodicals. Some of his poetical compositions have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The poet Robert Nicoll submitted the first edition of his poems to his revision. In 1843 he published an octavo volume of poems and songs, with the title "Poems of the Fancy and the Affections." Several of his songs have been set to music. Mr Sinclair has latterly resided in Stirling.

THE ROYAL BREADALBANE OAK.

THY queenly hand, Victoria,
By the mountain and the rock,
Hath planted 'midst the Highland hills
A Royal British Oak;
Oh, thou guardian of the free!
Oh, thou mistress of the sea!
Trebly dear shall be the ties
That shall bind us to thy name,
Ere this Royal Oak shall rise
To thy fame, to thy fame!

The oak hath scatter'd terror
O'er our foemen from our ships,
They have given the voice of England's fame
In thunders from their lips;
'Twill be mirror'd in the rills!
It shall wave among the hills!
And the rallying cry shall wake
Nigh the planted of thy hand,
That the loud acclaim may break
O'er the land, o'er the land!

While it waves unto the tempest,
It shall call thy name to mind,
And the "Gathering" 'mong the hills shall be
Like the rushing of the wind!
Arise! ye Gaels, arise!
Let the echoes ring your cries,
By our mountain's rocky throne,
By Victoria's name adored—

We shall reap her enemies down
With the sword, with the sword!

Oh, dear among the mountains
Shall thy kindly blessing be;
Though rough may be our mien, we bear
A loyal heart to thee!
'Neath its widely spreading shade
Shall the gentle Highland maid
Teach the youths, who stand around,
Like brave slips from Freedom's tree,
That thrice sacred is the ground
Unto thee, unto thee!

In the bosom of the Highlands
Thou hast left a glorious pledge,
To the honour of our native land,
In every coming age:
By the royal voice that spoke
On the soil where springs the oak—
By the freedom of the land
That can never bear a slave—
The Breadalbane Oak shall stand
With the brave, with the brave!

MARY.

If there's a word that whispers love
In gentlest tones to hearts of woe,
If there's a name more prized above,
And loved with deeper love below,
'Tis Mary.

If there's a healing sound beneath
To soothe the heart in sorrow's hour,
If there's a name that angels breathe
In silence with a deeper power,
'Tis Mary.

It softly hangs on many a tongue
In ladies' bower and sacred fane,
The sweetest name by poets sung—
The high and consecrated strain—
Is Mary.

And Scotia's Bard—life's holiest dream
Was his, the silent heavens above,
When on the Bible o'er the stream
He vowed his early vows of love
To Mary.

Oh, with the sweet repose of even,
By forest lone, by fragrant lea,
And by thy beauties all, Loch Leven,
How dear shall the remembrance be
Of Mary.

Scotland and Mary are entwined
With blooming wreath of fadeless green,
And printed on the undying mind;
For, oh! her fair, though fated Queen,
Was Mary.

By the lone forest and the lea,
When smiles the thoughtful evening star,
Though other names may dearer be,
The sweetest, gentlest, loveliest far,
Is Mary.

ABSENCE.

The fields, the streams, the skies are fair,
There's freshness in the balmy air,
A grandeur crowns thine ancient woods,
And pleasure fills thy solitudes,
And sweets are strewn where'er we rove—
But thou art not the land we love.

How glorious, from the eastern heaven,
The fulness of the dawn is given!
How fair on ocean's glowing breast
Sleeps the soft twilight of the west!
All radiant are thy stars above—
But thou art not the land we love.

Fair flowers, that kiss the morning beam,
Hang their bright tresses o'er the stream;
From morn to noon, from noon to even,
Sweet songsters lift soft airs to heaven,
From field and forest, vale and grove—
But thou art not the land we love.

To high and free imaginings
Thy master minstrels swept the strings,
The brave thy sons to triumph led,
Thy turf enshrouds the glorious dead,
And Liberty thy chaplet wove—
But thou art not the land we love.

From the far bosom of the sea
A flood of brightness rests on thee,
And stately to the bending skies
Thy temples, domes, and turrets rise:
Thy heavens—how fair they smile above!
But thou art not the land we love.

Oh, for the bleak, the rocky strand,
The mountains of our native land!
Oh, for the torrents, wild, and free,
And their rejoicing minstrelsy!
The heath below, the blue above,
The altars of the land we love!

THE BATTLE OF STIRLING.

To Scotland's ancient realm
Proud Edward's armies came,
To sap our freedom, and o'erwhelm
Our martial force in shame:
"It shall not be!" brave Wallace cried;
"It shall not be!" his chiefs replied;
"By the name our fathers gave her,
Our steel shall drink the crimson stream,
We'll all her dearest rights redeem—
Our own broadswords shall save her!"

With hopes of triumph flush'd,
The squadrons hurried o'er
Thy bridge, Kildean, and heaving rush'd
Like wild waves to the shore:
"They come—they come!" was the gallant cry;
"They come—they come!" was the loud reply;

"O strength, thou gracious Giver!
By Love and Freedom's stainless faith,
We'll dare the darkest night of death—
We'll drive them back for ever!"

All o'er the waving broom,
In chivalry and grace,
Shone England's radiant spear and plume,
By Stirling's rocky base:
And, stretching far beneath the view,
Proud Cressingham! thy banners flew,
When, like a torrent rushing,
O God! from right and left the flame
Of Scottish swords like lightning came,
Great Edward's legions crushing!

High praise, ye gallant band,
Who, in the face of day,
With a daring heart and a fearless hand,
Have cast your chains away!
The foemen fell on every side—
In crimson hues the Forth was dyed—
Bedew'd with blood the heather,
While cries triumphal shook the air—
"Thus shall they do, thus shall they dare,
Wherever Scotsmen gather!"

Though years like shadows fleet
O'er the dial-stone of Time,
Thy pulse, O Freedom! still shall beat
With the throb of manhood's prime!
Still shall the valour, love, and truth,
That shone on Scotland's early youth,
From Scotland ne'er dissever;
The Shamrock, Rose, and Thistle stern
Shall wave around her Wallace cairn,
And bless the brave for ever!

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

CHARLES MACKAY is of ancient and honourable extraction. His paternal ancestors were the Mackays of Strathnaver, in Sutherlandshire; while, on the mother's side, he is descended from the Roses of Kilravock, for many centuries proprietors of one of the most interesting feudal strongholds in the Highlands. The Mrs Rose of Kilravock, whose name appears in the "Correspondence" of Burns, was Charles Mackay's maternal grandmother. He was born at Perth in 1814; but his early years were spent in London, his parents having removed to the metropolis during his infancy. There he received the rudiments of an education which was completed in the schools of Belgium and Germany. His relation, General Mackay, intended that he should adopt the military profession; but family arrangements and other circumstances prevented the fulfilment of that intention.

In 1836, he gave his first poems to the public. The unpretending volume attracted the attention of John Black, the distinguished editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Ever ready to recognise genius wherever it could be found, he offered young Mackay a place on the paper, which was accepted, and filled with such ability that he was rapidly promoted to the position of sub-editor. In 1844, he undertook the editorship of the *Glasgow Argus*, a journal which advocated advanced liberal opinions. This paper he conducted for three years, and returned to London, to become editor of the *Illustrated London News*. In 1859 he delivered a series of lectures in the United States; and at the commencement of the American civil war, he again crossed the Atlantic as the special correspondent of the *Times* newspaper.

Dr Mackay's works have been numerous. His first, as has been stated, was a small volume of "Poems," published in 1836. This was followed by the "Hope of the World," a poem, in heroic verse, published in 1839. Soon afterwards appeared "The Thames and its Tributaries," a suggestive and gossiping book. In 1841 appeared his "Popular Delusions," a work which has lately been published in a popular form; and next came, in 1842, his romance of "Longbeard, Lord of London," so well conceived and properly executed, that an archæologist of considerable pretentions mistook it for a genuine historical record of the place on which it was written. His next work, and his best poem, "The Salamandrine, or Love and Immortality," appeared in 1843. Dr Mackay's residence in Scotland enabled him to visit many places

famous in Scottish history. The results were his "Legends of the Isles," published in 1845, and his "Voices from the Mountains" in 1846. A few months before the publication of the last named volume, the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. When the London *Daily News* was started, he contributed to that journal some stirring lyrics, under the title of "Voices from the Crowd." In 1847 appeared his "Town Lyrics," a series of ballads which unveiled many of the secret miseries of London. In 1850 was published his poem of "Egeria," probably the most artistic of his productions; and in 1856 he gave to the world "The Lump of Gold," and "Under Green Leaves," two volumes of charming poetry; the first tracing the evils of unrestrained cupidity; the second pointing to the delights of the country. In 1857 he published "The Mormons: their Rise, Progress, and Present Condition." "Life and Liberty in America," one of his most popular works, appeared in 1859. In 1860 he published "The Whisky Demon," and "A Man's Heart, a Poem." "The Gouty Philosopher" appeared in 1862. In 1864 he added to his literary reputation by his work "Studies from the Antique." His latest publication "The Souls of Children," appeared in 1869. Besides these original works, Dr Mackay has edited "The Book of English Songs," London, 1856, 8vo; "The Songs of Scotland," London, 1857, 8vo; "The Home Affections portrayed by the Poets," London, 1858, 8vo; "The Legendary and Romantic Ballads of Scotland," Lond. 1861, 8vo; "A Thousand and one Gems of English Poetry," London, 1867, 8vo. Dr Mackay originated the *London Review*. He has composed airs to several of his own lyrics. With the late Sir Henry Bishop he was associated in arranging one hundred of the choicest English melodies. He enjoys a pension on the Civil List.

LOVE AWEARY OF THE WORLD.

Oh! my love is very lovely,
In her mind all beauties dwell;
She, robed in living splendour,
Grace and modesty attend her,
And I love her more than well.
But I'm weary, weary, weary,
To despair my soul is hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

She is kind to all about her,
For her heart is pity's throne;
She has smiles for all men's gladness,
She has tears for every sadness,
She is hard to me alone.
And I'm weary, weary, weary,
From a love-lit summit hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

When my words are words of wisdom
All her spirit I can move,
At my wit her eyes will glisten,
But she flies and will not listen
If I dare to speak of love.
Oh! I'm weary, weary, weary,
By a storm of passions whirl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

True, that there are others fairer—
Fairer?—No, that cannot be—
Yet some maids of equal beauty,
High in soul and firm in duty,
May have kinder hearts than she.
Why, my heart, so weary, weary,
To and fro by passion whirl'd?—
Why so weary, weary, weary,
Why so weary of the world?

Were my love but passing fancy,
To another I might turn;
But I'm doom'd to love unduly
One who will not answer truly,
And who freezes when I burn.
And I'm weary, weary, weary,
To despair my soul is hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

THE LOVER'S SECOND THOUGHTS ON WORLD WEARINESS.

Heart! take courage! 'tis not worthy
For a woman's scorn to pine,
If her cold indifference wound thee,
There are remedies around thee
For such malady as thine.
Be no longer weary, weary,
From thy love-lit summits hurl'd;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world!

If thou must be loved by woman,
Seek again—the world is wide;
It is full of loving creatures,
Fair in form, and mind, and features—
Choose among them for thy bride.
Be no longer weary, weary,
To and fro by passion whirl'd;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world!

Or if Love should lose thy favour,
Try the paths of honest fame,
Climb Parnassus' summit hoary,
Carve thy way by deeds of glory,
Write on History's page thy name.
Be no longer weary, weary,
To the depth of sorrow hurl'd;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world!

Or if these shall fail to move thee,
Be the phantoms unpursued,
Try a charm that will not fail thee
When old age and grief assail thee—
Try the charm of doing good.
Be no longer weak and weary,
By the storms of passion whirl'd;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world!

Love is fleeting and uncertain,
And can hate where it adored,
Chase of glory wears the spirit,
Fame not always follows merit,
Goodness is its own reward.
Be no longer weary, weary,
From thine happy summit hurl'd;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world!

A CANDID WOOING.

I CANNOT give thee all my heart,
Lady, lady,
My faith and country claim a part,
My sweet lady;
But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine
That all the rest is truly thine;—
The raving passion of a boy,
Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—
Confide thou rather in the man
Who vows to love thee all he can,
My sweet lady.

Affection, founded on respect,
Lady, lady,
Can never dwindle to neglect,
My sweet lady;
And, while thy gentle virtues live,
Such is the love that I will give.
The torrent leaves its channel dry,
The brook runs on incessantly;
The storm of passion lasts a day,
But deep, true love endures alway,
My sweet lady.

Accept, then, a divided heart,
Lady, lady,
Faith, *Friendship*, *Honour*, each have part,
My sweet lady.
While at one altar we adore,
Faith shall but make us love the more;
And *Friendship*, true to all beside,
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride;
And *Honour*, based on manly truth,
Shall love in age as well as youth,
My sweet lady.

PROCRASTINATIONS.

IF Fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve—if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wrong'd us own their faults
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if stern Justice urge rebuke
And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide—if chide we dare?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
Are harm'd unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if our debtor fail our hope,
And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again
His genial smile display,
When shall we kiss his proffer'd lips?
To-day, my love, to-day,
But, if he would indulge regret,
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
When shall we weep—if weep we must?
To-morrow, love, to morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them
To-day, my love, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

BELIEVE IF YOU CAN.

Music by the Author.

HOPE cannot cheat us,
Or Fancy betray;
Tempests ne'er scatter
The blossoms of May;

The wild winds are constant,
By method and plan;
Oh! believe me, believe me,
Believe if you can!

Young Love, who shows us
His midsummer light,
Spreads the same halo
O'er Winter's dark night;
And Fame never dazzles
To lure and trepan;
Oh! believe me, believe me,
Believe if you can!

Friends of the sunshine
Endure in the storm;
Never they promise
And fail to perform.
And the night ever ends
As the morning began;
Oh! believe me, believe me,
Believe if you can!

Words softly spoken
No guile ever bore;
Peaches ne'er harbour
A worm at the core;
And the ground never slipp'd
Under high-reaching man;
Oh! believe me, believe me
Believe if you can!

Seas undeceitful,
Calm smiling at morn,
Wreck not ere midnight
The sailor forlorn.
And gold makes a bridge
Every evil to span;
Oh! believe me, believe me,
Believe if you can.

OH, THE HAPPY TIME DEPARTED!

Air by Sir H. R. Bishop.

Oh, the happy time departed!
In its smile the world was fair;
We believed in all men's goodness;
Joy and hope were gems to wear;
Angel visitants were with us,
There was music in the air.

Oh, the happy time departed!
Change came o'er it all too soon;
In a cold and drear November
Died the leafy wealth of June;
Winter kill'd our summer roses;
Discord marr'd a heavenly tune.

Let them pass—the days departed—
What befell may ne'er befall;
Why should we with vain lamenting
Seek a shadow to recall?
Great the sorrows we have suffer'd—
Hope is greater than them all.

COME BACK! COME BACK!

Come back! come back! thou youthful Time,
When joy and innocence were ours,
When life was in its vernal prime,
And redolent of sweets and flowers.
Come back—and let us roam once more,
Free-hearted, through life's pleasant ways,
And gather garlands as of yore—
Come back—come back—ye happy days!

Come back! come back!—'twas pleasant then
To cherish faith in love and truth,
For nothing in dispraise of men
Had sour'd the temper of our youth.
Come back—and let us still believe
The gorgeous dream romance displays,
Nor trust the tale that men deceive—
Come back—come back—ye happy days!

Come back!—oh, freshness of the past,
When every face seem'd fair and kind,
When sunward every eye was cast,
And all the shadows fell behind.
Come back—'twill come; true hearts can turn
Their own Decembers into Mays;
The secret be it ours to learn—
Come back—come back—ye happy days!

TEARS.

Music by Sir H. R. Bishop.

O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long refused to flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart—thawing, thawing, like the snow;
I feel the hard clod soften, and the early snow-drops spring,
And the healing fountains gush, and the wildernesses sing.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run;
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glitter in the sun;
The rainbow cannot shine if the rain refuse to fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt you on my cheek,
I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stubborn, I was weak,
Ye have given me strength to conquer, and I stand erect and free,
And know that I am human by the light of sympathy.

O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain;
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;

Like the rock that Moses smote, amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make gladness in the land.

There is light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart.
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago—
O ye tears! happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.

CHEER, BOYS! CHEER!

CHEER, boys! cheer! no more of idle sorrow;
Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way!
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow—
Let us forget the darkness of to-day!
So farewell England! much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell, England! farewell evermore!
Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!
Cheer, boys! cheer! the willing strong right hand;
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's work for honest labour,
Cheer, boys! cheer! in the new and happy land!

Cheer, boys! cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
The world shall follow in the track we're going,
The star of empire glitters in the west.
Here we had toil and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain;
And ours shall be the mountain and the forest,
And boundless prairies, ripe with golden grain.
Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!
Cheer, boys! cheer! united heart and hand!
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's wealth for honest labour,
Cheer, boys! cheer! in the new and happy land!

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

Music by the Author.

I'VE a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden, with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drain a glass
In my arbour as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown;
I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me, and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So, if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unvex'd, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a-year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

THE MEN OF THE NORTH.

FIERCE as its sunlight, the East may be proud
Of its gay gaudy hues and its sky without cloud;
Mild as its breezes, the beautiful West
May smile like the valleys that dimple its breast;

The South may rejoice in the vine and the palm,
In its groves, where the midnight is sleepy with balm:
Fair though they be,
There's an isle in the sea,
The home of the brave and the boast of the free!
Hear it, ye lands! let the shout echo forth—
The lords of the world are the Men of the North!

Cold though our seasons, and dull though our skies,
There's a might in our arms and a fire in our eyes;
Dauntless and patient, to dare and to do—
Our watchword is "Duty," our maxim is "Through!"
Winter and storm only nerve us the more,
And chill not the heart, if they creep through the door:
Strong shall we be
In our isle of the sea,
The home of the brave and the boast of the free!
Firm as the rocks when the storm flashes forth,
We'll stand in our courage—the Men of the North!

Sunbeams that ripen the olive and vine,
In the face of the slave and the coward may shine;
Roses may blossom where Freedom decays,
And crime be a growth of the Sun's brightest rays.
Scant though the harvest we reap from the soil,
Yet Virtue and Health are the children of Toil:
Proud let us be
Of our isle of the sea,
The home of the brave and the boast of the free!
Men with true hearts—let our fame echo forth—
Oh, these are the fruit that we grow in the North!

THE LOVER'S DREAM OF THE WIND.

I DREAM'D thou wert a fairy harp
Untouch'd by mortal hand,
And I the voiceless, sweet west wind,
A roamer through the land.
I touch'd, I kiss'd thy trembling strings,
And lo! my common air,
Throbb'd with emotion caught from thee,
And turn'd to music rare.

I dream'd thou wert a rose in bloom,
And I the gale of spring,
That sought the odours of thy breath,
And bore them on my wing.
No poorer thou, but richer I—
So rich, that far at sea,
The grateful mariners were glad,
And bless'd both thee and me.

I dream'd thou wert the evening star,
And I a lake at rest,
That saw thine image all the night
Reflected on thy breast.
Too far!—too far!—come dwell on earth!
Be Harp and Rose of May;—
I need thy music in my heart,
Thy fragrance on my way.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL is a son of the late James Bell, Esq., advocate. His maternal grandfather, the Rev. John Hamilton, was parish minister of Cathcart. He was born at Glasgow, but his early life was spent chiefly in Edinburgh, whither his parents removed in his sixth year. Having studied at the University of Edinburgh, he passed advocate in 1832. Prior to commencing the study of law, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1826 he contributed to *Constable's Miscellany*, "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," 2 vols. 12mo; "Military and Political Operations in the Burmese Empire;" and "The Most Remarkable Phenomena of Nature." In 1828 he originated the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which he conducted for several years with great ability and success. In 1831 he published "Summer and Winter Hours," a volume of poems, which attracted a considerable share of attention. "My Old Portfolio," an interesting melange of prose and poetry, appeared from his pen in 1832. In 1835 he published "The Cabinet, a series of essays, moral and literary," 2 vols. 12mo. "The Stranger, a Tale," appeared in 1839. In the same year Mr Bell was appointed one of the Sheriff-Substitutes of Lanarkshire. During the intervals of leisure from the duties of his office, which he has most efficiently discharged, he has continued to prosecute his literary studies. He published in 1860 an important paper on the "Bankruptcy Law of England and Scotland." In 1865 he pub-

lished an edition of Shakespeare, with a biographical introduction. An edition of his poetical works, entitled, "Romances and Minor Poems," appeared during the same year. His latest work, "The Merchant of Rotterdam," a novel, was published in 1866. Mr Bell was rewarded for a long career of active usefulness by receiving in 1867 the appointment of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, in succession to the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart.

MY LIFE IS ONE LONG THOUGHT OF THEE.

SAY wilt thou, Leila, when alone,
Remember days of bliss gone by?
Wilt thou, beside thy native Rhone,
E'er for our distant streamlets sigh?
Beneath thy own glad sun and sky,
Ah! Leila, wilt thou think of me?
She blush'd, and murmur'd in reply,
"My life is one long thought of thee."

Sweet girl! I would not have it so;
My destiny must not be thine,
For wildly as the wild waves flow,
Will pass this fleeting life of mine.
"And let thy fate be weal or woe,
My thoughts," she smiling said, "are free;
And well the watchful angels know
My life is one long thought of thee."

Then, Leila, may thy thoughts and prayers
Be with me in my hour of need,
When round me throng the cold world's cares,
And all my heart's fresh sorrows bleed!
"Why, dearest, nurse so dark a creed?
For full of joy thy years shall be;
And mine shall share the blissful meed,
For life is one long thought of thee."

ELLEN MAR.

As a father loves a daughter,
As the moon may love a star,
As a wild flower loves sweet water,
So I love thee, Ellen Mar.

Had we met when hope was crescent,
Beaming like an orient sign,
Not a youth of all the present
Could have loved with love like mine.

But the day with me is over,
When I lay at beauty's feet;
Never more as joyful lover
Can I woo thee, Ellen sweet!

And at times my heart is swelling
With a dull and heavy pain,
When I wish for thy sake, Ellen,
Bygone days could come again.

Yet, although my life is laden
With the years, that crowd so fast;
Though I cannot bring thee, maiden,
All that perished in the past;

Though I ask for no surrender
Of a single thought to me,
Still the love is true and tender
Which thy beauty wins from me.

Take it, Ellen, as I give it—
Purer that it shines afar;
Nought of mine will now outlive it,
Take it, keep it, Ellen Mar!

GEORDIE YOUNG.

I'LL no walk by the kirk, mother,
I'll no walk by the manse;
I aye meet wi' the minister,
Wha looks at me askance.

What ails ye at the minister?—
A douce and sober lad;
I trow it is na every day
That siclike can be had.

I dinna like his smooth-kaim'd hair,
Nor yet his pawkie face;
I dinna like a preacher, mother,
But in a preaching place.

Then ye'll gang down by Holylee—
Ye needna look sae scared—
For wha kens but at Holylee
Ye'll aiblins meet the laird?

I canna bide the laird, mother,
He says sic things to me;
Ae half he says wi' wily words,
And ae half wi' his ee.

Awa! awa! ye glaikit thing!
It's a' that Geordie Young;
The laird has no an ee like him,
Nor the minister a tongue!

He's fleech'd ye out o' a' ye ha'e,
For nane but him ye care;
But love can ne'er be lasting, bairn,
That aye gangs cauld and bare.

The faithfu' heart will aye, mother,
Put trust in ane above,
And how can folks gang bare, mother,
Wrapp'd in the faulds o' love?

Weel, lassie, walk ye by the burn,
And walk ye slow and sly;
My certie! weel ye ken the gate
That Geordie Young comes by!

His plighted troth is mine, mother,
And lang afore the spring
I'll loose my silken snood, mother,
And wear the gowden ring.

THE TALL GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

Upbraid me not—I never swore eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six feet three;
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look so low;
There's many a one can tie a knot who cannot fix a beau.

Besides, you must confess, my love, the bargain's scarcely fair,
For never could we have a match although we made a pair.
Marriage, I know, makes one of two; but here's the horrid bore,
My friends declare of you and me, that I at least am four.

'Tis true the moralists have said, that Love has got no eyes;
But why should all my sighs be heaved for one who has no size!
And on our wedding-day I'm sure I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear, in the inside of a church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm;
But, pray, excuse me, should I hint a sort of fond alarm,
That when I offered you my arm this happiness to beg,
Your highest effort, dear, would be to take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you it might be counted rude;
And though I use a concave lens—by all the gods, I hope
My wife will ne'er look up to me through a Herschel telescope.

Then fare-thee-well my gentle one! I ask no parting kiss—
I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss;
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt so delicate a flower,
The tears that fall from such a height would be a thunder-shower.

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself in a basin or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace to all the Six-Feet Club;
But if you ever love again, love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three a life that's but a span!

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

They're stepping off, the friends I knew,
They're going one by one;
They're taking wives to tame their lives,
Their jovial days are done;
I can't get one old crony now
To join me in a spree;
They've all grown grave, domestic men,
They look askance on me.

I hate to see them sober'd down,
The merry boys and true,
I hate to hear them sneering now
At pictures fancy drew;
I care not for their married cheer,
Their puddings and their soups,
And middle-aged relations round,
In formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may have
A comely sort of face,
And at the table's upper end
Conduct herself with grace,
I hate the prim reserve that reigns,
The caution and the state,
I hate to see my friend grow vain
Of furniture and plate.

O, give me back the days again,
When we have wander'd free,
And stole the dew from every flower,
The fruit from every tree;
The friends I loved they will not come,
They've all deserted me;
They sit at home and toast their toes,
Look stupid and sip tea.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,
And for the friends I've lost;
When no warm feeling of the heart
Was chill'd by early frost.
If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,
I'd have him shun my door,
Unless he quench his torch, and live
Henceforth a bachelor.

WILLIAM BENNET.

William Bennet was born on the 29th September 1802, in the parish of Glencairn, and county of Dumfries. He first wrote verses while apprenticed to a mechanic in a neighbouring parish. In his nineteenth year he published a volume of poems, which excited some attention, and led to his connection with the newspaper press. He became a regular contributor to the *Dumfries Courier*, and in 1825 and the following year conducted the *Dumfries Magazine*, in which appeared many interesting articles from his pen. In December 1826 he became editor of the *Glasgow Free Press*, which supported the liberal cause during the Reform Bill struggle. Along with Sir Daniel Sandford, he afterwards withdrew from the Whig party, and established the *Glasgow Constitutional*, the editorship of which he resigned in 1836. In 1832–3, he published a periodical, entitled, "Bennet's Glasgow Magazine." Continuing to write verses, he afterwards published a poetical volume, with the title, "Songs of Solitude." His other separate works are, "Pictures of Scottish Scenes and Character," in three volumes; "Sketches of the Isle of Man;" and "The Chief of Glen-Orchay," a poem in five cantos, illustrative of Highland manners in the middle ages.

Mr Bennet, subsequent to leaving Glasgow, resided successively in Ireland and in London. He afterwards lived in Galloway, and he has latterly fixed his abode at Burntisland.

BLEST BE THE HOUR OF NIGHT.

Blest be the hour of night,
When, his toils over,
The swain, with a heart so light,
Meets with his lover!
Sweet the moon gilds their path,
Arm in arm straying;
Clouds never rise in wrath,
Chiding their staying.

Gently they whisper low:
Unseen beside them,
Good angels watch, that no
Ill may betide them.
Silence is everywhere,
Save when the sighing
Is heard, of the breeze's fall,
Fitfully dying.

How the maid's bosom glows,
While her swain's telling
The love, that's been long, she knows,
In his heart swelling!
How, when his arms are thrown
Tenderly round her,
Fears she in words to own
What he hath found her!

When the first peep of dawn
Warns them of parting,
And from each dewy lawn
Blythe birds are starting,
Fondly she hears her swain
Vow, though they sever,
Soon they shall meet again,
Mated for ever.

THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep 'tis still o'erflowing,
And for her own a tender care,
That's ever, ever growing.

And when a mother kneels to heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh, who shall half the fervour tell
That burns in all she's saying!

A mother, when she, like a star,
Sets into heaven before us,
From that bright home of love, all pure,
Still minds and watches o'er us.

I'LL THINK ON THEE, LOVE.

I'll think on thee, Love, when thy bark
Hath borne thee far across the deep;
And, as the sky is bright or dark,
'Twill be my fate to smile or weep;
For oh, when winds and waters keep
In trust so dear a charge as thee,
My anxious fears can never sleep
Till thou again art safe with me!

I'll think on thee, Love, when each hour
Of twilight comes, with pensive, mood,
And silence, like a spell of power,
Rests, in its depth, on field and wood;
And as the mingling shadows brood
Still closer o'er the lonely sea,
Here, on the beach where first we woo'd,
I'll pour to heaven my prayers for thee.

Then haply on the breeze's wing,
That to me steals across the wave,
Some angel's voice may answer bring
That list'ning heaven consents to save.
And oh, the further boon I crave
Perchance may also granted be,
That thou, return'd, no more shalt brave
The wanderer's perils on the sea!

HENRY INGLIS.

HENRY INGLIS, of Torsonce, is the son of William Inglis, Esq. of Glaspin, W.S. He was born at Edinburgh on the 6th November 1806. His early years were spent at Middleton, his father's residence in Linlithgowshire. Completing with distinction the usual course of classical study at the High School of Edinburgh, he entered the University of that city. At the close of a philosophical curriculum, he devoted himself to legal pursuits, and became a Writer to the Signet. In 1851 he published "Marican, and other Poems," in one volume octavo. Another poetical work, entitled, "The Briar of Threave," appeared from his pen in 1855. He published in 1859, "Death Scenes of the Scottish Martyrs," a volume of interesting lays descriptive of striking scenes and events in the history of the Scottish Covenanters. His latest poetical work, "Ballads from the German," which appeared in 1864, has amply sustained his reputation.

The representative of the old Border family of Inglis of Branxholme, Mr Inglis is great-grandson of the celebrated Colonel Gardiner, who fell at the battle of Prestonpans in 1745.

WEEP AWAY.

WEEP away, heart, weep away!
Let no muleteer
Be afraid
To weep; for a brave heart may
Lament for a dear,
Fickle maid.

The lofty sky weeps in cloud,
The earth weeps in dews
From its core;
The diamond brooks weep aloud,
The flowers change the hues
Which they wore.

The grass mourns in the sunbeam,
In gums weep the trees
And in dye;
And if mourn meadow and stream—
Inanimate these—
May not I?

The wood-pigeon mourns his mate,
The caged birds bewail
Freedom gone;
Shall not man mourn over fate?
Dumb sorrow assail
Him alone?

Then weep on, heart, weep away!
Let no muleteer
Be afraid
To weep; for a brave heart may
Lament for a dear,
Fickle maid.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

JAMES HEDDERWICK, proprietor and editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*, was born at Glasgow on the 18th January 1814. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was latterly Queen's printer in that city. At an early age the subject of this sketch was put to the printing business in his father's office. His tastes, however, being more literary than mechanical, he gradually became dissatisfied with his position,

and occupied his leisure hours by contributing, in prose and verse, to sundry periodicals. In his sixteenth year he spent some time in London, in the course of which he attended the rhetoric class of the London University, and carried off the first prize. When little more than twenty years of age, he obtained the situation of sub-editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper. He now applied himself assiduously to political writing, but continued, at the same time, to seek recreation in those lighter departments of literature which were more in accordance with his personal tastes. Several of his poetical pieces, contributed to the *Scotsman*, were copied into *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and have since frequently appeared in different periodicals. In 1842 he returned to his native city, and started the *Glasgow Citizen*, now published as a daily evening newspaper. In 1854 he printed a small volume of verses, and in 1859 produced his "Lays of Middle Age, and other Poems." A few years ago he edited a weekly periodical, entitled *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, which met with a considerable share of public support.

THE LINNET.

Tuck, tuck, feer—from the green and growing leaves;
Ic, ic, ic—from the little song-bird's throat;
How the silver chorus weaves in the sun and 'neath the eaves,
While from dewy clover fields comes the lowing of the beeves,
And the summer in the heavens is afloat!

Wye, wye, chir—'tis the little linnet sings;
Weet, weet, weet—how his pipy treble trills!
In his bill and on his wings what a joy the linnet brings,
As over all the sunny earth his merry lay he flings,
Giving gladness to the music of the rills!

Ic, ic, ir—from a happy heart unbound;
Lug, lug, jee—from the dawn till close of day!
There is rapture in the sound as it fills the sunshine round,
Till the ploughman's careless whistle, and the shepherd's pipe are drown'd,
And the mower sings unheeded 'mong the hay!

Jug, jug, joey—oh, how sweet the linnet's theme!
Peu, peu, poy—is he wooing all the while?
Does he dream he is in heaven, and is telling now his dream,
To soothe the heart of pretty girl basking by the stream,
Or waiting for her lover at the stile?

Pipe, pipe, chow—will the linnet never weary?
Bel, bel, tyr—is he pouring forth his vows?
The maiden lone and dreary may feel her heart grow cheery,
Yet none may know the linnet's bliss except his own sweet dearie,
With her little household nestled 'mong the boughs!

THE LAND FOR ME.

I've been upon the moonlit deep
When the wind had died away,
And like an Ocean-god asleep
The bark majestic lay;
But lovelier is the varied scene,
The hill, the lake, the tree,
When bathed in light of Midnight's Queen
The land! the land! for me.

The glancing waves I've glided o'er
When gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore,
The zephyr 'mong the trees.
The murmur of the mountain rill,
The blossoms waving free,
The song of birds on every hill;
The land! the land! for me.

The billows I have been among
When they roll'd in mountains dark,
And Night her blackest curtain hung
Around our heaving bark;
But give me, when the storm is fierce,
My home and fireside glee,
Where winds may howl, but dare not pierce;
The land! the land! for me.

And when around the lightning flash'd
I've been upon the deep,
And to the gulf beneath I've dash'd
Adown the liquid steep;
But now that I am safe on shore,
There let me ever be;
The sea let others wander o'er;
The land! the land! for me.

SORROW AND SONG.

Weep not over poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

Rills o'er rocky beds are borne
Ere they gush in whiteness;
Pebbles are wave-chafed and worn
Ere they shew their brightness.

Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
When in tears they waken;
Earth enjoys refreshing showers
When the boughs are shaken.

Ceylon's glistening pearls are sought
In its deepest waters;
From the darkest mines are brought
Gems for beauty's daughters.

Through the rent and shiver'd rock
Limpid water breaketh;
'Tis but when the chords are struck
That their music waketh.

Flowers, by heedless footstep press'd,
All their sweets surrender;
Gold must brook the fiery test
Ere it shew its splendour.

When the twilight, cold and damp,
Gloom and silence bringeth,
Then the glow-worm lights its lamp,
And the night-bird singeth.

Stars come forth when Night her shroud
Draws as Daylight fainteth;
Only on the tearful cloud
God his rainbow painteth.

Weep not, then, o'er poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song
And of gentle fancies.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

William Brockie was born in the parish of Smailholm, Roxburghshire. He entered on the world of letters by publishing a small periodical, entitled, *The Galashiels Weekly Journal.* He subsequently edited *The Border Watch*, a newspaper published at Kelso. This concern proving unfortunate, he accepted the editorship of the *Shields Gazette.* He now conducts a newspaper published in Sunderland. Besides a number of pamphlets on a variety of subjects, Mr Brockie has published a "History of South Shields," and a poem, entitled, "The Dusk and the Dawn."

YE'LL NEVER GANG BACK TO YER MITHER NAE MAIR.

What ails ye, my lassie, my dawtie, my ain?
I've gi'en ye my word, and I'll gi'e ye't again.
There's naething to fear ye—be lichtsome and cheerie;
I'll never forsake ye, nor leave ye yer lane.
We're sune tae be married—I needna say mair;
Our love will be leal, though our livin' be bare;
In a house o' our ain we'll be canty and fain,
An' ye'll never gang back to yer mither nae mair.

We needna be troubled ere trouble be sprung;
The warld's afore us—we're puir, but we're young;
An' fate will be kind if we're willint in mind—
Sae keep up yer heart, lass, and dinna be dung.
Folk a' ha'e their troubles, and we'll get our share,
But we'll warsle out through them, and scorn to despair;
Sae cheer up yer heart, for we never shall part,
An' ye'll never gang back to yer mither nae mair.

While we live for each other, our lot will be blest;
An' though freens sud forget us, they'll never be miss'd;
We'll sit down at e'en by the ingle sae bien,
An' the cares o' the world 'll a' be dismiss'd.
A couple that strive to be honest and fair
May be rich without siller, and guid without lear;
Be gentle and true, an' yese never need rue,
Nor sigh to win back to yer mither nae mair.

ROBERT WILSON.

ROBERT WILSON was born in the parish of Carnbee, Fifeshire. He practised for some time as a surgeon at St Andrews. In 1856, a duodecimo volume of "Poems" from his pen was published at Boston, U.S. His other publications are a small volume on "The Social Condition of France," "Lectures on the Game Laws," and several *brochures* on subjects of a socio-political nature. He resides at Aberdour, Fifeshire.

LOVE.

WHAT fond, delicious ecstasy does early love impart!
Resistless, as a spring-tide sea, it flows into the heart,
Pervading with its living wave the bosom's inmost core,
That thrills with many a gentle hope it never felt before.

And o'er the stripling's glowing heart, extending far and wide,
Through passion's troubled realm does Love with angel sway preside;
And smiles are shed that cast a light o'er many a future year,
And whispers soft are conjured up of lips that are not near.

With promises of fairyland this daylight world teems,
And sleep comes with forgetfulness or fraught with lovely dreams;
And there is magic in the touch, and music in the sigh,
And, far more eloquent than speech, a language in the eye.

And hope the constant bosom cheers with prospects ever new;
But if the favour'd one prove false, oh! who can then be true?
Our fond illusions disappear, like slumber's shadowy train,
And we ne'er recall those vanish'd hopes, nor feel that love again.

AWAY, AWAY, MY GALLANT BARK.

AWAY, away, my gallant bark!
The waves are white and high;
And fast the long becalmèd clouds
Are sailing in the sky.
The merry breeze which wafts them on
And chafes the billow's spray,
Will urge thee in the watery flight:
My gallant bark, away!

Now, like the sea-bird's snowy plumes,
Are spread thy wingèd sails,
To soar above the mountain waves,
And scoop their glassy vales;
And, like the bird, thou'lt calmly rest,
Thy azure journey o'er,
The shadow of thy folded wings
Upon the sunny shore.

Away, away, my gallant bark!
Across the billow's foam;
I leave awhile, for ocean's strife,
The quiet haunts of home;
The green fields of my fatherland
For many a stormy bay;
The blazing hearth for beacon-light:
My gallant bark, away!

JOHN CRAWFORD.

A POET of no inconsiderable merit, John Crawford was, on the 31st August 1816, born at Greenock, in the same apartment which, thirty years before, had witnessed the death of Burns's "Highland Mary," his mother's cousin. With only a few months' attendance at school, he was, in boyhood, thrown on his own resources for support. Selecting the profession of a house-painter, he left Greenock in his eighteenth year, and has since prosecuted his vocation in the town of Alloa. In 1850 he published a small duodecimo volume of lyrics, entitled, "Doric Lays." This little work received the strong approbation of Miss Mitford. "There is," wrote the latter to a correspondent, "an originality in his writings very rare in a follower of Burns. . . . .

This is the true thing—a flower springing from the soil, not merely cut and stuck into the earth. Will you tell Mr Crawford how much pleasure he has given to a poor invalid?" In 1860 Mr Crawford published "Doric Lays, Second Series." He has long been engaged in preparing an historical and descriptive work, to be entitled, "Memorials of the Town and Parish of Alloa."

MY AULD WIFIE JEAN.

AIR—"*There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.*"

MY couthie auld wifie, aye blythesome to see,
As years slip awa' aye the dearer to me;
For ferlies o' fashion I carena ae preen
When I cleek to the kirk wi' my auld wifie Jean.

The thoughts o' the past are aye pleasin' to me,
And mair sae when love lights my auld wifie's ee;
For then I can speak o' the days I ha'e seen
When care found nae hame i' the heart o' my Jean.

A hantle we've borne since that moment o' bliss,
Frae thy lips, breathin' balm, when I stole the first kiss,
When I read a response to my vows in thy een,
An, blushin', I prest to my bosom my Jean.

Like a rose set in snaw was the bloom on thy cheek,
Thy hair, wi' its silken snood, glossy and sleek,
When the Laird o' Drumlochie, sae lithless and lean,
Wad ha'e gane a lang mile for ae glisk o' my Jean.

Thy mither was dead, and thy faither was fain
That the lang-luggit lairdie wad ca' thee his ain;
But auld age and frailty could ne'er gang atween
The vows I had niffer'd wi' bonnie young Jean.

I canna weel work, an' ye're weary an' worn,
The gudes an' the ills lang o' life we ha'e borne;
But we ha'e a hame, an' we're cozie and bien,
And the thrift I've to thank o' my auld wifie Jean.

Baith beddin' an' cleadin' o' a' kind ha'e we,
A sowp for the needy we've aye had to gi'e,
A bite and a drap for baith fremit an' frien',
Was aye the warst wish o' my auld wifie Jean.

The puir beildless body has scugg'd the cauld blast,
'Yont our hallan he's houft till the gurl gaed past,
An' a bite aff our board, aye sae tidy an' clean,
He's gat wi' gudewill frae my auld wifie Jean.

Our hopes we ha'e set where our bairnies ha'e gaen;
Though lyart we've grown since they frae us were ta'en;
The thoughts o' them yet brings the tears to our een,
And aft I've to comfort my auld wifie Jean.

The paughty and proud ha'e been laid i' the dust,
Since the first hairst I shore, since the first clod I cuist;
And soon we'll lie laigh; but aboon we've a Frien',
And bright days are comin' for me an' my Jean.

THE LAND O' THE BONNET AND PLAID.

HURRA! for the land o' the broom-cover'd brae,
The land o' the rowan, the haw, and the slae;
Where waves the blue harebell in dingle and glade—
The land o' the pibroch, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the hills o' the cromlech and cairn,
Where blossoms the thistle by hillocks o' fern;
There Freedom in triumph an altar has made
For holiest rites in the land o' the plaid.

A coronal wreath, where the wild flowers bloom,
To garnish the martyr and patriot's tomb:
Shall their names ever perish—their fame ever fade
Who ennobled the land o' the bonnet and plaid?

Oh, hame o' my bairnhood, ye hills o' my love?
The haunt o' the freeman for aye may ye prove;
And honour'd forever be matron and maid
In the land o' the heather, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the land o' the deer and the rae,
O' the gowany glen and the bracken-clad brae,
Where blooms our ain thistle, in sunshine and shade—
Dear badge o' the land o' the bonnet and plaid.

SING ON, FAIRY DEVON.*

SING on, fairy Devon,
'Mong gardens and bowers,
Where love's feast lies spread
In an Eden o' flowers.
What visions o' beauty
My mind has possess'd,
In thy gowany dell
Where a seraph might rest.

---

* Written for the present work.

Sing on, lovely river,
To hillock and tree
A lay o' the loves
O' my Jessie an me;
For nae angel lightin',
A posie to pu',
Can match the fair form
O' the lassie I lo'e.

Sweet river, dear river,
Sing on in your glee,
In thy pure breast the mind
O' my Jessie I see.
How aft ha'e I wander'd,
As grey gloamin' fell,
Rare dreamin's o' heaven
My lassie to tell.

Sing on, lovely Devon,
The sang that ye sung
When earth in her beauty
Frae night's bosom sprung,
For lanesome and eerie
This warld aye would be
Did clouds ever fa'
Atween Jessie and me.

ANN O' CORNYLEE.

GAELIC AIR—"*Soraiadh slan do'na Ailleagan.*"

I'LL twine a gowany garland
W' lilies frae the spring;
The fairest flowers by Clutha's side
In a' their bloom I'll bring.
I'll wreath a flowery wreath to shade
My lassie's scornfu' ee—
For oh, I canna bide the frown
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

Nae gilded ha', nae downie bed
My lowly cot maun cheer,
A sheilin' on the banks o' Gryfe
Is a' my worldly gear;
A lanely cot, wi' moss o'ergrown,
Is a' I ha'e to gi'e;
A leal heart, sinking 'neath the scorn
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

The linty 'mang the yellow broom,
The laverock in the lift,
Ha'e never sang the waes o' love
O' hope and joy bereft;
Nor has the mavis ever sang
The ills I ha'e to dree,
For lovin' o' a paughty maid,
Fair Ann o' Cornylee.

THE WAES O' EILD.

(*For an old Gaelic air.*)

THE cranreuch's on my heid,
The mist's now on my een,
A lanesome life I lead,
I'm no what I ha'e been.

Ther're runkles on my broo,
Ther're furrows on my cheek,
My wither'd heart fills fu'
Whan o' bygone days I speak.
For I 'm weary,
I 'm weary,
I'm weary o' care—
Whare my bairnies ha'e gane,
Oh, let me gang there.

I ance was fu' o' glee,
And wha was then sae gay,
Whan dreamin' life wad be
But ae lang simmer day?
My feet, like lichtnin', flew
Roun' pleasure's dizzy ring,
They jimply staucher noo
Aneath a feckless thing.
For I'm weary,
I 'm weary,
I 'm weary o' care—
Whare my first luve lies cauld,
Oh, let me lie there.

The ourie breath o' eild
Has blown ilk frien' frae me;
They come na near my beild
I ha'e dawted on my knee;
They haud awa' their heids,
My frailties no to see;
My blessings on them, ane and a'—
I've naething else to gie.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary and worn—
I'm weary and worn—
To the frien's o' my youth
I maun soon, soon return.

MY MARY DEAR.*

TUNE—"*Annie Laurie.*"

THE gloamin' star was showerin'
Its siller glories doun,
And nestled in its mossy lair
The lintie sleepit soun';
The lintie sleepit soun',
And the starnies sparkled clear,
When on a gowany bank I sat
Aside my Mary dear.

The burnie wanders eerie
Roun' rock and ruin'd tower,
By mony a fairy hillock
And mony a lanely bower;
Roun' mony a lanely bower,
Love's tender tale to hear,
Where I in whisper'd vows ha'e woo'd
And won my Mary dear.

Oh, hallow'd hours o' happiness
Frae me for ever ta'en!
Wi' summer's flowery loveliness
Ye come na back again!
Ye come na back again,
The waefu' heart to cheer,
For lang the greedy grave has closed
Aboon my Mary dear.

---

* Written for the present work.

LADY WAKE.

LADY WAKE, *nee* Charlotte Tait, is the second daughter of Crawfurd Tait, Esq. of Harvieston, Clackmannanshire. Her mother, Susan Campbell, was third daughter of Sir Islay Campbell, Bart., of Succoth, Lord President of the Court of Session, whose wife, Helen Wallace, was only child and heiress of John Wallace, Esq. of Ellerslie, lineal descendant and representative of Sir Malcolm Wallace, eldest brother of the celebrated Scottish chief. The subject of this notice married, on the 1st June 1822, Charles Wake, Esq., eldest son of Sir William Wake, Bart., of Clevedon, Somersetshire. Sir Charles succeeded his father as tenth baronet in 1846, and died in 1864. Lady Wake's youngest brother is the Most Reverend Archibald Campbell Tait, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury.

GRIZELL COCHRANE; OR, THE DAUGHTER DEAR.*

THROUGH clouds o' gold, wi' gladsome ray,
The sun shone blythe and cheery,
And glitter'd o'er the prison wa's,
And through the grate sae dreary.
"Keep up your heart, my father dear,
The sun shines sweet and fair."
"It weel may shine, for soon I fear
'Twill shine for me nae mair.

"This day the fatal warrant comes
That takes frae me my breath;
But the thought o' thee, my daughter dear,
Is sharper far than death!
When I maun yield my hoary head
Unto the headsman stern,
They'll lay the rebel in his grave;
But wha will shield his bairn?"

She smooth'd his hair with playful hand,
Syne kiss'd his forehead grey.
"This breast shall be thy resting place,
I ween, for mony a day."
And syne about his neck she threw
Her arm wi' maiden grace:—
"Be this," she cried, "thine only bond—
Thy daughter's fond embrace.

"And now farewell, my father dear,
For surely I maun go;
For Heaven has breathed to me a thought
To ward the coming blow."
And she has bound a horseman's cloak
Around her slender waist;
And she has doff'd her maiden robes;
In corslet she is laced.

And she has doff'd her silken snood,
And braided back her hair,
And deeply slouch'd her warrior's cap,
To hide her forehead fair;
And syne she mounts a gude black steed,
Her hands the pistols bear;
And wha that met this knight could guess
It was a maiden fair?

And if her bosom struggled sair,
Or felt a maiden fear,
She drew a lang, lang breath, and thought
Upon her father dear!
And she's ta'en the road that traveller's gae,
Prepared for doule and strife:
She's met the postman on his way;
He stands—or yields his life.

"Yield, yield to me, ye coward loon,
If the morrow's sun ye'd see;
I trow this day shall be thy last,
If that packet ye winna gi'e."
She clasp'd the warrant to her breast,
Nor heed's the craven's stare,
Who wonders that this robber bold
Should ha'e a form sae fair.

Her steed she syne gave to the wind,
And dash'd away a tear;
'Twas joy that wet her lovely cheek—
She's saved her father dear!
Through clouds o' gold, wi' gladsome ray,
The sun shone bright and cheery,
And glitter'd o'er the prison wa's,
And through the grate sae dreary.

But the sunbeam fell on an empty cell,
It held no pris'ner grey;
For they're fled owre the sea to a far countrie,
To bide a blyther day.
Oh! bonnie blue hills, tho' shadow'd with ills,
Ha'e trust in thy daughter dear;
For Heaven has care for the maiden's prayer,
And blesses the maiden's tear.

* The intrepid act of filial devotion, which is the subject of this ballad, took place in July 1685. The heroine was Grizell Cochrane; and her father, whose life was saved in consequence of the interception of the death-warrant on its way from London, was Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, who was found guilty of high treason on the 22d May 1685, for accession to the plot entered into towards the end of Charles II.'s reign chiefly for the purpose of excluding the Duke of York (James II.) from succeeding to the throne. It was for their alleged connection with the same plot, that Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney were executed; and it was afterwards followed up by the rising of Argyle in Scotland.—*Note by the authoress.*

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

THE authoress of the words and music of many popular songs, Lady John Scott, *nee* Alicia Anne Spottiswoode, is the eldest daughter of John Spottiswoode, Esq. of Spottiswoode, Berwickshire. Her mother, Helen Wauchope, was second daughter of Andrew Wauchope, Esq. of Niddrie-Mains, near Edinburgh. The subject of this notice married, on the 11th March 1836, Lord John Douglas Scott, second son of Charles, fourth Duke of Buccleuch. Lord John died on the 3d January 1860. The whole of Lady John Scott's musical compositions have been published by Mr C. Lonsdale, 26 Old Bond Street, London, by whose kind permission her Ladyship's songs are subjoined.

KATHERINE LOGIE.

WHEN the sun sets o'er the lily lea,
And the night is gath'ring silently;
Oh, then my lane I mourn for thee,
My dearest Katherine Logie.

I wander awa' by the Heuch Wood Scaur,
And silently gaze at the evening star;
And I mind thy face that was bonnier far,
My loveliest Katherine Logie.

The bird upon the forest tree,
Singing his wildest melody,
Had na a voice sae sweet as thee,
My darling Katherine Logie.

The bright munebeam is no' sae fair
As the light that play'd on the gowden hair;
Waes me, I shall never see thee mair,
My sweetest Katherine Logie.

Thou art far abune this warld o' pain,
Where I maun wander dark and lane;
For the light o' my life wi' thee is gane,
My dearest Katherine Logie.

LAMMERMOOR.

OH, wild and stormy Lammermoor!
Would I could feel once more
The cold north wind, the wintry blast,
That sweeps thy mountains o'er.
Would I could see thy drifted snow
Deep, deep in cleuch and glen,
And hear the scream of the wild birds,
And was free on thy hills again!

I hate this dreary southern land,
I weary day by day
For the music of thy many streams
In the birchwoods far away!
From all I love they banish me,
But my thoughts they cannot chain;
And they bear me back, wild Lammermoor!
To thy distant hills again!

SHAME ON YE, GALLANTS!

SHAME on ye, gallants! that rise not readily;
Rouse ye and march at your Prince's call;
Wha sae base but would arm him speedily
For the noblest Stuart amang them all?
He comes like the dawn on our lang night of slavery,
Hope in his smile, and light in his ee;
He sought us alone in his youth and his bravery
Frae the tyrant usurper to set us free.

Shame on ye, gallants! the sun shineth fairly
To brighten each step of the conqueror's way;
The winds are singing a welcome to Charlie,
And the rebels are running before him the day.
Weel may we trust him to bear himsel' dauntlessly;
Scotland can witness frae heroes he springs;
Noble his spirit, untainted his gallantry,
Worthy the son of a hundred kings.

ETTRICK.

OH, murmuring waters!
Have ye no message for me?
Ye come from the hills of the west,
Where his step wanders free.
Did he not whisper my name?
Did he not utter one word?
And trust that its sound o'er the rush
Of thy streams might be heard.

Oh, murmuring waters!
The sounds of the moorlands I hear,
The scream of the heron and the eagle,
The bell of the deer;
The rustling of heather and fern,
The shiver of grass on the lea,
The sigh of the wind from the hill,
Hast thou no voice for me?

Oh, murmuring waters!
Flow on—ye have no voice for me;
Bear the wild songs of the hills
To the depths of the sea!

Bright stream, from the founts of the west
Rush on with thy music and glee!
Oh! to be borne to my rest
In the cold waves with thee!

YOUR VOICES ARE NOT HUSH'D.

Your voices are not hush'd,
No bitter tear is shed;
Your spirits are uncrush'd,
And she is with the dead!

Do ye not miss her voice,
And the light of her glorious eyes?
No—ye can still rejoice,
While she in her cold grave lies.

Since she was smiling here,
But few short years have fled;
Your laugh is on my ear,
And she is with the dead.

Do ye not pine to see
Her radiant face again?
No—in your careless glee
No thoughts of the dead remain.

O'er all the joyous earth,
The Spring's soft light is shed;
Her home is fill'd with mirth,
And she is with the dead.

Have ye no thought or care
That the light of our life is gone?
No—in my deep despair,
I feel I am all alone.

THE FOUL FORDS.

The muirs and the waters remain!
The road ower the brae
We sae aft used to gae;
But Jamie is gane!

And noo I gang wanderin' my lane!
I keep frae them a',
I've nae spirit ava',
Since Jamie is gane!

He'll ne'er come to Rathock again!
He's seen others ower fair,
And he minds me nae mair,
And Jamie is gane!

Parting was never sae pain!
For hope it was strang,
That it was na for lang;
But Jamie is gane!

I ken that my grief is in vain,
Yet my heart's like to break,
I wad die for his sake!
And Jamie is gane!

DURIS-DEER.

We'll meet nae mair at sunset, when the weary day is dune,
Nor wander hame thegether by the lee licht o' the mune:
I'll hear your step nae langer amang the dewy corn,
For we'll meet nae mair, my bonniest, either at e'en or morn.

The yellow broom is waving abune the sunny brae,
And the rowan berries dancing where the sparkling waters play;
Though a' is bright and bonnie, it's an eerie place to me,
For we'll meet nae mair, my dearest, either by burn or tree.

Far up into the wild hills there's a kirkyard auld and still,
Where the frosts lie ilka morning, and the mists hang low and chill;
And there ye sleep in silence, while I wander here my lane,
'Till we meet ance mair in Heaven never to part again!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, was born at Glasgow in the year 1809. His father, who had originally come from Kelso, removed from Glasgow to Aberdeen, as agent for the Commercial Bank in that city, while his son was still very young. The boy was sent to a private school in the city, where he remained until, in his twelfth year, he became a student in Marischal College. He was a student of arts for five years in Aberdeen and Edinburgh—and then he attended theological classes for three years. In 1829 he proceeded to the Continent, and studied at Gottingen and Berlin, where he mastered the German language, and dived deep into the treasures of German literature. From Germany he went to Rome, where he spent fifteen months, devoting himself to the Italian

language and literature, and to the study of archæology. His first publication testifies to his success in both studies. It is entitled, "Osservazioni sopra un antico sarcophago." It was written in Italian, and published in the *Annali del Instituto Archæologico, Roma*, 1831.

Mr Blackie had given up the idea of entering the Church, and on his return to Scotland he studied law, and passed advocate in 1834. The study of law was never very congenial to him, and the practice of the profession was still less so. Accordingly, at this period he occupied himself with literary work, principally writing for Reviews. It was at this time that his translation of "Faust" appeared. It is entitled, "Faust: a Tragedy, by J. W. Goethe. Translated into English Verse, with Notes, and Preliminary Remarks, by John S. Blackie, Fellow of the Society for Archæological Correspondence, Rome." Mr Blackie had taken upon him a very difficult task in attempting to translate the great work of the great German, and we need not wonder that he did not succeed entirely. We believe, with Mr Lewes, that the perfect accomplishment of this task is impossible, and that Goethe's work is fully intelligible only to the German scholar. But, at the same time, Mr Blackie fully succeeded in the aim which he set before him. He says in the preface, "The great principle on which the excellence of a poetical translation depends, seems to be, that it should not be a mere *transposing*, but a *re-casting*, of the original. On this principle, it has been my first and chief endeavour to make my translation spirited—to seize, if possible, the very soul and living power of the German, rather than to give a careful and anxious transcription of every individual line, or every minute expression." If this is what a translator should do, there can be no question that the "Faust" of Blackie is all that can be desired—full of spirit and life, harmonious from beginning to end, and reading exactly like an original. The best proof of its success is that Mr Lewes, in his biography of Goethe, prefers it, as a whole, to any of the other poetical translations of Goethe. The preliminary remarks are very characteristic, written with that intense enthusiasm which still animates all his writings. The notes at the end are full of curious information regarding the witchcraft and astrology of the Middle Ages, gathered with assiduous labour from the stores of the Advocates' Library.

The translation of "Faust" established Mr Blackie's reputation as a German scholar; and, for some time after this, he was chiefly occupied in reviewing German books for the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. He was also a contributor to *Blackwood*, *Tait*, and the *Westminster Review*. The subjects on which he principally wrote were poetry, history, or religion; and among his articles may be mentioned a genial one on Uhland, a deeply earnest article on Jung Stillung, whose life he seems to have studied very thoroughly, and several on the later campaigns of Napoleon. To this last subject he then gave very great attention, as almost every German and English book on the subject that appeared is reviewed by him; and the article which describes Napoleon's Leipzig campaign is one of the clearest military monographs that has been written. During this time Mr Blackie was still pursuing his Latin and Greek studies; and one article, on a classical subject, deserves especial notice. It is a thorough criticism of all the dramas of Euripides, in which he takes a view of the dramatist exactly the reverse of that maintained by Walter Savage Landor—asserting that he was a bungler in the tragic art, and far too much addicted to foisting his stupid moralisings into his plays. Another article in the *Westminster*, on the Prussian Constitution, is worthy of remark for its thoroughness. The whole machinery of the Prussian bureaucracy is explained in a way very satisfactory to an English reader.

In 1841 Mr Blackie was appointed Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen—a post which he held for eleven years. To this new labour he gave him-

self with all his heart, and was eminently successful. The Aberdeen students were remarkable for their accurate knowledge of the grammatical forms and syntax of Latin, acquired under the careful training of Dr Melvin; but their reading, both classical and general, was restricted, and they were wanting in literary impulses. Professor Blackie strove to supply both deficiencies. He took his students over a great deal of ground, opening up to them the beauties of the authors read, and laying the foundation of higher criticism. Then he formed a class-library, delivered lectures on Roman literature in all its stages, and introduced the study of general history. From this period dates the incessant activity which he has displayed in educational, and especially University reform. At the time he commenced his work, the subject was a disagreeable one to Scottish ears, and he had to bear the apathy not only of his fellow-countrymen, but also of his fellow-professors. He never, however, bated a jot of heart, and he has reaped his reward. The reforms which he advocated have been adopted, the test abolished, and the administration of university affairs placed on a wide and popular basis.

Mr Blackie delivered public lectures on education in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and published pamphlets and wrote various articles on it in the newspapers. He gave himself also to the study of the philosophy of education. His most noteworthy contributions in this direction are, his review of Beneke's masterly work on education, in the *Foreign Quarterly*, and two lectures "On the Studying and Teaching of Languages."

During the whole of this period, his main strength was devoted to Latin and Greek philology; some of the results were published in the *Classical Museum*. One of the contributions to that journal was published separately—"On the Rhythmical Declamation of the Ancients." It is a clear exposition of the principles of accentuation, drawing accurately the distinction between accent and quantity, and between the accents of common talk and the musical accents that occur in poetry. It is the best monograph on the subject, of which we know. Another article, "On Prometheus," clears Æschylus from the charge of impiety, because he appears to make Zeus act tyrannically towards Prometheus in the "Prometheus Vinctus." He also gave the results of some of his classical studies, in lectures in Edinburgh and Glasgow on Roman History and Greek literature. The principal works on which he was engaged at this time were translations of Horace and Æschylus. Translations of several odes of Horace have appeared in various publications. The translation of all the dramas of Æschylus appeared in 1850. It was dedicated to the Chevalier Bunsen and Edward Gerhard, Royal Archæologist, "the friends of his youth, and the directors of his early studies." This work is now universally admitted to be the best complete translation of Æschylus in English.

In 1852 he was elected to the chair of Greek in Edinburgh University. His first publication after his election to this professorship was "The Pronunciation of Greek; Accent and Quantity. A Philological Inquiry." In this work he sought to show what authority there is for the modern Greek pronunciation of Greek, advocating a return, in the reading of prose, to that pronunciation which was the only one known in Europe anterior to the time of Erasmus. This method is consistently carried out in the Greek classes. In 1853 he travelled in Greece, living in Athens for two months and a-half, and acquiring a fluent use of the living Greek language. On his return, he gave the results of his journey in various articles, especially in one in the *North British* on Modern Greek Literature, and in another in the *Westminster* on Greece. He also expressed some of them in an introductory lecture "On the Living Language of Greece." Since that time he has written in *Blackwood* and the *North British*, discussing subjects of general literature, and introducing any new

German book which he considers of especial interest. Among his papers may be mentioned his reviews, in the *North British*, of Bunsen's "Signs of the Times," and of Perthes' Life. His articles more especially relating to his own department are Æschylus and Homer, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an article on accents in the *Cambridge Philological*, and an essay on Plato in the "Edinburgh Essays."

In 1857 was published the first work which brings him into the list of Scottish poets—"Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems." Two other poetical works have since proceeded from his pen—"Lyrical Poems," Edinburgh, 1861, 8vo; and "Musa Burschicosa, a Book of Songs for Students and University Men," Edinburgh, 1869, 12mo. In 1863 he published a discourse on "Beauty," which has become standard, and much enhanced his reputation as a philosopher. A lecture on the Gaelic language appeared in 1864; "Democracy, a Lecture," in 1867, and a volume of "Political Tracts," in 1868. But the work by which Professor Blackie possesses his highest title to reputation, both as poet and scholar, is his translation of Homer's Iliad, a work which was published in 1866. To these particulars concerning an active and laborious career, it may be added that Professor Blackie's entire writings, including his songs, evince deep religious feeling, great simplicity, earnestness, and manliness, confidence in the goodness of men, and delight in everything that is pure, beautiful, and honest, with thorough detestation of all falsehood.

SONG OF BEN CRUACHAN.

Ben Cruachan is king of the mountains
That gird in the lovely Loch Awe;
Loch Ettive is fed from his fountains,
By the streams of the dark-rushing Awe.
With his peak so high
He cleaves the sky
That smiles on his old grey crown,
While the mantle green,
On his shoulders seen,
In many a fold flows down.

He looks to the north, and he renders
A greeting to Nevis Ben;
And Nevis, in white snowy splendours,
Gives Cruachan greeting again.
O'er dread Glencoe
The greeting doth go
And where Ettive winds fair in the glen;
And he hears the call
In his steep north wall,
"God bless thee, old Cruachan Ben."

When the north winds their forces muster,
And ruin rides high on the storm,
All calm, in the midst of their bluster,
He stands with his forehead enorm.
When block on block,
With thundering shock,
Comes hurtl'd confusedly down,
No whit recks he,
But laughs to shake free
The dust from his old grey crown.

And while torrents on torrents are pouring
Down his sides with a wild, savage glee,
And when louder the loud Awe is roaring,
And the soft lake swells to a sea,
He smiles through the storm,
And his heart grows warm
As he thinks how his streams feed the plains,
And the brave old Ben
Grows young again,
And swells with his lusty veins.

For Cruachan is king of the mountains
That gird in the lovely Loch Awe;
Loch Ettive is fed from his fountains,
By the streams of the dark-rushing Awe.
Ere Adam was made
He rear'd his head
Sublime o'er the green winding glen;
And when flame wraps the sphere,
O'er earth's ashes shall peer
The peak of the old granite Ben.

BONNIE STRATHNAVER.

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
With thy stream softly flowing and mead spreading wide.
Bonnie Strathnaver! where now are the men
That peopled with gladness thy green-mantled glen?
Bonnie Strathnaver! where now are the men
That peopled with gladness thy green-mantled glen?
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Sweet is the breath of the birks on thy side;
But where is the blue smoke that curl'd from thy glen,
When thy lone hills were dappled with dwellings of men?
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! O fearful to tell
Are the harsh deeds once done on thy bonnie green dell!
When to rocks of the storm-brewing ocean were driven
The men on thy green turfy walks who had thriven.
Bonnie Strathnaver!

When the strong-sinew'd lad, and the light-tripping maid,
Look'd their last on the hills where their infancy stray'd;
When the grey drooping sire, and the old hirpling dame,
Were chased from their hearths by the fierce-spreading flame.
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Wide is the ruin that spreads on thy side!
The bramble now climbs o'er the old ruin'd wall,
And the green fern is rank in the tenantless hall
Of Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Loud is the baa of the sheep on thy side;
But the pipe, and the song, and the dance are no more,
And gone the brave clansmen that trod thy green floor.
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Vain are the tears that I weep on thy side.
The praise of the bard is the meed of the glen,
But where is the charm that can bring back the men
To Bonnie Strathnaver?

THE BRAES OF MAR.

FAREWELL ye braes of broad Braemar,
From you my feet must travel far,
Thou high-peak'd steep-cliff'd Loch-na-Gar,
Farewell, farewell for ever!
Thou lone green glen where I was born,
Where free I stray'd in life's bright morn,
From thee my heart is rudely torn,
And I shall see thee never!

The braes of Mar with heather glow,
The healthful breezes o'er them blow,
The gushing torrents from them flow,
That swell the rolling river.
Strong hills that nursed the brave and free,
On banks of clear, swift-rushing Dee,
My widow'd eyne no more shall see
Your birchen bowers for ever!

Farewell thou broad and bare Muicdhui,
Ye stout old pines of lone Glen Lui,
Thou forest wide of Ballochbuie,
Farewell, farewell for ever!

In you the rich may stalk the deer,
Thou'lt know the tread of prince and peer;
But oh, the poor man's heart is drear
To part from you for ever!

May God forgive our haughty lords,
For whom our fathers drew their swords;
No tear for us their pride affords,
No bond of love they sever.
Farewell ye braes of broad Braemar,
From bleak Ben Aon to Loch-na-Gar—
The friendless poor is banished far
From your green glens for ever!

HAIL, LAND OF MY FATHERS!

HAIL, land of my fathers! I stand on thy shore,
'Neath the broad fronted bluffs of thy granite once more;
Old Scotland, my mother, the rugged, the bare,
That reared me with breath of the strong mountain air.
No more shall I roam where soft indolence lies
'Neath the cloudless repose of the featureless skies,
But where the white mist sweeps the red furrow'd scaur,
I will fight with the storm and grow strong by the war!

What boots all the blaze of the sky and the billow,
Where manhood must rot on inglorious pillow?
'Tis the blossom that blooms from the taint of the grave
'Tis the glitter that gildeth the bonds of the slave.
But, Scotland, stern mother, for struggle and toil
Thou trainest thy children on hard, rocky soil;
And thy stiff-purposed heroes go conquering forth,
With the strength that is bred by the blasts of the north.

Hail, Scotland, my mother! and welcome the day
When again I shall brush the bright dew from the brae,
And light as a bird, give my foot to the heather,
My hand to my staff, and my face to the weather,
Then climb to the peak where the ptarmigan flies,
Or stand by the linn where the salmon will rise,
And vow never more with blind venture to roam
From the strong land that bore me—my own Scottish home.

DORA.

I CAN like a hundred women,
I can love a score,
Only one with heart's devotion
Worship and adore.

Mary, Jessie, Lucy, Nancy,
With a fine control
Hold my eye or stir my fancy;
Dora fills my soul.

Dainty doves are doves of Venus,
(Plumy, soft delight),
But my dove (O wonder!), Dora,
Hath an eagle's might.
Doves are pretty, doves are stupid,
But who Dora loves
Finds Minerva masqued in Cupid,
Strength in downy doves.

Like the sun's face brightly dancing
On the shimmering sea,
But, like Ocean, deep is Dora,
Strong, and fair, and free.
Chirping like a gay Cicala
In a sunny bower,
But a Muse in that Cicala
Sings with thoughtful power.

Like a beck that bickers blythely
Down the daisied lea,
So her bright soul bursts and blossoms
In spontaneous glee.
Full of gamesome show is Dora;
But behind the scene
Sits the lofty will of Dora
Thronèd like a queen.

Lovely marvel! oak and lily
From one root came forth,
Turn'd in leafy grace together
At my Dora's birth.
Mellow Eve, and bright Aurora,
Sober Night, and Noon,
Dwell, divinely blent, in Dora,
To a jarless tune.

I can like a hundred women,
I can love a score,
Only one with heart's devotion
Worship and Adore.
Mary, Jessie, Lucy, Nancy,
With a fine control
Hold my eye or stir my fancy;
Dora fills my soul.

A SPRIG OF WHITE HEATHER.

A sprig of white heather I pluck'd on the brae;
To whom shall I give it?
To whom shall I give it?
Not to the sportive, the light, and the gay,
Not to Jessie with flashing display,
In the flush of June, when the roses are out,
Flinging her frolicsome fancies about;
But beautiful Phœbe, to thee, to thee,
Thou deep-thoughted Phœbe, to thee!

A sprig of white heather I pluck'd on the brae;
To whom shall I give it?
To whom shall I give it?
Not to the haughty, the high, and the proud,
Not to Clotilda, who sails through the crowd
With a lofty look and a fine disdain,
As if all were born to hold her train;
But beautiful Phœbe, to thee, to thee,
Thou mild-eyed Phœbe, to thee!

A sprig of white heather I pluck'd on the brae;
To whom shall I give it?
To whom shall I give it?
Not to the clever, the keen, and the knowing,
With eye never resting, and tongue ever going,
Not to Rebecca, who all has read
That goes, and goes not into her head;
But beautiful Phœbe, to thee, to thee,
Thou silently-loving, to thee!

A sprig of white heather I pluck'd on the brae?
To whom shall I give it?
To whom shall I give it?
I 'll give it to one, or I 'll give it to none,
I 'll give it to Phœbe, my beautiful one;
The rare white bloom that peeps from the brae
So chaste and so pure 'mid the purple display;
It grew, dear Phœbe, for thee, for thee,
Thou rairest and fairest, for thee!

THE MAID OF GRISHORNISH.

The clouds are scowling on the hill, the mist
is thick and grey,
The sun slants out behind the cloud, a cold
and meagre ray,
The shepherd wraps his plaid about, and reads
the tristful skies,
And to his faithful collie dog across the moor
he cries;
But in my heart there sings a bird, with song
both loud and clear,
A song that makes me bright within, while all
without is drear;
And thus the little bird doth sing with happy
chirp to me,
The lovely maid of Grishornish thy bonnie
bride shall be.

O Grishornish, thy rocks are black, thy moors
are brown and bare!
Who would have thought so fair a thing was
kindly nurtur'd there?
As mild as summer's balmy breath upon thy
wintry shore,
As gentle as an angel's wing 'bove thy rude
tempest's roar,
As pure as pearl in lucid seas, and like a star
serene,
When rifted clouds are racing past, with azure
stripes between;
And thus the bird within my breast sings
sweetly still to me,
Right soon the maid of Grishornish thy bonnie
bride shall be.

O Grishornish, and Vaternish, and every Nish
in Skye,
On you let heaven pour down the rain till all
its wells be dry!

With rain, and wind, and mist, and storm, I
am content to dwell,
If but the maid of Grishornish shall live and
love me well;
If but her fine and dainty lip, and mildly
beaming eye,
Shall make me lord of more than all Macleod
commands in Skye;
If but the little bird shall sing within my
breast to me,
The lovely maid of Grishornish thy winsome
wife shall be.

MY FANNY O!

AIR—"*The Lass in yon Town.*"

O WAT ye wha's in yon house,
Yon stern and stately palace O?
A forest flower's in yon house,
Fresh frae the mountain valleys O!
The city dames are nice and prim,
Tight, tight with laces many O!
But she with love doth freely brim,
And thinks nae harm, my Fanny O!
O wat ye wha's in yon big house,
And gars my rhymes sae jingle O?
A lass—O would I had her crouse
The queen of my blythe ingle O!

O wat ye wha's in yon house,
Yon proud and lordly palace O?
Wha would expect in yon house
The bloom o' mountain valleys O?
Though fairer features I ha'e seen,
And forms more slender many O;
Yet twa sic frank and friendly een
I only found in Fanny O!
The learn'd may mark the lines of art,
Split nice distinctions many O;
But gi'e thou me the truthful heart,
The open eye of Fanny O!

Where Beaumont water glides wi' glee
Frae Cheviot green and grassy O,
There might I wander free wi' thee,
My blythe, true-hearted lassie O!
O shun the arts of city dames,
Nae prickly fashion dress thee O!
O sport not thou with fickle flames,
Nae fopling false caress thee O!
O shun the taint of pride and pelf,
And, 'mid thy lovers many O,
Choose him who loves the simple self
Of fresh, free-hearted Fanny O!

THE OLD SOLDIER OF THE GARELOCH HEAD.

I'VE wander'd east and west,
And a soldier I ha'e been;
The scars upon my breast
Tell the wars that I have seen.
But now I'm old and worn,
And my locks are thinly spread,
And I'm come to die in peace
By the Gareloch Head.

When I was young and strong,
Oft a wandering I would go
By the rough shores of Loch Long,
Up to lone Glencoe.
But now I'm fain to rest,
And my resting-place I've made
On the green and gentle bosom
Of the Gareloch Head.

'Twas here my Jeanie grew,
Like a lamb amid the flocks,
With her eyes of bonnie blue,
And her gowden locks.
And here we often met,
When with lightsome foot we sped
O'er the green and grassy knolls
At the Gareloch Head.

'Twas here she pined and died—
O! the salt tear in my ee
Forbids my heart to hide
What Jeanie was to me!
'Twas here my Jeanie died,
And they scoop'd her lowly bed
'Neath the green and grassy turf
At the Gareloch Head.

Like a leaf in leafy June
From the leafy forest torn,
She fell, and I'll fall soon,
Like a sheaf of yellow corn.
For I'm sere and weary now,
And I soon shall make my bed
With my Jeanie, 'neath the turf
At the Gareloch Head.

THE WEE HERD LADDIE.*

LITTLE Andrew, lively Andrew,
Herding of the kine,
Looking 'neath thy curly locks
Wi' bright and merry eyne!
Stretch'd upon a furzy brae,
Wi' bonnet, plaid, and crook,
What should a wee herd laddie do
Wi' a Greek and Latin book?

There's mony a thought in Andrew's head;
His fancy freely wanders
North and south, and east and west,
And still he reads and ponders.
There's something brewing in his brain;
Beneath his plain grey plaidie,
Adventures beat in every vein
O' the wee bare-footed laddie.

* The hero of this descriptive song is Sir Andrew Halliday. Respecting the early history of this distinguished physician, *see* Poems by John Johnston, Edinburgh, 1857.

And what's become of Andrew now?
I hear he's gone to college;
He saved a penny in the hills
To pay his fees of knowledge.
And Andrew now is doctor bright,
And now the leech is gone,
To serve their need who bravely bleed
In Spain with Wellington.

And Andrew's now a man of proof
At sacred duty's call;
Brave Andrew never stands aloof—
On him hang great and small.
And now he's come from Waterloo
Wi' the Duke that ruled the wars,
And they, who know his service true,
Have gemm'd his breast wi' stars.

And now he's grown a belted knight,
The wee bare-footed laddie,
Wi' heart as pure and eye as bright
As when he wore the plaidie.
The mightiest Duke in a' the land,
Who scorns a wee herd laddie,
Now shakes "Sir Andrew" by the hand—
The knight that wore the plaidie!

MY LOVES.

NAME the leaves on all the trees,
Name the waves on all the seas,
Name the notes of all the groves—
Thus thou namest all my loves.

I do love the dark, the fair,
Golden ringlets, raven hair,
Eye that swims in sunny light,
Glance that shoots like lightning bright.

I do love the stately dame
And the sportive girl the same;
Every changeful phase between
Blooming cheek and brow serene.

I do love the young, the old,
Maiden modest, virgin bold,
Tiny beauties, and the tall—
Earth has room enough for all.

Which is better—who can say?—
Lucy grave or Mary gay?
She who half her charms conceals?
She who sparkles while she feels?

Why should I confine my love?
Nature bids us freely rove;
God hath scatter'd wide the fair,
Blooms and beauties everywhere.

Paris was a pedant fool,
Meting beauty by a rule:
Pallas? Juno? Venus?—he
Should have chosen all the three.
I am wise, life's every bliss
Thankful tasting; and a kiss
Is a sweet thing, I declare,
From a dark maid or a fair.

LIKING AND LOVING.

LIKING is a little boy
Dreaming of a sea employ,
Sitting by the stream, with joy
Paper frigates sailing:
Love's an earnest-hearted man,
Champion of beauty's clan,
Fighting bravely in the van,
Pushing and prevailing.

Liking hovers round and round,
Capers with a nimble bound,
Plants his foot on easy ground,
Through the glass to view it:
Love shoots sudden glance for glance,
Spurs the steed, and rests the lance,
With a brisk and bold advance,
Sworn to die or do it.

Liking's ever on the wing,
From new blooms new sweets to bring;
Nibbling aye, the nimble thing
From the hook is free still:
Love's a tar of British blue,
Let mad winds their maddest do,
To his haven carded true,
As I am to thee still.

YOUNG MAN, BE WISE!

AIR—"*One there is above all others.*"

WOULD'ST thou reap life's golden treasure,
Young man, be wise!
Cease to follow where light pleasure
Cheats blinking eyes!
Let no flattering voices win thee,
Let no vauntful echoes din thee,
But the peace of God within thee
Seek and be wise!

Where the fervid cup doth sparkle,
Young man, be wise!
Where quick glances gleam and darkle,
Danger surmise!
Where the rattling car is dashing,
Where the shallow wave is plashing,
Where the coloured foam is flashing,
Feast not thine eyes!

Rocking on a lazy billow
With roaming eyes,
Cushion'd on a dreary pillow,
Thou art not wise;
Wake the powers within thee sleeping,
Trim the plot that's in thy keeping;
Thou wilt bless the task when reaping
Sweet labour's prize.

Since the green earth had beginning,
Land, sea, and skies,
Toil their rounds with sleepless spinning,
Suns sink and rise;
God, who with his image crown'd us,
Works within, above, around us;
Let us, where His will hath bound us,
Work and be wise!

All the great that won before thee
Stout labour's prize,
Wave their conquering banners o'er thee;
Up and be wise!
Wilt thou from their sweat inherit
Fruits of peace and stars of merit,
While their sword, when thou shouldst wear it,
Rust-eaten lies?

Work and wait, a sturdy liver;
(Life fleetly flies!)
Work, and pray, and sing, and ever
Lift hopeful eyes;
Let no blaring folly din thee!
Wisdom, when her charm may win thee,
Flows a well of life within thee;
Young man, be wise;

BOB AND BILLY.

AIR—"*Fill the bumper fair.*"

FARE thee well, my boy!
Where my brain grows muddy,
You find bright employ,
And fatten on deep study;
While on books you thrive,
Pondering and poring,
Bill must keep alive,
Rambling and exploring.
Then God bless thee, boy!
A rose is not a lily;
You be steady Bob,
And I'll be roving Billy!

You will rise and climb,
On the steps of learning,
To the seat sublime,
Where your heart is yearning:
From the pulpit then
You will flash and thunder,
King of Scottish men,
People's love and wonder!
Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Or perhaps you may,
Should the creeds offend you,
With grave judgment sway
Where fees and wigs attend you;
Sitting like a god,
Thorny laws expounding,
Thrilling with your nod
Awe-struck throngs surrounding!
Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Or perhaps you may,
In high deliberation,
With sage counsel sway
The rapt-expecting nation;
And when Church and State
To their base are reeling,
Waft to small and great
Wise words of happy healing.
Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Some are thinkers born,
Some readers, and some riders;
Some from cats do turn,
And some do shrink from spiders;
But I—the truth to tell—
Above all life's embroglios,
Do chiefly hate the smell
Of Greek and Latin folios!
Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Something in my blood,
Savage and uncivil,
Loves by foaming flood
And waving wood to revel:
While my neck is free
From yoke of gilded collar,
Glad I leave to thee
Both dignity and dollar!
Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Where the whistling breeze
Swells the roaring billow,
There I rock at ease
On a stormy pillow.
Or where the cannon booms
On field of battle gory,
Dashing through the fumes
I pluck the star of glory!
Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Up the cliffy rocks
With the goat I scramble,
With the nimble fox
I jump across the bramble.
Where the tiger stands
Through the jungle glaring,
My heart leaps to my hands,
And revels in the daring.
Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Now, farewell, Bob, my boy;
While you sit and study,
Bright be still your eye,
And still your cheek be ruddy!
I must go: for me
The ship waits in the harbour;
Wisdom waits for thee
In Plato's thoughtful arbour.
Then God bless thee, boy!
Nor think my wisdom silly,
That you be steady Bob,
And I'll be roving Billy.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

THOMAS CARSTAIRS LATTO was born on the 1st December 1818,* in the parish of Kingsbarns, Fifeshire. Instructed in the elementary branches at the parochial school, he entered, in his fourteenth year, the University of St Andrews. Having studied during five sessions at this University, he was, in 1838, admitted into the writing-chambers of Mr John Hunter, W.S., Edinburgh, afterwards Auditor of the Court of Session. He subsequently became advocate's clerk to the celebrated Professor Aytoun. After a period of employment as a Parliament House clerk, he accepted the situation of managing clerk to a solicitor in Dundee. In 1852 he entered into business as a commission-agent in Glasgow. Subsequently emigrating to the United States, he has for some years been engaged in literary and mercantile concerns at New York. Latto first became known as a song-writer in the pages of "Whistle Binkie." In 1845 he edited a poem, entitled "The Minister's Kail Yard," which, with a number of lyrics of his own composition, appeared in a duodecimo volume. To the "Book of Scottish Song" he made several esteemed contributions. Verses from his pen have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

* "1st Dec. 1818, Thomas Carstairs Latto, son of Alexander Latto, schoolmaster of Kingsbarns, and of Betsy Simpson, his spouse."—*Kingsbarns Register of Births.*

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

AIR—"*There's nae luck about the House.*"

THERE'S meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,
Whiles mair than in a score;
But wae betak' the stowin smack
I took ahint the door.

O laddie, whisht! for sic a fricht
I ne'er was in afore;
Fu' brawly did my mother hear
The kiss ahint the door.
The wa's are thick—ye needna fear;
But, gin they jeer and mock,
I 'll swear it was a startit cork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.
There's meikle bliss, etc.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
Was like a lowin' coal;
An' as for me, I could ha'e crept
Into a mouse's hole.
The mither look't—saff's how she look't!—
Thae mithers are a bore,
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, etc.

The douce gudeman, tho' he was there,
As weel micht been in Rome,
For by the fire he puff'd his pipe,
An' never fash'd his thumb;
But, titterin' in a corner, stood
The gawky sisters four—
A winter's nicht for me they micht
Ha'e stood ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, etc.

"How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?"
The bauld gudewife began;
Wi' that a foursome yell got up—
I to my heels and ran.
A besom whiskit by my lug,
An' dishclouts half-a-score:
Catch me again, tho' fidgin' fain,
At kissin 'hint the door.
There's meikle bliss, etc.

THE WIDOW'S AE BIT LASSIE.

TUNE—"*My only Joe and Dearie O!*"

OH, guess ye wha I met yestreen
On Kenly banks sae grassy, O!
Wha cam' to bless my waitin' een?—
The widow's ae bit lassie, O!
She brak' my gloamin' dream sae sweet,
Just whaur the wimplin' burnies meet;
The smother'd laugh—I flew to greet
The widow's ae bit lassie, O!

They glintit slee—the moon and she—
The widow's ae bit lassie, O!—
On tremblin' stream an' tremblin' me:
She is a dear wee lassie, O!
How rapture's pulse was beating fast
As Mary to my heart I claspt!
Oh, bliss divine—owre sweet to last—
I've kiss'd the dear bit lassie, O!

She nestled close, like croodlin' doo—
The widow's ae bit lassie, O!
My cheek to hers, syne mou' to mou'—
The widow's ae bit lassie, O!

Unto my breast again, again,
I prest her guileless heart sae fain;
Sae blest were baith—now she's my ain,
The widow's ae bit lassie, O!

Ye powers aboon, wha made her mine—
The widow's ae bit lassie, O!
My heart wad break gin I should tyne
The widow's ae bit lassie, O!
Our hearth shall glad the angels' sight;
The lamp o' love shall lowe sae bright
On me and her, my soul's delight,
The widow's ae bit lassie, O!

TELL ME, DEAR.

AIR—"*Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes.*"

TELL me dear! in mercy speak,
Has Heaven heard my prayer, lassie?
Faint the rose is on thy cheek,
But still the rose is there, lassie!
Away, away each dark foreboding,
Heavy days with anguish clouding,
Youthfu' love in sorrow shrouding,
Heaven could ne'er allow, lassie!

Day and night, I've tended thee,
Watching, love, thy changing ee;
Dearest gift that Heaven could gi'e,
Say thou'rt happy now, lassie!

Willie, lay thy cheek to mine—
Kiss me, oh! my ain laddie!
Never mair may lip o' thine
Press where it hath lain, laddie!
Hark! I hear the angels calling,
Heavenly strains are round me falling,
But the stroke—thy soul appalling—
'Tis my only pain, laddie!
Yet the love I bear to thee
Shall follow where I soon maun be;
I'll tell how gude thou wert to me—
We part to meet again, laddie!

Lay thine arm beneath my head—
Grieve na sae for me, laddie!
I'll thole the doom that lays me dead,
But no a tear frae thee, laddie!
Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,
When the sun's last beam is shedding,
Where no earthly foot is treading,
By my grave thou'lt be, laddie!
Though my sleep be wi' the dead,
Frae on high my soul shall speed,
And hover nightly round thy head,
Although thou wilt na see, laddie!

WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

WILLIAM CADENHEAD was born at Aberdeen on the 6th April 1819. With a limited education at school, he was put to employment in a factory in his ninth year. His leisure hours were devoted to mental culture, and ramblings in the country. The perusal of Beattie's "Minstrel" inspired him with the love of poetry, and at an early age his compositions in verse were admitted into the *Aberdeen Herald*. In 1839 he published a small poetical work, entitled "The Prophecy," which, affording decided evidence of power, established his local reputation. Having contributed verses for some years to several periodicals and the local journals, he published a collection of these in 1853, with the title, "Flights of Fancy, and Lays of Bon-Accord." "The New Book of Bon-Accord," a guide-book to his native town on an original plan, appeared from his pen in 1856. Mr Cadenhead is established as a commission-agent in his native city.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE BIRDS ARE SINGING?

Do you know what the birds are singing?
Can you tell their sweet refrains,
When the green arch'd woods are ringing
With a thousand swelling strains?
To the sad they sing of sadness,
To the blythe, of mirth and glee,
And to me, in my fond love's gladness,
They sing alone of thee!
They sing alone of thee, love,
Of thee, through the whole day long,
And each its own dear charm extols,
And each with its own sweet song!

Do you know what the soft winds whisper
When they sigh through blooming trees—
When each bough is a choral lisper
Of the woodland melodies?
To some they seem to be grieving
For the summer's short lived glee;
But to me they are always weaving
Sweet songs in praise of thee!
Sweet songs in praise of thee, love,
And telling the flowers below,
How far thy charms outshine them all,
Though brightly their soft leaves glow!

Do you know what the streamlet trilleth
As it glides or leaps along,
While the cool green nook it filleth
With the gushes of its song?
Do you think it sings its dreaming
Of its distant home, the sea?
Oh, no, but the voice of its streaming
Is still of thee, of thee!
Is still of thee, of thee, love,
Till echoes and woodland fays—
Yea, Nature all is eloquent
And vocal in thy praise.

AN HOUR WITH AN OLD LOVE.

Lat me look into thy face, Jeanie,
As I've look'd in days gane by,
When you gae me kiss for kiss, Jeanie,
And answer'd sigh for sigh;
When in our youth's first flame, Jeanie,
Although poor and lane together,
We had wealth in our ain love, Jeanie,
And were a' to ane anither!

Oh, blessin's on thy lips, Jeanie,
They ance were dear to me,
As the honey-savour'd blossoms
To the nectar-hunting bee!
It kens whar dwalls the banquets
O' the sweetest dewy wine—
And as the chosen flower to it,
Sae were thy lips to mine.

I see thy very thochts, Jeanie,
Deep in thy clear blue ee,
As ye'll see the silver fishes flash,
When ye sail the midnicht sea;
And ye needna close the lids, Jeanie,
Though the thochts they are nae mine,
For I see there's nae repentant ane,
That they ance were sae langsyne.

Oh, lat me hear thy voice, Jeanie—
Ay, that's the very chime,
Whase silver echoes haunted me
Through a' my youthfu' prime.
Speak on! thy gentle words, Jeanie,
Awake a blessed train
Of memories that I thocht had slept
To never wake again!

God's blessin's on your heart, Jeanie,
And your face sae angel fair!
May the ane be never pierced wi' grief,
Nor the ither blanch'd wi' care;
And he wha has your love, Jeanie,
May he be dear to thee,
As I may aiblins ance have been—
And as thou'rt still to me!

THOMAS ELLIOTT.

Thomas Elliott is descended from a branch of the old Border family of that name, which settled in the north of Ireland subsequent to the Revolution. His father was a shoemaker at Bally-ho-bridge, a hamlet in county Fermanagh, province of Ulster, where the poet was born on the 22d December 1820. Entering school at the age of five years, he was not removed till he had acquired a considerable acquaintance with the ordinary branches of education. In his fifteenth year he apprenticed himself to his father. The family removed to Belfast in 1836, and there he had opportunities of occupying his leisure hours in extensive and varied reading. After a few years of desultory employment, he proceeded to Glasgow in 1847, where he has continued to reside.

Elliott assigns the commencement of his poetical efforts to the year 1842, when he was led to satirise a pedagogue teacher of music, who had given him offence. His poetical volume, entitled "Doric Lays and Attic Chimes," appeared in 1856, and has been well received. Several of his lyrics have been published with music in "The Lyric Gems of Scotland," a collection of songs published at Glasgow.

MY AIN MOUNTAIN LAND.

Oh! wae's me on gowd, wi' its glamour and fame,
It tint me my love, and it wiled me frae hame,
Syne dwindled awa' like a neivefu' o' sand,
And left me to mourn for my ain mountain land.

I long for the glens, and the brown heather fells,
The green birken shades, where the wild lintie dwells,
The dash o' the deep, on the grey rocky strand,
That girds the blue hills o' my ain mountain land.

I dream o' the dells where the clear burnies flow,
The bonnie green knowes where the wee gowans grow;
But I wake frae my sleep like a being that's bann'd,
And shed a saut tear for my ain mountain land.

I ken there's a lass that looks out on the sea,
Wi' tears in the een that are watchin' for me;
Lang, lang she may wait for the clasp o' my hand,
Or the fa' o' my foot in my ain mountain land.

CLYDE BOAT SONG.

Music by A. Hume.

LEAVE the city's busy throng—
Dip the oar, and wake the song,
While on Cathkin Braes the moon
Rises with a star aboon:
Hark! the boom of evening bells
Trembles through the dewy dells.
Row, lads, row; row, lads, row,
While the golden eventide
Lingers o'er the vale of Clyde,
Row, lads, row; row, lads, row,
O'er the tide, up the Clyde,
Row, lads, row.

Life's a river, deep and old,
Stemm'd by rowers, brave and bold;
Now in shadow, then in light,
Onward aye a thing of might;
Sons of Albyn's ancient land,
Row with strong and steady hand,
Row, lads, row; row, lads, row;
Gaily row, and cheery sing,
Till the woodland echoes ring;
Row, lads, row; row, lads, row,
O'er the tide, up the Clyde,
Row, lads, row.

Hammers on the anvil rest,
Dews upon the gowan's breast;
Young hearts heave with tender thought,
Low winds sigh, with odours fraught,
Stars bedeck the blue above,
Earth is full of joy and love;
Row, lads, row; row, lads, row;
Let your oars in concert beat
Merry time, like dancers' feet;
Row, lads, row; row, lads row,
With the tide, down the Clyde,
Row, lads, row.

DIMPLES AND A'.

I LOVE a sweet lassie, mair gentle and true
Than ony young, wood-loving, wild cushie doo;
Her cheeks they are dimpled, her jimp waist is sma',
She says she's my ain lassie, dimples and a'—
Dimples and a', dimples and a'—
That bonnie wee lass wi' her dimples and a'.

Her brown wavy hair has a dark gowden tinge,
Her bonnie black ee has a long jetty fringe,
Her footstep is light as the thistle doun's fa',
Her wee hand is lily-white, dimpled and a'—
Dimpled and a', dimpled and a'—
And I ken it's my ain hand, dimples and a'.

I'll wed my dear lassie, and gi'e her my name,
I'll get a bit housie, and bring my love hame;
When winter is eerie, and stormy winds blaw,
She'll mak' me fu' cheerie wi' dimples and a'—
Dimples and a', dimples and a'—
My ain bonnie wifie, wi' her dimples and a',

When the day's wark is done, and stars blink above,
I'll rest in her smile, and be bless'd wi' her love;
She'll sing a' the cares o' this world awa'
Frae our cosy ingle, wi' dimples and a'.
Dimples and a', dimples and a'—
Our ain cosy ingle, wi' dimples and a'.

WHEN I COME HAME AT E'EN.

GIVE me the hour when bells are rung,
And dinsome wheels are still,
When engines rest, and toilers leave
The workshop, forge, and mill:
With smiling lip, and gladsome ee,
My gudewife welcomes me;
Our bairnies clap their wee white hands,
And speel upon my knee.
When I come hame at e'en,
When I come hame at e'en,
How dear to me the bairnies' glee,
When I come hame at e'en.

Our lowly bield is neat and clean,
And bright the ingle's glow;
The table's spread with halesome fare,
The teapot simmers low.
How sweet to toil for joys like these
With strong and eident hand,
To nurture noble hearts to love,
And guard our fatherland.
When I come hame at e'en, etc.

Let revellers sing of wassail bowls,
Their wines and barley bree;
My ain wee house and winsome wife
Are dearer far to me;
To crack with her of joys to come,
Of days departed long,
When she was like a wee wild rose,
And I a bird of song.
When I come hame at e'en,
When I come hame at e'en,
How dear to me these memories
When I come hame at e'en.

GEORGE W. DONALD.

A SONG-WRITER of no inconsiderable merit, George W. Donald was born on the 2d April 1820, in a cottage on the estate of Westfield, near Forfar. His progenitors were employed on the estate of the Earl of Airlie; his great-grandfather Allan Stuart Donald attended Lord Airlie as piper on the field of Culloden. Through an accident in childhood the poet was deprived of the proper use of his right limb, and became a confirmed cripple. Confined to the fireside by his accident, he early learned to read, and having an ear for music, listened with delight to the scraps of ballad and song with which his mother sought to comfort him. In his eleventh year, his father took in lease the small farm of West Drum Park, in the parish of Dunnichen; and while tending his father's cattle, the youthful poet continued to foster his taste for music and song. His verses were sung by his brothers and sisters at social gatherings; and expressions of praise prompted him to more ambitious efforts. In his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to the loom. During the intervals of leisure he prosecuted various studies and composed songs. In 1843 he was appointed to the charge of a non-parochial school near the village of Dunnichen, from which he was preferred to the more lucrative office of schoolmaster at Kingsmuir in the same parish. Having acquired a systematic acquaintance with the art of teaching at one of the Normal Seminaries, Mr Donald was, in 1847, elected teacher of a school at Tarfside, Lochlee, under the superintendence of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. In 1852 he removed to the Society's school at Luthermuir, parish of Marykirk. This situation he resigned in 1858 with the view of proceeding to America; but abandoning his intention, he taught an adventure school at Forfar, and subsequently at Dunnichen and St Vigeans. Removing to Arbroath in 1862, he there supported himself by tuition and basket-making. In September 1866 he was appointed to the keepership of Arbroath Abbey, a post of respectable emolument, and otherwise suited to his tastes. Mr Donald published a small volume of poems in 1854. His more recent work, entitled "Poems, Ballads, and Songs," Arbroath, 1867, 12mo, contains many poetical compositions, indicating vigorous thought and lively fancy. Several of his songs have attained local celebrity, and are entitled to an honourable place in the national minstrelsy.

I RUE THE DAY SHE GAED AWA'.

YE winds that wander idly by,
Or chase the mist in fairy rings,
If ere ye bore a lover's sigh,
Tak' mine upon your wanton wings,
And waft it ower ilk bonnie flower
To where yon gowden sunbeams fa',
An' saftly breathe in Mary's bower—
I rue the day she gaed awa'.

Ye needna stay the eident bee,
Nor sportive lamb 'mang gowans fair;
Ye needna climb the lintie's tree,
He sings o' joys I canna share.
But linger near yon cot sae dear,
Mair dear to me than lordly ha',
An' whisper in my Mary's ear—
I rue the day she gaed awa.

An' when ye turn, by brake or burn,
Frae norlin' hill to sunny lea,
'Twere bliss to know the glad return,
That Mary's heart is true to me.
A' beauteous things her image brings,
By woods or wilds where'er ye blaw;
While round my soul remembrance clings
I 'll rue the day she gaed awa'.

THE WEARY DRAW TO REST.

AIR—*"Oh, why left I my hame."*

THE weary draw to rest,
The bairns are sleepin' sound,
To me, wi' care oppress'd,
The hours gae slowly round;

Till the dawnin' comes again
Nae slumber faulds my ee:
But the warld maunna ken
O' the pains I've to dree.

Nae laverock builds her nest
Whaur meadows grew sae green,
Nae lammie lays its breast
Among the dews at e'en.
Cauld Winter rules the plain,
They're reft o' joys like me;
But the world maunna ken
O' the pains I've to dree.

The spring will soon return
To chase the wintry gloom;
By ilka wimplin' burn
The fairest flowers will bloom.
Yet thro' yon sunny glen
There's a flower I winna see;
But the warld maunna ken
O' the pains I've to dree.

THE BONNIE BOWERS O' TEALING.

They tell me in yon sunny land
The palm-tree shades the mountain,
An' they tell me o' their myrtle groves,
And the crystal-gushing fountain;
They tell me o' the clustering vine
The flowery path concealing;
But they cudna' please this heart o' mine
Like the bonnie bowers o' Tealing.

They kenna' o' the scented thorn,
The birk and broom sae yellow;
They kenna' o' the mavis' sang,
Or the blackbird's note sae mellow;
They kenna' o' the zephyrs mild,
Or the balmy breeze so healing,
That softly shakes the dewy flowers
'Mang the bonnie bowers o' Tealing.

I've wander'd far, I've wander'd wide,
On Scotia's rugged bosom;
I've pu'd the rose in a' its pride,
An' the lily's gowden blossom;
But the fairest flower that e'er I saw
Was by the burnie, stealing
And murmuring through its gow'ny banks,
'Mang the bonnie bowers o' Tealing.

AMANG THE BRAES O' BLOOMING HEATHER.

Gae hame, gae hame, auld Lewie Grahame,
Nor long sae sair to be my lover;
Yon bonnie barque rocks 'mang the faem,
That norlan' breeze will waft her over.
Gang to your towers, your ha's, an' bowers,
'Mid scented groves that ne'er shall wither,
But let me spend life's latest hours
Amang the braes o' blooming heather.

I winna cross the braid, braid sea,
For gowden crown or gilded palace;
Tho' slaves around should bend the knee—
Nae slave e'er trod the land o' Wallace.
I canna' leave auld Scotia's shore,
Where Love and Freedom dwell thegether,
Where Friendship keeks frae ilka door
Amang the braes o' blooming heather.

Your gaudy groves may well be green,
Your towers may kiss the lift fu' eerie;
But ken they o' the birken screen
Where ilka warbler sings sae cheerie?
Your flaunting flowers may tak' the ee,
But fairer far than ony ither
The dark blue bells grow wild an' free
Amang the braes o' blooming heather.

The thistle waves aboon the cairns,
To mark where lovely worth is sleepin';
The dew-draps, frae the mossy ferns,
Fa' down like tears o' Nature's weepin'.
'Mang Scotia's hills my hame shall be;
The tartan plaid that screen'd my mither
Shall hap me, till the day I dee,
Amang the braes o' blooming heather.

THE GOWDEN-LOCK'D LASSIE.

Tune—"*John Anderson, my Jo.*"

A yellow-hair'd lassie
Cam' doun frae the dell
An' nane o' our lasses
Can match the young belle.
Her face is the fairest
O' ony ye'll see;
But the charm o' the lass
Is her bonnie blue ee.

Like the leaf o' the lily
That dips i' the brook,
When the wind lifts it lichtly,
As gif it mistook;
Sae licht is her footfa'
Upon the green lea,
An' fu' blythe is the blink
O' her bonnie blue ee.

The chiels wha ha'e married
Are maist in a swoon,
An' wish they had tarried
Till she cam' the roun':
The lads wha are single
Are a' like to dee,
An' the cause o' their dool
Is her bonnie blue ee.

Gif fortune wad hover
A wee by my side,
This bonnie young lassie
May yet be my bride;
An' then I'll be happy
As happy can be,
Wi' the lass I lo'e best,
An' the bonnie blue ee.

YOUNG JESSIE O' BONNIE DUNDEE.

AIR—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

AE mild summer's gloamin' when ower ilk dark Lomon'
The mist hung in wreaths, like a mantle o' grey,
Fu' blythesome and cheery, to meet with my dearie,
I wander'd alang the sweet banks o' the Tay.
The rose spread its blossom wi' dew-laden bosom,
The lily hung down on the green gow'ny lea;
Their balm an' their blooming with fragrance perfuming
The path of young Jessie o' bonnie Dundee.

How still was the hour we met in yon bower!
Nae warbler was heard 'mang the leaflets o' green;
Auld Nature seem'd sleepin', while starnies were keepin'
Their watch frae the lift ower her slumber serene.
Sae dear was our meeting, sae fain was our greeting,
The warld seem'd lost in its sorrows awee,
While warmly embracing, and fondly caressing
Wi' lovely young Jessie o' bonnie Dundee.

But fortune's a fairy, and time winna tarry,
And love's like the blink o' a soft sunny ray;
The first and the fairest, the fondest, the dearest,
I'll meet her nae mair on the banks o' the Tay!
Yet never, oh, never! while flows the proud river,
Tho' far frae the hame o' my lassie I be,
Shall fate's cruel grasp from this fond bosom sever
My love for young Jessie o' bonnie Dundee.

THE BLUE BELL.

WHEN Scotia's gaudy flowers are gone
By mountain, vale, and shaw,
One lovely gem still lingers on
While fading blossom's fa';
'Tis Scotia's bell o' bonnie blue,
That claims no sheltering bower—
Meet emblem of a heart that's true
In danger's darkest hour.

It waves beside the shaggy fern,
Hangs o'er the heather bell,
An' drops a tear aboon the cairn
Whaur Scotia's heroes fell.
In southern climes sweet flowers may smile
Where balmy breezes sigh,
But, like the slave who treads their soil,
They shrink, they fade, and die.

In fickle friendship's changeful hour,
When love may prove untrue,
Still may my heart, like thee, sweet flower,
Retain its native hue.
In death I ask no stone to tell
Who slumbers 'mong the dead,
But gi'e me Scotia's bonnie bell
To mark my narrow bed.

MARIA DOROTHEA OGILVY.

MARIA DOROTHEA OGILVY was born about the year 1823. Her father was the Hon Donald Ogilvy of Clova, Colonel of the Forfarshire Militia, and her mother, Maria, fourth daughter of James Morley, Esq. Her paternal grandfather was seventh Earl of Airlie. Miss Ogilvy, along with her brother, Donald Ogilvy, published at Aberdeen, in 1865, a duodecimo volume of their joint compositions in verse, entitled "Doron. Poems by Dorothea and Donald Ogilvy."

MARY.

AIR—"*The Flower of Dunblane.*"

How saft sink the shadows when day, disappearing
Behind yon grey mountain, bids Tarland adieu!
While clouds to the western horizon are steering,
And sunset's bright glories yet linger in view.
Oh! fair fa' the gloaming when Mary is roaming,
The cantie bit lassie that dearly I lo'e;
Oh! fair fa' the gloaming, where torrents are foaming
Adown the steep rocks on the braes o' Ben Dhu!

She treads the rich clover, where each painted rover—
Bright butterflies—sported the lang simmer day;
She plucks the red brier rose—the woodbine its lover,
And twines her dark locks wi' the white-blossom'd May.
Oh! fair fa' the gloaming when Mary is roaming
'Mid braw luckan gowans and harebells sae blue;
Oh! fair fa' the gloaming, where torrents are foaming
Adown the wild corries and craigs o' Ben Dhu!

Amang the rough copsewood, across the green paling,
Through meadow-sweet, fair as the pearl-bosom'd spray,
Where birches in tears are their fragrance exhaling,
As light as the roe-deer she bounds on her way.
Oh! fair fa' the gloaming when Mary is roaming,
Sae winsome and bonnie, sae gentle and true;
My steps fly to meet her, and soon shall I greet her—
The joy of my fond heart! the pride of Ben Dhu!

LADY MAY.

Welcome and gay
Comes my Lady May
From her home, we wot not where,
Blythesome as morn,
While her newly-born
Sweet violets scent the air.

The jewels and pearls
Entwined in her curls
She strews on her pathway green;
'Twixt playful wiles
And witching smiles
Bright tears in her eyes are seen.

Each lily pale,
In the lowly vale,
Is kiss'd by her lips so red;
Blue hyacinths rest
On her tender breast
When the wintry storms have fled.

She stays not long,
For her gentle song
Is hush'd by the voice of June;
Her cuckoo cries,
Her swallow replies—
She is gone with her silver moon.

She bears life's flowers
To her unseen bowers;
New souls on each airy wing
To a fairer earth,
To a glorious birth,
To the land of eternal spring.

THE GLOAMING HOUR.

Oh! saftly fa's the gloaming hour
When fades the summer day;
When sinks to sleep each tender flower,
Beneath its lessening ray.
Now hush'd the air—the winds are mute,
The bees have sipp'd their fill;
I hear the sounds of harp and flute
In every tinkling rill.

The glimmering shadows on the banks
Are like some fairy dream;
Adown the brae the burnie clanks
To mingle with the stream.
The cushie doo has gone to rest
With every tuneful bird;
Alane the gushing rivulet
At intervals is heard.

The breath of God—His balmy air
Is fresher, cooler now;
It softly fans like angels' wings,
And soothes each care-worn brow.
The rushing torrent from the mill
Has ceased its deafening sound,
And evening, on her pensive brow,
Her coronal has bound.

There myriad stars as diamonds bright,
Surround the lady moon;
She waits to greet approaching night;
For me he comes too soon.
The heather clusters round my feet—
The bracken's waving plume—
Wi' mony a flower that springs fu' sweet
Amang the gowden broom.

The lintie's note to me is dear—
The blackbird's evening ca'—
But Mary's voice alone can cheer
My heart at gloamin' fa'.
Oh, gloamin' hour! sweet gloamin' hour!
Dear to my heart art thou;
Wi' thee I meet my bonnie flower
Beneath the greenwood bough.

COLIN RAE BROWN.

THE son of a respectable captain in the merchant service, Colin Rae Brown was born at Greenock on the 19th December 1821. Having completed his education in Glasgow, whither the family removed in 1829, he entered a mercantile warehouse. In 1842, he formed a connection with the publishing house of Messrs Murray & Sons, Glasgow, and undertook the management of a branch of the business at Greenock. On the establishment in Glasgow of the *North British Daily Mail*, he accepted an offer by the proprietor to become the publisher of that newspaper. When the *Mail* passed into the hands of other proprietors, Mr Brown established, in conjunction with a partner, a Fine Art Gallery in Glasgow, with branches at London and Dublin. In 1848 he published a volume of lyrics, which was well received; a second poetical work from his pen, which appeared in 1855, with the title, "Lays and Lyrics," met with similar success. On the abolition of the stamp-duty on newspapers in 1855, Mr Brown originated the *Bulletin* and *Workman*, a daily and a weekly newspaper. For several years he has resided in London.

CHARLIE'S COMIN'.

CHARLIE's comin' o'er the sea,
Soon he'll set the country free
From those that bear the rule and gree
In bonnie Caledonia!

Gentle breezes, softly blow,
We burn until we meet the foe,
And strike the bold decisive blow
For king and Caledonia!

Noble hearts are beating high,
All will fight, none basely fly,
For if they conquer not, they'll die
For ancient Caledonia!

Oh, that Charlie were but here!
The base usurper then might fear—
As loud the din fell on his ear
Of joy in Caledonia!

Heard ye not that distant hum?
And now the pipe, and now the drum,
Proclaim the news that Charlie's come
To gladden Caledonia!

Tyrants, tremble, Charlie's here!
Now indeed, ye've cause to fear;
Hielan' hearts be of good cheer,
And on for Caledonia!

JAMES HENDERSON.

JAMES HENDERSON was born on the 2d November 1824, on the banks of the river Carron, at the village of Denny, Stirlingshire. In his tenth year, he proceeded to Glasgow, where he was employed in mercantile concerns. Strongly influenced by sentiments of patriotism, and deeply imbued with the love of nature, he found relaxation from business in the composition of verses. In 1848 he published a thin octavo volume, entitled "Glimpses of the Beautiful, and other Poems," which was much commended by the press. Having proceeded to India in 1849, he became a commission-agent in Calcutta. He visited Britain in 1852, but returned to India during the same year. Having permanently returned from the East in 1855, he has since settled in Glasgow.

THE HIGHLAND HILLS.

THE Highland hills! there are songs of mirth,
And joy, and love on the gladsome earth;
For Spring, in her queenly robes, hath smiled
In the forest glade and the woodland wild.
Then come with me from the haunts of men
To the glassy lake in the mountain glen,
Where sunshine sleeps on the dancing rills
That chainless leap from the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! when the sparkling rays
Of the silver dews greet the orient blaze,
When noon comes forth with her gorgeous glow,
While the fountains leap and the rivers flow,
Thou wilt roam with me where the waterfalls
Bid echoes wake in the rocky halls,
Till the grandeur wild to thy heart instils
A deep delight 'mid the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! when noonday smiles
On the slumbering lakes and their fairy isles,
We'll clamber high where the heather waves
By the warrior's cairn and the foemen's graves;
And I'll sing to thee, in "the bright day's prime,"
Of the days of old and of ancient time,
And thy heart, unknown to the care that chills,
Shall gladly joy in the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! in the twilight dim
To their heath-clad crests shall thy footsteps climb,
And there shalt thou gaze o'er the ocean far,
Till the beacon blaze of the evening star,
And the lamp of night, with its virgin beams,
Look down on the deep and the shining streams,
Till beauty's spell on thy spirit thrills
With joy and love in the Highland hills.

MY NATIVE LAND.

SUBLIME is Scotia's mountain land,
And beautiful and wild;
By tyranny's unhallow'd hand
Unsullied, undefiled.
The free and fearless are her sons,
The good and brave her sires;
And, oh! her every spirit glows
With freedom's festal fires!

When dark oppression far and wide
Its gory deluge spread,
While nations, ere they pass'd away,
For hope and vengeance bled,
She from her rocky bulwarks high
The banner'd eagle hurl'd,
And trampled on triumphant Rome,
The empress of the world.

She gave the Danish wolf a grave
Deep in her darkest glens,
And chased the vaunting Norman hound
Back to his lowland dens;
And though the craven Saxon strove
Her regal lord to be,
Her hills were homes to nurse the brave,
The fetterless, and free.

Peace to the spirits of the dead,
The noble, and the brave;
Peace to the mighty who have bled
Our Fatherland to save!
We revel in the pure delight
Of deeds achieved by them,
To crown their worth and valour bright
With glory's diadem.

DAVID WINGATE.

DAVID WINGATE was born at Cowglen, in the parish of Eastwood, Renfrewshire, on the 4th January 1828. His father was overseer of a colliery, but his emoluments were insufficient for the proper education of his family. In his ninth year the subject of this notice was removed from school and sent to the mine; and, to use his own words, he has "wrought about pits in positions more or less honourable ever since." Under the auspices of the late Professor Aytoun, he was, in 1861, in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine* introduced to the world as an ingenious verse-writer. In the following year, he published "Poems and Songs," Edinburgh, 12mo. This volume was well received, and the profits enabled the author to acquire, in the Mining School of Glasgow, a scientific knowledge of his profession. He is now manager of a colliery at Craigneuk, Motherwell. Wingate published, by subscription, in 1866, a second volume of poetical compositions, entitled, "Annie Weir, and other Poems." Many of the compositions in this work amply sustain the promise of poetical excellence afforded in the author's former volume.

THE GLOAMIN' HOUR.

I DEARLY lo'e the gloamin' hour
E'en when in sorrow pinin',
When dewdrops bathe the faulded flower,
And ae fair star is shinin';
When song frae every plantin' streams,
A world o' joy revealin',
And boyhood's joys and manhood's dreams
Are owre my memory stealin'.

I dearly lo'e, at gloamin' hour,
To watch the deepenin' shadow
Owre mountain, moor, and woodland lower,
While mist hangs owre the meadow;
When leanin' on some auld dyke-stile,
Hope's lamp my heart illumin',
I croon some sang o' happy toil,
At peace wi' a' things human.

What heart but lo'es the gloamin' hour?
Then rest comes to the weary;
Love lurks in glen and woodland bower,
And Jeannie meets her dearie.
Then sweetest seems the mutual tale
O' vows, and hopes, and wishes;
And O, how sweet, through gloamin's veil,
The glow o' Jeannie's blushes!

Thou art a priestess, gloamin' hour,
And aye thou gi'es us warnin'
That life, at best a fragile flower,
May fade before the mornin'.
Oh! may we a' sae leeve that we,
Arrived at ae life's gloamin',
May upward gaze wi' hopefu' ee,
And wait the life that's comin'!

THE COLLIER'S RAGGED WEAN.

HE's up at early morning, howe'er the win' may blaw,
Lang before the sun comes roun' to chase the stars awa';
And 'mang a thoosand dangers, unkent in sweet day-light,
He'll toil until the stars again keek through the chilly night.
See the puir wee callan' 'neath the cauld clear moon!
His knees oot through his troosers, and his taes oot through his shoon;
Wading through the freezing snaw, thinking owre again
How happy every wean maun be that's no a collier's wean.

His cheeks are blae wi' cauld, and the chillering winna cease
To gi'e the hungry callan' time to eat his mornin' piece;
His lamp is burning on his head wi' feeble, flickerin' ray,
And in his heart the lamp o' Hope is burning feebly tae.
Nae wonner that the callan's sweert to face his daily toil;
Nae wonner he sae seldom greets the morning wi' a smile;
For weel he kens he's growing up to face the cauld disdain
That lang the world has measured oot to every collier's wean.

The puir wee hirpling laddie! how mournfully he's gaun,
Aye dichting aff the ither tear wi's wee hard hackit haun'!
Sair, sair he's temptit 'mang the snaw to toom his flask o' oil;
But, ah! ae flash o' faither's ire were waur than weeks o' toil.
In vain the stars look on the youth wi' merry twinkling een—
Through clouds o' care sae dense as his their glory is nae seen:
He thinks 'twad been a better plan if coal had boonmost lain,
And wonners why his faither made a collier o' his wean.

Oh! ye that row in fortune's lap, his waefu' story hear;
Aft sorrows no sae deep as his ha'e won a pitying tear;
And lichter wrangs than he endures your sympathy ha'e won—
Although he is a collier's, mind he's still a Briton's son.
And ye wha mak' and mend oor laws, tak' pity on the bairn;
Oh! bring him sooner frae the pit, and gi'e him time to learn:
Sae shall ye lift him frae the mine, 'mang which he lang has lain,
And win a blessing frae the heart o' every collier's wean.

ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON.

ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON was born at Paisley on the 27th of July 1825. His father, Robert Brown Symington, was a merchant, and the son of a merchant. Three of his father's brothers were clergymen, and two of these eminent Professors of Theology. His mother's maiden name was Margaret Macalaster, a woman of sterling worth and refined taste. The Symingtons are a branch of the Douglas family; and the

Macalasters are descended from the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, who are the lineal descendants of the Scandinavian Somerled, Thane of Argyll and Lord of the Isles. On leaving the grammar school, Mr Symington joined the firm of his late father, with which he is still connected as a partner. In 1848 he published a volume of poems, entitled "Harebell Chimes, or Summer Memories and Musings," 12mo. In 1851 he travelled in France, Germany, Switzerland, and the most of Italy. He printed, for private circulation, in 1855 a volume, entitled "Genevieve and other Poems." In 1857 appeared a work on which he was long engaged, "The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life," Lond., 2 vols., 8vo. In 1859, induced by an ardent love of Northern literature and antiquities, he visited Iceland; and, in 1862, published the results of his travels in "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faröe and Iceland," London, 8vo. In 1862 appeared a second edition of "Harebell Chimes," with additional poems. In 1863 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, at Copenhagen.

Mr Symington married, in 1860, Mary Sanderson Edmonston, of Unst, who has contributed both in prose and verse to periodical publications. The Edmonston family is well known in scientific circles, from the many valuable contributions to Natural History made by several of its members. Mr and Mrs Symington reside at Nyeholm House, Bellahouston Hill, near Glasgow.

In addition to the works already enumerated, Mr Symington has contributed articles to some of the leading periodicals; and his leisure hours having been devoted to literary and artistic studies, he largely enjoys the privilege of intercourse with persons eminent in the different departments of science, literature, and art.

NATURE MUSICAL.

There is music in the storm, love,
When the tempest rages high;
It whispers in the summer breeze
A soft, sweet lullaby.
There is music in the night,
When the joyous nightingale,
Clear warbling, filleth with his song
The hillside and the vale.
Then sing, sing, sing,
For music breathes in everything.

There is music by the shore, love,
When foaming billows dash;
It echoes in the thunder peal,
When vivid lightnings flash.
There is music by the shore,
In the stilly noon of night,
When the murmurs of the ocean fade
In the clear moonlight.

There is music in the soul, love,
When it hears the gushing swell,
Which, like a dream intensely soft,
Peals from the lily-bell.
There is music, music deep
In the soul that looks on high,
When myriad sparkling stars sing out
Their pure sphere harmony.

There is music in the glance, love,
Which speaketh from the heart,
Of a sympathy in souls
That never more would part.

There is music in the note
Of the cooing turtle-dove;
There is music in the voice
Of dear ones whom we love.

There is music everywhere, love,
To the pure of spirit given;
And sweetest music heard on earth
But whispers that of heaven.
Oh, all is music there—
'Tis the language of the sky—
Sweet hallelujahs there resound
Eternal harmony.
Then sing, sing, sing,
For music breathes in every thing.

FAIR AS A STAR OF LIGHT.

Fair as a star of light,
Like diamond gleaming bright,
Through darkness of the night,
Is my love to me.
As bell of lily white,
In streamlet mirror'd bright,
All quiv'ring with delight,
Is my love to me—
My love to me.

A flowing magic thrill
Which floodeth heart and will
With gushes musical,
Is my love to me.

Bright as the trancèd dream,
Which flitteth in a gleam,
Before morn's golden beam,
Is my love to me—
My love to me.

Like living crystal well,
In cool and shady dell,
Unto the parch'd gazelle,
Is my love to me.
And dearer than things fair,
However rich and rare,
In earth, or sea, or air,
Is my love to me—
My love to me.

SPRING SONG.

Old Winter flieth to the north
With his icy cold;
Crocuses are peeping forth—
Lilac, saffron, gold.

The sap stirs 'neath the sun's warm ray,
Quickening with the Spring;
Buds are bursting on each spray,
Birds begin to sing.

Fair blossoms crown the lichen'd rocks,
Gleaming in the sun;
Fields are dotted white with flocks,
Where clear waters run.

The swallows twittering 'neath the height,
Dart on rapid wing
Through the belfry, 'gainst the light:
Love wakes with the Spring!

And should not then man's heart rejoice
In this flush of joy?
Hearing Nature's happy voice,
Why should care annoy?

Ah! were the soul itself but free
From the jars of sin!
All were sweetest harmony—
Joy is from within.

SUMMER SONG.

My gipsy maid! my gipsy maid!
Come with me;
'Tis now the merry month of May.
Let us haste away
To the fields so fresh and green;
Where, again, the livelong day
We'll gather wild-flowers on the lea,
And thou shalt be my queen!
My queen!

The primrose clusters on the bank
Are diamonded with dew;
'Neath hedge-rows 'mong the lady-ferns,
Spring violets blue.

Larks in heaven's azure soaring,
Greet the Lord of Day;
Birds from bush and tree are pouring
Floods of melody:
Their songs are happy songs of love,
Sweet! then come away!
Away!

Dearest! but for thee
What were song of bird to me,
Fairest flower or sunshine bright—
Flooding with its golden sheen
Distant hill and valley;
Or now glancing through between
Dark firs and beeches tender green,
In the shady alley—
Touching sward, and flower, and tree
With golden gleaming light?
Sweet! all were dark and cold as night,
But for only thee!
For thee!

Now all is bright and gay,
This lovely month of May
And fairest lady ever seen
By mortal eyes,
Alone shall be my queen.
Ah! fairer 'neath the skies,
Or truer there be none
Than thou, my dearest own!
Nay, blush not—'tis my heart that sings,
Nor can it soar without thy wings:
Make then no delay;
Haste, sweet! and come away!
Away!

THE SNOW.

I stood gazing from the window
On the fleecy snow,
Falling—falling—ever falling,
Solemnly and slow;

And I felt the downy stillness
To be more sublime
Than the thunder—flakes like ages
In the lapse of time!

Bright sun! blue skies! Now the orchard
Hath no air of gloom;
White-clothed, down-weigh'd branches seeming
Laden with summer bloom.

Not a shroud! an eider mantle,
Shielding earth from storm,
Is the friendly snow; it keepeth
Fower and grass-blade warm!

So with chilly, biting trials
Rightly understood,
God, aye watching those that love Him,
Worketh all for good.

REST.

Tossing through the starless night,
Tempests wild the soul affright,
Lord! O! save us by Thy might!
Send Thy light.

Here, what serveth human skill,
Human foresight, strength, or will?
Lord! Thy loving plan fulfil,
Guide us still!

Though huge-crested breakers rave,
Crimson dawn lights every wave;
Lord! we know that Thou wilt save;
Make us brave!

Soon, all weary tossings o'er,
We shall rest on Canaan's shore;
Rest, rejoicing ever more,
And adore!

JAMES SMITH.

One of the most ingenious of living Scottish song-writers, James Smith was born in St Mary's Wynd, Edinburgh, on the 2d March 1824. His father, who had formerly been in the army, was a coach-lace weaver; he apprenticed his son to a printer, so early as his eleventh year. At the close of his apprenticeship, the subject of this notice proceeded to London, in quest of employment; he remained only a short period in the metropolis, and subsequently travelled in Ireland. Returning to Edinburgh, he married and settled as a journeyman printer. After some years, he became manager of a law-printing establishment in the city. On his employer retiring from business he became reader, first in the printing office of the *Scotsman*, and afterwards in the office of the *Daily Review*. Finding this employment injurious to his eyesight, he had to relinquish his place at the desk, and resume work as a compositor. After some other changes, Mr Smith was, in 1869, appointed librarian of the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library, a post in every respect congenial to his tastes and habits. Early in 1869 Messrs Blackwood of Edinburgh republished his "Poems, Songs, and Ballads," a volume which was received with universal favour by the press, and which has since reached a third edition. Mr Smith's poetry is pervaded by a lively fancy, broad and glowing humour, and a deep pathos. Many of his songs are charming portraitures of Scottish rural life. His pathetic compositions are most touching, he excels in drollery, and in satire he wields a vigorous pen. His songs for the nursery are among the best in the language. The "Humorous Scotch Stories," and "Jenny Blair's Maunderings" of Mr Smith, contained in two small duodecimos, cannot be read without provoking roars of laughter from all acquainted with the customs and conversations of the Scottish peasantry.

WEE JOUKYDAIDLES.

Wee Joukydaidles,
Toddlin' oot an' in:
Oh, but she's a cuttie,
Makin' sic a din!
Aye sae fou' o' mischief,
An' minds na what I say:
My very heart gangs loup, loup,
Fifty times a day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Where's the stumpie noo?
She's tumblin' i' the cruivie,
An' lauchin' to the soo!

Noo she sees my angry ee,
An' aff she's like a hare!
Lassie, when I get ye,
I'll scud ye till I'm sair!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Noo she's breakin' dishes—
Noo she's soakit i' the burn,
Catchin' little fishes;
Noo she's i' the barn-yard,
Playin' wi' the fouls—
Feeding them wi' butter-bakes,
Snaps, an' sugar-bools.

Wee Joukydaidles—
Oh my heart it's broke!
She's torn my braw new wincey,
To mak' a dolly's frock.
There's the goblet owre the fire!
The jaud! she weel may rin!
No a tattie ready yet,
An' faither comin' in!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Wha's sae tired as me!
See! the kettle's doun at last!
Waes me for my tea!
Oh, it's angersome, atweel,
An' sune'll mak' me grey:
My very heart gangs loup, loup,
Fifty times a-day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Where's the smoukie noo?
She's hidin' i' the coal-hole,
Cryin' "Keekybo!"
Noo she's at the fireside,
Pu'in' pussy's tail—
Noo she's at the broun bowl,
Suppin' a' the kail!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Paidlin' i' the shower—
There she's at the wundy!
Haud her, or she's owre!
Noo she's slippit frae my sicht:
Where's the wean at last?
In the byre amang the kye,
Sleepin' soun' an' fast!

Wee Joukydaidles—
For a' ye gi'e me pain,
Ye're aye my darlin' tottie yet—
My ain wee wean!
An' gin I'm spared to ither days—
Oh may they come to pass!—
I'll see my bonnie bairnie
A braw, braw lass!

CLAP, CLAP HANDIES.

Clap, clap handies!
Clap hands again;
Mammy's sonsy tot-tot,
Mammy's bonnie wean!
I'll buy ye a fishie,
In a little dishie:
Clap, clap handies,
My wee wean!

Clap, clap handies!
Deddy's comin' ben'
Wi' siller bells, an' coral shells,
Three score an' ten;
A' to gi'e his laddie—
His bonnie wee bit laddie:
Clap, clap handies,
Deddy's comin' ben

Clap, clap handies!
Craw, cocky, craw,
Blythely to my wee bird,
Cockyleerielaw!
Craw awa' sae cheery
To mammy's bonnie dearie:
Clap, clap handies!
Cockyleerielaw!

Clap, clap handies,
My muckle man:
I'll buy ye a coachy
To ride thro' a' the lan'!
Wi' a mappie, an' a puggie,
An' a bonnie barkin' duggie:
Clap, clap handies,
My muckle man!

Clap, clap handies!
Kissy mammy noo!
Eh! where's my sugar-ploom!
Eh! where's my doo!
Cuddle in, my trootie—
Mammy's tootie-lootie!
Clap, clap handies!
Kissy mammy noo!

Clap, clap handies!
Lammie dear to me!
May ye never grieve my heart,
Or dim yer deddy's ee!
Lauch awa', my petty—
Mammy's pretty, pretty:
Clap, clap handies!
Lammie dear to me!

BURD AILIE.

Burd Ailie sat doun by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
An' bricht was the glance o' her bonnie black ee,
As her heart throbb'd fast an' sair.
An' aye as she look'd on ilk clear wee wave,
She murmur'd her true luve's name,
An' sigh'd when she thocht on the distant sea,
An' the ship sae far frae hame!

The robin flew hie owre the gowden broom,
An' he warbled fu' cheerilie.
"Oh tell me—oh tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Will I ever my true luve see?"
Then saftly an' sweetly the robin sang:
"Puir Ailie! I'm laith to tell;
For the ship's i' the howe o' a roarin' wave,
An' thy luve's i' the merlin's cell!"

"Oh tell me—oh, tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Did he mind on the nicht langsyne,
When we plichted our troth by the trystin' tree?
Was his heart aye true to mine?"
"Oh, fond an' true," the sweet robin sang,
"But the merlin he noo maun wed;
For the sea-weed's twin'd in his yellow hair,
An' the coral's his bridal bed!"

Burd Ailie lay low by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
But gane was the glance o' her bonnie black ee,
An' the robin sang nae mair.
For an angel cam' doun at the fa' o' the nicht,
As she murmur'd her true luve's name,
An' took her awa' frae a broken heart,
And the ship that wad ne'er come hame!

BALOO, MY BAIRNIE, FA' ASLEEP!

My bonnie wean! my darlin' bairn!
My sweet wee smilin' lammie!
Sae cosy in yer beddy-ba!
Crawin' to yer mammy!
Blessin's on yer cheekies red,
An' wee bit lauchin' ee,
Sparklin', like the gowden lift,
Wi' gladsome, sunny glee!
Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep!
O hushy, hushy ba'!

My ain pet! my honey doo!
My troutie o' the burn!
Sair, sair ye keep yer mammy back
Frae daein' mony a turn!
O fond's the look yer deddy tak's,
As guileless ye lie there,
Chasin' frae his honest broo
Mony a dowie care!
Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep!
O hushy, hushy ba'!

Yer eenie saftly close at last,
For oh! ye're tired an' weary:
O fa' asleep, my bonnie lamb!
O fa' asleep, my dearie!
An' as yer wee thocht tak's its flicht
Where joys immortal blossom,
May angels sing yer lullaby,
An' fauld ye in their bosom!
Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep!
O hushy, hushy ba'!

MASONIC ANTHEM.

AIR—"*Star of Love, for ever shine.*"

AWAKE the echoes of the night,
With joyous, heart inspiring strain—
All hail, thou radiant mystic Light,
That dawn'd in royal Wisdom's reign.
Hail, fraternal power divine!
Star of love, for ever shine!

O'er all this boundless, rolling sphere,
The symbols of thy might are found;
And brothers cherish brothers dear,
In friendship's rosy fetters bound;
Hail, fraternal power divine!
Star of love, for ever shine!

Beneath thy beaming silver skies,
No tear of sorrow pleads in vain;
But faithful, gen'rous sons arise,
And fondly soothe affliction's pain.
Hail, fraternal power divine!
Star of love, for ever shine!

All hail, the splendour of thy rays!
Oh may their beauty never die!
But brightly shine through endless days—
In mystic glory throned on high.
Hail, fraternal power divine!
Star of love, for ever shine!

ACHORA MACHREE.

ERIN, fair emerald gem of the ocean!
I leave ye with sorrow, my country asthore.
Fill'd is this breast with an honest emotion,
For the land that I love I will never see more.
Slowly the vessel goes down the sweet river:
The sails are unfurl'd, and the wind's blowing free:
Core of my weeping heart! bless thee for ever!
Dear home of my fathers, Achora Machree!

Oh for the voice that I ever hear sighing!
Oh for the grave where the willows entwine!
Lonely the snowy white bosom that's lying,
And cold the dear heart that throbb'd fondly to mine!
Wherever I wander, her golden hair's streaming!
And she smiles with the old sunny smile upon me!
Oh harp of my country! strike soft while she's dreaming!
And sing to her kindly, Achora Machree!

Erin, alanna! the dark mists are falling:
Loudly the foaming wave bids me depart:
Yet ever fondly thy beauty recalling,
Wildly the billows roll over my heart!
Farewell to the trusty boys, fearless of danger—
Farewell to the cabin I'll never more see!
Cold is the far-distant land of the stranger!
Erin mavourneen! Achora Machree!

THE BONNIE MORNIN' AFTER THE RAIN.

THE nicht had been rainy, but fair was the mornin';
Bricht shone the sun, comely nature adornin';
Sweet bloom'd the daisy, yon bonnie simmer mornin';
An' fragrant the green dewy plain.
Saft to their minnies the young lambs were moanin';
Fond 'mid the flow'rets the wild-bee was dronin';
As Katie sat milkin' her kye i' the loanin';
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

High frae the clover the laverock was springin';
Loudly the lift wi' his warble was ringin';
Sweetly the lintie an' mavis were singin;
Adoun by the auld Lover's Lane.
I lookit in her face, an' I ca'ed her my dearie,
Her smiles were sae blythesome, my heart felt sae cheery;—
Oh I lookit in her face, an' I ca'ed her my dearie,
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

Dark waved her locks owre her fair neck sae slender;
Bricht beam'd her ee, like the sun in its splendour;
Snawy her bosom, sae comely an' tender,
An' pure as the lily o' the plain.
Saftly my arms were my sweet jo entwinin',
Ilk thocht o' that bosom my fancy divinin';—
Saftly my arms were my ain jo entwinin',
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

Oh fair are yon meadows, where aft I've gaen roamin'
For mony a blest hour wi' my lass at the gloamin';
But fairer—oh fairer, the bonnie green loanin';
Where she whisper'd, her heart was my ain,
Sweetly she blush'd like the rose wi' emotion
Fondly I seal'd wi' a kiss my devotion;—
Sweetly she blushed like the rose wi' emotion.
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

Tho' Fortune to me has been scant wi' her measure,
Yet ne'er will I envy her care-laden treasure;
Sae lang as the queen o' my hame gies me pleasure,
O' nocht will I ever complain;
For aye when I'm dowie, dounheartit, an' weary,
Her sweet sunny smile mak's me lichtsome an' cheery
Sae weel I'll remember the tryst wi' my dearie,
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

DOUN FAIR DALMENY'S ROSY DELLS.

Doun fair Dalmeny's rosy dells,
Sweet Mary wander'd, sad an wae;
The sunlicht faded owre the lea,
An' cheerless fell the simmer day.
The warblin' mavis sang nae mair,
As aft she sigh'd, in heavy sorrow:
"O lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld 's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"By yonder hoary castle wa',
Where murmurs deep the dark blue sea,
I wearied sair the langsome nicht,
Till tears bedimm'd my sleepless ee.
The boat gaed down by Cramond's isle—
O weary fa' that nicht o' sorrow!
For lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld 's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"O foaming waves, that took my luve—
My ain true luve, beyond compare!
O will I see his winsome form,
An' hear his dear lo'ed voice nae mair?"
Fu' deep the snaw-white surges moan'd:
"O sair's the burden o' thy sorrow;
For lanely, lanely lies thy love;
An' cauld 's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

She wander'd weary by the shore,
An' murmur'd aft his name sae dear;
Till owre Dalmeny's dewy dells,
The silver moon shone sweet an' clear.
An' saft the tremblin' breezes sigh'd,
As far she stray'd, in hopeless sorrow:
"O lanely, lanely lies thy luve;
An' cauld 's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

THE LILY O' CLERWOODLEE.

A bonnie May lay in her birken bower—
Fair blooms the rose by yon hawthorn tree—
An' aye as she slumber'd saft an' lang,
Wi' a guileless heart that kent nae wrang,
The merle an' the mavis fu' sweetly sang,
"Oh bonnie's the Lily o' Clerwoodlee!"

The breezes o' simmer gaed gently by—
Fair blooms the rose by yon hawthorn tree—
The cushat croon'd low, as it linger'd near,
"Oh sweet be thy rosy dreams, my dear!"
While the streamlet gaed murmurin', saft an' clear,
"Oh bonnie's the Lily o' Clerwoodlee!"

She waukent, an' bricht were her dark-blue een—
Fair blooms the rose by yon hawthorn tree—
She shone like a starlet o' beauty rare,
Wi' a violet wreath roun' her ringlets fair;
While the bee gently humm'd on the fragrant air,
"Oh bonnie 's the Lily o' Clerwoodlee!"

Sae lichtly she roam'd owre the dewy green hill—
Fair blooms the rose by yon hawthorn tree—
Sae saft was the throb o' her snaw-white breast,
As a voice fondly sigh'd frae the crimson west,
"O' a' the dear maidens, I lo'e thee best,
Thou bonnie sweet Lily o' Clerwoodlee!"

CAULD'S THE BLAST ON THORNIE LEE.

The weirdly rider's on the plain—
Cauld's the blast on Thornie Lee—
An' my lady sits in her lanely bower,
Sighin' sair at midnight's hour—
Oh, my lady weeps in her lanely bower,
Down by the willow-tree.

"Oh, when will my dear lord come hame?"
Cauld's the blast on Thornie Lee.
A wailin' voice cried, "Never mair!
Pale are the roses in thy hair!"
A mournfu' voice cried, "Never mair!"
Doun by the willow-tree.

The weirdly rider socht her bower—
Cauld's the blast on Thornie Lee—
He murmur'd, i' the pale mune-licht,
"Fu' lowly lies thy winsome knicht!"
Syne faded frae her weary sicht,
Doun by the willow-tree.

Faintly howl'd the trusty hound—
Cauld's the blast on Thornie Lee—
A snaw-white steed cam' owre the plain—
Nae mortal grasp'd the bridle-rein,
But a weirdly rider brocht him hame,
Doun by the willow-tree.

"Oh, welcome, welcome to this heart!"—
Cauld's the blast on Thornie Lee—
"Nae mair thou'lt leave thy love!" she cried.
"Nae mair!" the dreary glen replied.
"Nae mair!" the weirdly rider sigh'd
Doun by the willow-tree.

She left her bower wi' wailin' cry—
Cauld's the blast on Thornie Lee—
She wander'd till the break o' day,
When a lifeless form before her lay;
Then moan'd her gentle heart away
Doun by the willow-tree.

THE WEE PAIR O' SHOON.*

Oh, lay them canny doon, Jamie,
An' tak' them frae my sicht!
They mind me o' her sweet wee face,
An' sparklin' ee sae bricht.
Oh, lay them saftly doon beside
The lock o' silken hair;
For the darlin' o' thy heart an' mine
Will never wear them mair!

But oh! the silvery voice, Jamie,
That fondly lisped yer name,
An' the wee bit hands sae aft held oot
Wi' joy when you cam' hame!

An' oh, the smile—the angel smile,
That shone like simmer morn;
An' the rosy mou' that socht a kiss
When ye were weary worn!

The eastlin' wind blaws cauld, Jamie—
The snaw's on hill an' plain—
The flowers that deck'd my lammie's grave
Are faded noo, an' gane!
Oh, dinna speak! I ken she dwells
In yon fair land aboon;
But sair's the sicht that blin's my ee—
That wee, wee pair o' shoon!

* Music by Crashaw Johnson.

THE LINTWHITE.

A LINTWHITE sat in her mossy nest,
Ae eerie morn in spring,
An' lang she look'd at the cauld grey lift,
Wi' the wee birds under her wing.
An' aye as she lookit, wi' shiverin' breist
Sae waesomely she sang:
"O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?

"I've socht him down i' the fairy glen,
An' far owre the lanely lea—
I've socht him doun i' yon saft green yird,
An' high on the birken tree;—
I've socht till the wee things cried me hame,
Wi' mony a heavy pang;
O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

"O waly!" the norland breezes moan'd
"Sae weel may thy heart be sair;
For the hawk's awa wi' thy ain true luve,
An' he'll sing thee a sang nae mair!
Fu' wae was his fate on yon auld aik tree,
That aft wi' his warblin' rang!
Noo speir nae mair, wee shiverin' bird,
Why tarries thy luve sae lang!"

The lintwhite flew frae her mossy nest,
For she couldna thole the sting;
An' she flichter'd east, an' she flichter'd west,
Till she droukit her downy wing;
An' aye as she flutter'd the lee-lang day,
Sae wild an' sae shrill she sang:
"O tell me—tell me true, ye winds,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

ALEXANDER STEPHEN WILSON.

ALEXANDER STEPHEN WILSON was born on the 4th April 1826, in the parish of Rayne, Aberdeenshire. His father, who rented a farm, having been killed by a fall from his horse, the subject of this sketch was brought up from infancy under the care of his maternal grandfather. In his boyhood he attended school during winter, and in summer was employed as a cow-herd. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to

a land-surveyor, with whom he served five years. With a native turn for versifying, he early invoked the muse, and contributed poetry to the public journals. At the close of his apprenticeship, he established a debating club among the young men in the district of Rayne, and subsequently adventured on the publication of a monthly periodical. The latter, entitled *The Rural Echo*, was almost wholly occupied with the ingenious projector's own compositions, both in prose and poetry. Devoted to metaphysical inquiries, Mr Wilson has latterly turned his attention to that department of study; he has likewise been ardent in the pursuit of physical science.

THINGS MUST MEND.

THE gloom of dark despondency
At times will cloud the breast;
Hope's eagle eye may shaded be
'Mid fortune's fears oppress'd;
But while we nurse an honest aim,
We shall not break nor bend,
For when things are at the worst
They must mend.

The gentle heart by hardship crush'd
Will sing amid its tears,
And though its voice awhile be hush'd,
'Tis tuned for coming years;
A light from out the future shines
With hope's tear-drops to blend,
And when things are at the worst
They must mend.

Amid life's danger and despair,
Still let our deeds be true,
For nought but what is right and fair
Can heal our hopeless view.
The beautiful will soothe us, like
The sunshine of a friend,
And when things are at the worst
They must mend.

Oh, never leave life's morning dream,
'Tis whisper'd down from heaven,
But trace its maze, though sorrow seem
The sole reward that's given;
The joy is there, or not on earth,
Which with our souls may blend,
And when things are at the worst
They must mend.

THE WEE BLINK THAT SHINES IN A TEAR.

LIFE'S pleasure seems sadness and care
When dark is the bosom that feels,
Yet mingled wi' shades o' despair
Is the ray which our sorrow reveals;
Though darkly at times flows the stream,
It rows till its waters are clear—
And Hope shields a bud in our life's darkest dream,
Like the wee blink that shines in a tear.

Afar in the wilderness blooms
The flower that spreads beauty around,
And Nature smiles sweet on our tombs,
And softens with balm every wound.
Oh, call not our life sad nor vain,
Wi' its joys that can ever endear;
There's a sweet ray of pleasure star deep in each pain,
Like the wee blink that shines in a tear.

Sweet smiles the last hope in our woe,
And fair is the lone desert isle;
Young Flora peeps gay from the snow;
And dearest in grief is a smile.
The dew-drop is bright with a star—
Aye glows when young memories appear;
But a symbol to Hope that is sweeter by far
Is the wee blink that shines in a tear.

ISABELLA CRAIG KNOX.

ISABELLA CRAIG is a native of Edinburgh. Her father, Mr John Craig, conducted business as a merchant in South Bridge Street; he was connected with a respectable family at Aberdeen. His wife, whose maiden name was Anne Braick, and who was a native of the parish of Insch, Aberdeenshire, was possessed of poetic tastes, which she transmitted to her daughter, the subject of this notice. Miss Craig first appeared as a writer of verses in the columns of the *Scotsman* newspaper; she published in 1856 a volume entitled "Poems by Isa." This was well received, and soon after its appearance the authoress became assistant Secretary to the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. In January 1859 she gained, against some 600 com-

petitors, the £50 prize offered by the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company for the best ode on the Centenary celebration of the birth of Burns. In 1866 Miss Craig married her cousin, Mr John Knox, merchant, London; and she resides with her husband at New Cross, Kent. In 1865 she published "Duchess Agnes and other Poems." She is a contributor to *Good Words* and *Fraser's* and *Macmillan's Magazines*.

ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

We hail this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings!

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence;
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere lights they flout—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet;
So through the past's far-reaching night
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy,
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark, searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathise,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield—
To what else was he born?

The God-made king
Of every living thing;
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

To Nature's feast,
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best,
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She draped with crimson and with gold,
And poured her pure joy wines
For him the poet-souled;
For him her anthem rolled
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast and lead the fight;
And with its mortal foes,
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins,
Each human soul must close;
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him, wrapped him in her purple state,
And made him mark for all the shafts of Fate
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard-pressed, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soiled;
His crown of half its jewels spoiled;
He is a king for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he arrayed himself in armour proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good—so those the world calls wise,
With vain, presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralise.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests—
Tears have not ceased to flow—
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honours lavished on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.

The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wandered near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung—
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister-lands have learn'd to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

A STILLNESS crept about the house
At evenfall, in noontide glare;
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many-windowed house of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed;
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare;
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered house of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
The alders sicken'd all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill of good or ill,
While women keep the house of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves in maiden dreams
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Within, in pall black velvet clad,
Sits stately in her oaken chair—
A stately dame of ancient name—
The mother of the house of Quair.

Her daughter 'broiders by her side,
With heavy, drooping golden hair,
And listens to her frequent plaint—
"Ill fare the brides that come to Quair.

"For more than one hath lived in pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned,
Left lonely in the house of Quair."

"Alas! and ere thy father died
I had not in his heart a share;
And now—may God forfend her ill—
Thy brother brings his bride to Quair!"

She came: they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair;
They led her to her chamber high—
The fairest in the house of Quair.

"'Tis fair," she said, on looking forth;
"But what although 'twere bleak and bare?"
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse of Quair—

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share."
What need be said, she was not one
Of the ill-fated brides of Quair!

A REMEMBRANCE.

IN a garden we were sitting,
Three, whose hearts were one,
And before us leaves were flitting,
Golden in the sun.

And around us birds were singing—
All things smiled and glowed;
Music in our hearts was ringing,
Speech like music flowed.

But as we were converse holding
Of all happy things,
All the birds their wings were folding,
And the time had wings.

Rosy clouds in swift transition
Faded into grey,
Then we wished some old magician
Would bid Time to stay.

Or that such had come and found us
But an hour agone,
And in fabled spell had bound us,
To be loosed by none!

Thus for ever, all unwitting
How the ages flew,
Golden leaves before us flitting,
Sunshine streaming through!

Thus for ever! Thus for ever!
Ah! the thought how vain!
Mournful, too, for we shall never
Be the same again.

All our brows have gathered sadness,
Travelling sore of foot;
On our lips the songs of gladness
Now are almost mute.

Could some great magician aid us
By once famous magic might,
Would we give what time has made us
For that old and dear delight?

Would we three again were sitting
As when life was new,
Golden leaves before us flitting,
Sunshine streaming through!

AFTER WAR.

He came when the war was ended,
From camp and battle-field,
Home, to be gently tended,
His heavy wound half-heal'd.
After the joy of meeting
With its mingled pain had pass'd,
Peace, with a holy greeting,
Kissed all our lips at last.

But when on her stay we reckon'd,
A sad farewell she breathed,
And rose and softly beckon'd
To him whose sword was sheathed.
He laid him down meek-hearted,
We filled his breast with flowers;
Our hero had departed,
To a surer peace than ours.

THAMES.

A glimpse of the river! it glimmers
Through the stems of the beeches;
Through the screen of the willows it shimmers
In long winding reaches;
Flowing so softly that scarcely
It seems to be flowing,
But the reeds of the low, little islands
Are bent to its going;
And soft as the breath of a sleeper
Its heaving and sighing,
In the coves where the fleets of the lilies
At anchor are lying:
It looks as if fallen asleep
In the lap of the meadows, and smiling
Like a child in the grass, dreaming deep
Of the flowers and their golden beguiling.

A glimpse of the river! it glooms
Underneath the dark arches,
Across it the broad shadow looms,
And the eager crowd marches;
Where washing the feet of the city,
Strong and swift it is flowing;
On its bosom the ships of the nations
Are coming and going;
Heavy laden, it labours and spends,
In a great strain of duty,
The power that was gather'd and nursed
In the calm and the beauty.
Like thee, noble river, like thee!
Let our lives in beginning and ending,
Fair in their gathering be,
And great in the time of their spending.

MY MARY AN' ME.

We were baith neebor bairns, thegether we play'd;
We loved our first love, an' our hearts never stray'd;
When I got my young lassie her first vow to gi'e,
We promised to wait for each ither a wee.

My mother was widow'd when we should hae wed,
An' the nicht when we stood roun' my faither's death-bed,
He charged me a husband and father to be,
While my young orphan sisters clung weepin' to me.

I kent nae, my Mary, what high heart was thine,
Nor how brightly thy love in a dark hour wad shine,
Till in doubt and in sorrow, ye whisper'd to me,
"Win the blessing o' Heaven for thy Mary and thee."

An' years ha'e flown by deeply laden wi' care,
But Mary has help'd me their burden to bear,
She gave me my shield in misfortune and wrong,
'Twas she that aye bade me be steadfast and strong.

Her meek an' quiet spirit is aye smooth as now,
Her saft shinin' hair meekly shades her white brow,
A few silver threads 'mang its dark faulds I see,
They tell me how lang she has waited on me.

Her cheek has grown paler, for she too maun toil,
Her sma' hands are thinner, less mirthfu' her smile;
She aft speaks o' heaven, and if she should dee,
She tells me that there she'll be waitin' on me.

MARGARET CRAWFORD ROSEBURGH.

THE authoress of "Rustic Lays," an interesting little volume of lyric poetry, Margaret Crawford was born on the 4th February 1833, at Gilmerton, in the parish of Liberton, Mid-Lothian. With limited opportunities of attending school, she was chiefly indebted for her elementary training to occasional instructions communicated by her mother. Her father, an operative gardener, removed in 1842 to Torwoodlee, Roxburghshire. It was while living there, under her parents' roof, that, so early as her thirteenth year, she first essayed to write verses. Through the beneficence of Mrs Meiklam of Torwoodlee, whose husband her father served, she was taught dressmaking. She subsequently accepted the situation of nurse-maid at Craignish Castle, Argyllshire. In 1852, her parents removed to the village of Stow, in the upper district of Mid-Lothian. It was when an inmate of their humble cottage that her volume of "Rustic Lays" appeared in 1855. Of its contents she thus writes in the preface: "Many of these pieces were composed by the authoress on the banks of the Gala, whose sweet, soft music, mingling with the melodies of the woodland, has often charmed her into forgetfulness of the rough realities of life. Others were composed at the fireside, in her father's cottage, at the hours of the *gloamin'*, when, after the bustle of the day had ceased, the clouds and cares of the present were chased away by the bright dreams of the past, and the happy hopes of the future, till she found that her musings had twined themselves into numbers, and assumed the form in which they now appear." Margaret Crawford married, about 1858, a person named Roseburgh. She has not been fortunate in her wedded life; she resides with her parents at Galashiels, Selkirkshire.

DAY-DREAMS OF OTHER YEARS.

THERE are moments when my spirit wanders
back to other years,
And time long, long departed, like the present
still appears;
And I revel in the sunshine of those happy,
happy hours,
When the sky of youth was cloudless, and its
path was strewn with flowers.

O those days of dreamy sweetness! O those
visions of delight!
Weaving garlands for the future, making all
of earth too bright;
They come creeping through my memory like
messengers of peace,
Telling tales of bygone blessings, bidding present
sorrows cease.

Long-lost friends are gath'ring round me,
smiling faces, gentle forms,
All unconscious of earth's struggles, all unmindful of its storms—
Beaming radiantly and beautiful, as in the
days of youth,
When friendship was no mockery, when every
thought was truth.

Joy, illuming every bosom, made fair nature
fairer still—
Mirth sported on each summer breeze, and
sung in every rill;
Beauty gleaming all around us, bright as dreams
of fairy land—
Oh, faded now that lustre, scatter'd far that
happy band!

Now deeply traced with sorrow is the once
unclouded brow,
And eyes that sparkled joyously are dim with
weeping now;
We are tasting life in earnest—all its vain
illusions gone—
And the stars that glisten'd o'er our path are
falling one by one.

Some are sleeping with their kindred—summer
blossoms o'er them wave;
Some, lonely and unfriended, with the stranger
found a grave;
While others now are wand'ring on a far and
foreign shore,
And that happy, loving company shall meet
—ah! never more.

But afar in mem'ry's garden, like a consecrated
spot,
The heart's first hopes are hidden, and can
never be forgot;
And the light that cheer'd us onward, in our
airy early days—
Oft we linger in the distance to look back upon
its rays.

Old Time, with hand relentless, may shed ruins
o'er the earth,
May strew our path with sorrow, make a desert
of our hearth—
Change may blight our fairest blossoms, shroud
our clearest light in gloom;
But the flow'ry fields of early years shall never
lose their bloom!

MY NATIVE LAND.

My native land! my native land!
Where liberty shall firmly stand,
Where men are brave in heart and hand,
In ancient Caledonia!
How dear to me those gurgling rills
That wander free amang the hills!
How sweet to me the sang that fills
The groves o' Caledonia!

They tell me o' a distant isle
Where summer suns for ever smile;
But frae my heart they'll never wile
My love for Caledonia!
And what are a' their flowery plains,
If filled with weeping slav'ry's chains?
Nae foot o' slavery ever stains
My native Caledonia!

Though cauld's the sun that sheds his rays
O'er Scotland's bonnie woods and braes,
Oh, let me spend my latest days
In ancient Cladedonia!
My native land! my native land!
Where liberty shall firmly stand,
Where men are brave in heart and hand—
True sons of Caledonia!

THE STREAM OF LIFE

Down by a crystal stream
Musing I stray'd,
As 'neath the summer beam
Lightly it play'd,
Winding by field and fen,
Mountain and meadow, then
Stealing through wood and glen,
Soft'ning the shade.

Thus, then, methought, is life;
Onward it flows—
Now mingling peace with strife,
Toil with repose—
Now sparkling joyously
Under the glare of day,
Drinking each sunny ray,
Purely it flows.

Now gliding peacefully,
Calm and serene,
Smoothly it takes its way,
Softly I ween
Murmur its waters past—
Oh, will that stillness last?
See, rocks are nearing fast,
Changing the scene.

Wildly it dashes now,
Loudly it roars,
Over the craggy brow
Fiercely it pours.
All in commotion lost,
Wave over wave is toss'd;
Spray, white as winter's frost,
Up from it soars.

Yet where the conflict's worst
Brightest it gleams;
Rays long in silence nursed
Shoot forth in streams:
Beauties before unknown
Out from its breast are thrown;
Light, like a golden zone,
Brilliantly beams.

Thus in the Christian's breast
Pure faith may lie,
Hid in the day of rest
Deep from the eye;
But when life's shadows lower
Faith lights the darkest hour,
Driving, by heavenly power,
Gloom from the sky.

JOHN BATHURST DICKSON, LL.D.

John Bathurst Dickson was born on the 25th December 1823, in the town of Kelso, Roxburghshire. His father was a respectable solicitor in that place. Having studied at the University of Edinburgh, and passed through a theological curriculum at the New College of that city, he became, in 1851, a licentiate of the Free Church. In June 1852, he was ordained to the ministerial charge of the Free High Church, Paisley. He has since retired from the active discharge of ministerial duty.

During the period of his attendance at college, Mr Dickson contributed to *Tait's Magazine*, and other periodicals. In 1855, he published "Theodoxia; or, Glory to

God an Evidence for the Truth of Christianity;" and in 1857 "The Temple Lamp," a periodical publication. He has composed verses on a variety of topics. His song, "The American Flag," has been widely published in the United States. He lately received the degree of Doctor of Laws from an American University.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

FLOAT forth, thou flag of the free;
Flash far over land and sea,
Proud ensign of Liberty—
Hail, hail to thee!

The blue of the heavens is thine,
The stars on thy canvas shine!
Thy heraldry tells thee divine—
Hail, hail to thee!

Thy white proclaims thee unstain'd,
Thy crimson thy love unfeign'd
To man, by despots enchain'd—
Hail, hail to thee!

Under thy God-given light
Our fathers went forth to fight
'Gainst sceptred wrong for the right—
Hail, hail to thee!

The Lion of England no more
'Gainst thy proud Eagle shall roar:
Peace strideth from shore to shore—
Hail, hail to thee!

Float forth, thou flag of the free—
Flash far over land and sea,
Till the world shout Liberty—
Hail, hail to thee!

EVAN M'COLL.

A WRITER both of English and Gaelic songs, Evan M'Coll was born in 1808, at Kenmore, Lochfineside, Argyllshire. His father, Dugald M'Coll, followed an industrial occupation, but contrived to afford his son a somewhat liberal education. The leisure hours of the youthful poet were ardently devoted to literary culture. In 1837, he became a contributor of Gaelic poetry to a Glasgow periodical, and his compositions began to excite an interest in the Highlands. Two influential Highland gentlemen secured him an appointment in the Customs at Liverpool. He subsequently emigrated to America, and is now resident at Kingston.

Besides many fugitive pieces, Mr M'Coll has published a volume of lyrics, entitled "The Mountain Minstrel," and a volume of Gaelic poetry.

THE HILLS OF THE HEATHER.

GIVE the swains of Italia
'Mong myrtles to rove,
Give the proud, sullen Spaniard
His bright orange grove;
Give gold-sanded streams
To the sons of Chili,
But, oh! give the hills
Of the heather to me.

The hills where the hunter
Oft soundeth his horn,
Where sweetest the skylark
Awakens the morn;
The grey cliff, the blue lake,
The stream's dashing glee,
Endear the red hills
Of the heather to me.

There Health, rosy virgin,
For ever doth dwell;
There Love fondly whispers
To Beauty his tale;
There Freedom's own darling!
The Gael, lives free,
Then, oh! give the hills
Of the heather to me.

ANDREW YOUNG.

ANDREW YOUNG is a native of Edinburgh. His father, David Young, was upwards of fifty years one of the most successful teachers in that city. The subject of this notice passed through a literary and theological course of study at the University of Edinburgh. In 1830, he was elected by the Edinburgh Town Council to the Head-Mastership of the Niddry Street School. In this situation he remained eleven years. In 1840, he was preferred to the English Mastership in Madras College, St Andrews, an appointment which he held for thirteen years. Since his retirement from public duty, Mr Young has resided in Edinburgh. The following sacred song, which he composed many years ago, appears anonymously in many of the collections:

THE HAPPY LAND.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land—
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand—
Why still delay?

Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee—
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

THE most popular of living evangelical hymn writers, and an eminent and voluminous theological scholar, Horatius Bonar was born at Edinburgh, on the 19th of December 1808. His father, Mr James Bonar, a man of eminent piety and accomplished scholarship, was solicitor of excise, an office now abolished. His ancestors for several successive generations were ministers of the Church of Scotland. He was educated at the High School and the University of his native city. After engaging for some time in missionary labour at Leith, he was ordained to the ministry at Kelso in November 1837. His first literary efforts appeared in the shape of religious tracts, since published in a volume under the title of "The Kelso Tracts." He next published a work by which he became widely known, "The Night of Weeping," which was followed by other two works of the same series, "The Morning of Joy," and "The Eternal Day." Of his subsequent publications, the more conspicuous are, "Prophetical Landmarks," "The Coming and the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus." "A Stranger Here," "Man; his Religion and his World," "The Story of Grace," "The Blood of the Cross," "Days and Nights in the East, or, Illustrations of Bible Scenes;" "Catechisms of the Scottish Reformation;" "Fifty-two Short Sermons for Family Readings;" "God's Way of Peace: a Book for the Anxious;" "God's Way of Holiness:" "The Land of Promise: Notes of a Spring Journey from Beersheba to Sidon:" "The Desert of Sinai: Notes of a Journey from Cairo to Beersheba;" and, "Light

and Truth: or, Bible Thoughts and Themes," To these must be added his poetical works, consisting of his "Lyra Consolationis," and "Hymns of Faith and Hope," of which a third series has been published. Dr Bonar now ministers to the congregation of the Chalmers' Memorial Free Church, Grange, Edinburgh.

THE MEETING PLACE.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
Brighten never more to shade:
Where the sun-blaze never scorches,
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill:
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong,
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never sever'd,
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide, all are done:
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child,
Where dear families are gather'd
That were scatter'd on the wild:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healèd,
Where the blighted life re-blooms,
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring-bright clime:
Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchill'd, unhinder'd
Loving once and evermore:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine,
Shed its healing splendour here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been:
Where a king in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

PRAISE.

PRAISES to Him who built the hills;
Praises to Him the streams who fills;
Praises to Him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar.

Praises to Him who makes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains o'er our wearied sight.

Praises to Him whose love has given
In Christ His Son, the Life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

Praises to Him, in grace who came
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise
The God-accepted sacrifice.

Praises to Him, the chain who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke;
Sent forth its captives glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty.

Praises to Him who sheds abroad
Within our heart the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness.

To Father, Son, and Spirit now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To Jah-Jehovah thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise.

BRIGHT FEET OF MAY.

TRIP along, bright feet of May,
Trip along from day to day,
Trip along in sun and showers,
Trip along and wake the flowers,
Trip along the breezy hills,
Trip beside the gathering rills;
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all bright and gay,
Trip away, bright feet of May.

Trip along when morning shines,
Trip along when day declines,
Trip along when in the night
Moon and stars are sparkling bright;
Trip across the sunny sea,
Over cloudland high and free;
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay,
Trip away, bright feet of May.

Trip along the budding wood,
O'er the moorland solitude;
Trip through garden, field, and brake,
Trip beside the gleaming lake;
Revel in the star-loved dew,
Drink the clear sky's summer blue;
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay,
Trip away, bright feet of May.

Trip along, and as you move,
Fill the springing earth of love;
Fill of love the sunlight free,
Fill of love the bounding sea;
The love of Him who gave to May
The sweetness of its smiling day.
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay,
Trip away, bright feet of May.

GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

One of the most popular novelists of the present time, and an elegant poet, George Mac Donald was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824. His father bore the same Christian name; his mother, Helen Mackay, was descended from an old Highland family. He studied at King's College, Aberdeen, where he took the degree of A.M. From an early period devoted to the concerns of literature, he has for many years resided at Hammersmith, London. He first became known to the literary world by publishing in 1855 a poetical volume entitled, "Within and Without," which obtained a wide acceptance. This was followed in 1856 by a second volume of "Poems." "Phantastes, a Faerie Romance," appeared in 1858. In 1863 he published "David Elginbrod," a novel in three volumes. His other publications are—"The Portent, a Story of the Inner Vision of the Highlanders," Lond., 1864, 8vo; "Alec Forbes of Howglen," Lond., 1865, 3 vols., 8vo; "Adela Cathcart," Lond., 1866, 3 vols., 8vo; "Dealings with the Fairies," Lond., 1867, 16mo; "Unspoken Sermons," Lond., 1867, 8vo.; "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," 3 vols., 8vo; "The Seaboard Parish," Lond., 1868, 3 vols., 8vo; "Robert Falconer," Lond., 1868, 3 vols. 8vo; "Guild Court," Lond., 1868, 3 vols., 8vo. Mr Mac Donald lately received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen. His latest publication "The Disciple and other Poems," Lond., 1869., 12mo, fully sustains his reputation as a poet. He is well known as a powerful lecturer on literary subjects. He edits *Good Words for the Young*, one of the serials published by Strahan & Co.

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL.

O lassie ayont the hill!
Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
For I want ye sair the nicht,
I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel',
A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht—
O lassie come owre the hill!

Gin a body could be a thocht o' grace,
And no a sel' ava!
I'm sick o' my heid, and my han's, and my face,
An' my thochts and mysel' and a';
I'm sick o' the warl' and a';
The licht gangs by wi' a hiss;
For thro' my een the sunbeams fa',
But my weary heart they miss.
O lassie ayont the hill!
Come owre the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill;
Bidena ayont the hill.

For gin ance I saw yer bonnie heid,
And the sunlicht o' yer hair,
The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' doun deid;
I wad be mysel' nae mair,
I wad be mysel' nae mair.
Filled o' the sole remeid;
Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer hair,
Killed by yer body and heid.
O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me ever sae sma',
For the sake o' my bonnie dame,
Whan I cam' to life, as she gaed awa,'
I could bide my body and name,
I micht bide by mysel' the weary same;
Aye setting up its heid
Till I turn frae the claes that cover my frame,
As gin they war roun' the deid.
O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,
I wad ring my ain deid knell;
My sel' wad vanish, shot through and through
Wi' the shine o' yer sunny sel',
By the licht aneath yer broo,
I wad dee to mysel', and ring my bell,
And only live in you.

O lassie ayont the hill!
Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
For I want ye sair the nicht,
I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel',
A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht—
O lassie, come ower the hill.

GAEIN' AND COMIN'.

Whan Andrew frae Strathbogie gaed,
The lift was lowerin' dreary,
The sun he wadna raise his heid,
The wind was laigh and eerie.
In's pooch he had a plack or twa,
I vow he hadna mony;
Yet Andrew likes a hearty sang,
For Lizzy was sae bonnie!
O Lizzie, Lizzie, bonnie lassie!
Bonnie gaucy hizzie!
What richt had ye to luik at me,
And drive me daft and dizzy?

When Andrew to Strathbogie cam',
The sun was shinin' rarely;
He rode a horse that pranced and sprang—
I vow he sat him fairly.
And he had gowd to spend and spare,
And a heart as true as ony;
But's luik was doon, and his sigh was sair,
For Lizzie was sae bonny!
O Lizzie, Lizzie, bonny hizzie,
You've turned the daylicht dreary,
Ye're straught and rare, ye're fause and fair,
Hech! auld John Armstrong's deary.

AN AUTUMN WIND.

The autumn winds are sighing
Over land and sea;
The autumn woods are dying
Over hill and lee;
And my heart is sighing, dying,
Maiden, for thee.

The autumn clouds are flying
Harmless over me;
The homeless birds are crying
In the naked tree;
And my heart is flying, crying,
Maiden, to thee.

My cries may turn to gladness,
And my flying flee;
My sighs may lose the sadness,
Yet sigh on in me;
All my sadness, all my gladness,
Maiden, rest in thee.

CHILD'S SONG.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed,
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food;
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!"

Little white Lily
Droopeth in pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain:
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filleth it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain!
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full!"

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine!
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

MATTHIAS BARR.

MATTHIAS BARR was born on the 6th December 1831 at Edinburgh, where his father, a native of Germany, carried on business as a watchmaker. Through his mother, he is of Scottish descent. Educated at the High School and Academy of Edinburgh, he proceeded to London, where he now holds a respectable appointment in the city. Mr Barr first appeared as an author in 1865, by publishing a volume of "Poems." During the following year he issued the "Child's Garland," 12mo, which was well received. His subsequent works are "Little Willie," Lond., 1867, 12mo; "Hours of Sunshine," Lond., 1869, 12mo; together with several illustrated books for children, published anonymously. A revised and enlarged edition of his "Poems" appeared in the spring of 1870. Mr Barr has composed a number of exquisite lyrics; his songs and rhymes for children have earned for him the title of "The Children's Poet Laureate;" they are unquestionably the best in the language.

JEANNIE GRAY.

I WONDER aften, Jeannie,
Gin ye're thinkin' o' me noo,
An' gin the thochts o' ither years
Creep ever back on you;
An' gin thy heart's the same leal heart
I kenn'd when ye were wee,
An' gin thy look's the same saft look
That spak' o' love to me.

Though years on years ha'e sped awa'
Sin' I ha'e seen thee last—
Sin' we were merry, thochtless things,
An' love atween us pass'd;
Though I ha'e dreed the warld's look,
An' mony a change sin' syne,
Oh! ye were never frae my thochts,
Nor frae this heart o' mine.

An' need I say how sair I grat
That morn ye gaed awa',
An' thocht the warld a wilderness,
Cauld looks in a' I saw;
How auld folks wonder'd in their love,
What ailed the laddie sae,
Or what could ding his merry heart,
Or gar him dream o' wae!

But, ah! they little kenn'd that love
Was twinin' roun' my heart—
Love that wad flourish fresh and green
When simmer leaves depart.
O memory! O memory!
Thy page is ever green,
Why haunt me to the weed-grown paths
Where love and youth ha'e been?

Why mind me o' the dear lo'ed past,
When steps were licht an' free;
When mirth was on our rosy lips,
And kindness in our ee?
Tears trickled then for joy, love,
But tears ha'e flow'd sin' syne,
An' tears shall flow ere I forget
That wee sweet face o' thine.

Ere I forget, dear Jeannie Gray,
When simmer in her pride
Glower'd sweetly on us baith, love,
An' a' the warld beside—
Ere I forget the vows we made
The livelang simmer day,
That we wad never, never pairt,
But live an' love for aye!

I canna think, dear Jeannie Gray,
Thy vows sae sweet and fair
Were but the breathin's o' a name,
The emptiness o' air.
I canna think thy head sae licht,
Thy heart sae cauld to me,
But yet a tear will afttimes dim
The brichtness o' thine ee.

A lang fareweel, dear Jeannie Gray!
This heart can only sigh;
Perchance we yet may meet again,
When ages ha'e gane by:
My blessin's on ye, Jeannie dear,
My blessin' nicht an' day;
Oh, may ye be as fu' o' bliss
As I am fu' o' wae!

SHE'S A' MY AIN.

SHE's a' my ain, she's a' my ain—
An' oh! how sweet the thocht to me!
Mair precious than a gowden crown,
Or a' the pleasures wealth can gi'e.
An' dearer than the fauldin' rose,
Or lauchin' daisy on the lea,
Than simmer sun in birken bower,
Is artless Jeannie's love to me.

I lo'e to leave the busy thrang,
An' wander by the green burn-side,
An' fondly whisper a' I feel,
E'en a' the love I canna hide.

An' aye a wee han' clasps my ain,
An' aye a blink fa's kind on me,
An' cares an' strifes an' warldly thochts
Awa' like mists o' mornin' flee.

Ha'e I a grief, it's no' for gear,
It isna, Jeannie, that I'm puir;
Braws couldna mak' thee blyther seem,
They couldna mak' me lo'e thee mair.
An' gin at times 'tis hard to bide
The selfish gate o' warldly men,
I sit me down beside thee, love,
An' griefs are a' forgotten then.

HER I LO'E.

A DIMPLED face, a laughin' face,
That's smilin' aye at me,
Twa bonnie een o' blue that blink,
An' winna let me be;
An' saft, saft words frae hinney lips,
That haud my heart in thrall—
What can I do against them a',
They bind my very saul!

I'd gi'e a crown frae aff my head
To ca' that lassie mine;
An' life itsel', and a' its joys,
Right gladly I wad tine;
Right gladly wad I lay me down,
Nae mair on earth to wake,
Gin she wad kep my latest sigh,
An' keep it for my sake.

Oh! bonnie is the sun that shines
Upon a simmer's morn,
An' dear, dear is the gloamin'-time
Amang the dewy corn;
An' bonnie are the stars that peep
Frae out the tender blue,
But no' sae sweet nor half sae dear
As the face o' her I lo'e.

MEET ME IN THE GLEN, JESSIE DEAR.

OH! meet me in the glen, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,
Far frae the haunts o' men, Jessie dear, Jessie dear;
When the bird is in its nest,
An' the flowers ha'e gane to rest,
When the sun is in the west,
Jessie dear, Jessie dear.

Oh! there's glory in the moon, Jessie dear, Jessie dear;
In ilk sternie peepin' down, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,
An' there's solace in the sigh
O' the burnie glidin' by,
In the gems that round us lie,
Jessie dear, Jessie dear.

But doubly dear to me, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,
Is the twinkle o' thine ee, Jessie dear, Jessie dear;
And dearer far the flame
That kindles at thy name,
Than the rolling blast o' fame,
Jessie dear, Jessie dear.

How sweet to stray at e'en, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,
By the selfish warld unseen, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,
When the heavens aboon us smile,
An' a' Nature laughs the while,
When the bosom kens nae guile,
Jessie dear, Jessie dear.

AFAR ON THE ROLLING SEA.

THE sailor sings in the shrouds aloft,
Afar on the rolling sea;
Oh! the day breaks not in a hundred years
On a merrier wight than he.
The waves may dash, and the lightning flash,
And the thunder loud may roar;
But a sunshine the sailor hath of his own,
As he thinks of his love ashore.

He dreams of home in the black night-watch,
Of a bright face far away;
And he breathes a prayer for the maiden fair
He will clasp to his heart one day.
Then Heav'n look down on the heaving deep,
And rule in the stormy wind;
And true to the sailor while afloat
Be the lass that he leaves behind.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

JOHN HALLIDAY.

JOHN HALLIDAY was born on the 18th July 1821, at Hawickshielsgate, near Hawick, Roxburghshire. His father was an agricultural labourer; and, with an ordinary education at school, he was, at an early age, engaged as an assistant shepherd to a tenant farmer in his native district. Inheriting from his mother a taste for the elder Scottish ballad, he devoted his leisure hours to reading such scraps of songs as he could manage to procure. In his thirteenth year he essayed to compose verses, and at the age of twenty became a contributor of poetical stanzas to the provincial journals. Encouraged by a numerous list of subscribers, he published, in 1847, "The Rustic Bard," a duodecimo volume of poems and songs. After being several years resident at Hopekirk, Roxburghshire, he removed in 1854 to Bridge of Allan, where he is employed as a landscape gardener.

THE AULD AIK-TREE.

OH, we ha'e been amang the bowers that winter didna bare,
And we ha'e daunder'd in the howes where flowers were ever fair,
And lain aneath as lofty trees as eye did ever see,
Yet ne'er could lo'e them as we lo'e the auld aik-tree.

It's no because its boughs are busk'd in any byous green,
For simmer sairs it little now—it's no what it has been,
Sin' ilka wauf o' win' that blaws dings dauds o't on the lea,
And bairnies bear their burdens frae the auld aik-tree.

It's no because the gowans bright grow bonnie by its ruit,
For we ha'e seen them bloom as braw in mony a ither bit;
Nor yet because the mavis sings his mellow morning glee
Sae sweetly frae the branches o' the auld aik-tree.

But there's a kindly feeling found and foster'd in the heart,
Which bears the thought a backward stream to lifetime's early part,
And ties us to ilk morning scene o' love and laughing glee
We've seen, and kenn'd, and join'd aneath the auld aik-tree.

For we ha'e play'd aneath its shade a chuffie-cheekit bairn,
Unkennin' o', uncarin' for, cauld care or crosses stern,
And ran around it at the ba' when we frae schule wan free!
Then wha daur say we sudna lo'e the auld aik-tree?

We've speel'd upon its foggie stem and dern'd amang its green,
To catch the pyet in her nest amidst the greys o' e'en;
And watch'd the gooldie bringin' doon to big her hame sae wee
Atween the cosie forkings o' the auld aik-tree.

And we ha'e tint and ta'en a heart when gloamin's shadows threw
Out o'er the glen her misty grey in kindly drippin' dew,
And felt the tear o' anguish fa' in torrents frae our ee,
When pairting frae that loved ane 'neath the auld aik-tree.

Our hame we left wi' hopefu' heart and mony a warm fareweel,
And gowd and gear we gain'd awa; but oh, the freen's sae leal!
Where are they? where my childhood's hearth—those hearts sae kind and free,—
When a' is unco grown save the auld aik-tree.

ALEXANDER BUCHAN.

ALEXANDER BUCHAN was born in Titchfield Street, Kilmarnock. He became, in his seventeenth year, teacher of an adventure school at Underhills, parish of Craigie; he subsequently taught at Kilmarnock and Irvine, and afterwards was appointed to St James' parish school, Glasgow. He enjoyed no inconsiderable reputation as a promoter of education. Mr Buchan contributed articles in prose and verse to the *Kil-*

marnock Annual, a publication of some merit; and he has latterly contributed verses to the Glasgow newspapers. In 1866, he published a volume entitled "The Song of Rest, and Minor Poems," London 8vo. From that work we are privileged to extract the following songs.

TRUE LOVE.

AIR—"*Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane.*"

OH! sweet are the wild flowers, and sweet are the green bowers,
The Irvine flows past in the calm summer e'en,
Ah, blest be that gloaming, when there, lonely roaming,
I first saw the face o' my true hearted Jean.
All dark and unmeaning my life's tide was streaming,
Before me, behind, how cheerless the scene,
When swift as the morning, the dark vale adorning,
Came hope, peace, and joy wi' the smile o' my Jean.

Oh! pure as the moonbeam, and warm as the sun-gleam,
I whisper'd the vow in her love-open'd ear;
And still she is nearest, and fairest, and dearest,
Whilst I am to her of all others most dear.
As in days that are now gone, in years that may yet come,
On the staff of our loves all securely we'll lean;
And each other's hearts cheering, our bright home still nearing,
Death's hand shall not sever my soul and my Jean.

MY HEART'S NO MY AIN.

AWA' wi' thae offers o' gowd and o' gear,
And awa' wi' the love that sic offers can gain;
My heart is a jewel that canna be coft—
And, mither, dear mither, my heart's no my ain.
The auld laird could mak' me a leddie, I ken—
But what were a carriage and silk gown to me,
When wi' the young shepherd that wons in the glen
Contented and happy I only could be.

The burnie that wimples by yon castle wa'
Sings saftly to me in my sweet gloamin' dream,
But lang ere it reaches yon mist-cover'd hill,
Its music is drown'd in the big, roaring stream;
And sae the young lassie that blooms in the cot,
Transplanted, would wither and fade in the ha';
And her voice that sang blythe in her ain bonnie glens,
In the struggle o' fashion would soon die awa'.

Ah, yes! my poor bosom would weep were it ta'en
Awa' frae these hills and these meadows sae green,
It would lang for the time when sae merry I sped
To weir in the sheep in the calm summer e'en;
It would sigh for the wild flowers sae modest and pure,
The gowdspink and linnet that warble sae clear;
But, oh! it would break when my memory brought back
The young shepherd laddie that lo'ed me sae dear.

But no! I shall never prove fause to my love—
Do you see yon green shaw smiling gay in the sun?
My Sandy waits there in its close leafy shade—
We trysted to meet when the day's wark was done.
Sae awa' wi' thae offers o' gowd and o' gear,
And awa' wi' the love that sic offers can gain;
My heart is a jewel that canna be coft—
And mair, my dear mither, my heart's no my ain.

HAME IN THE MORNING GREY.

WHEN Jamie came to woo and win—
For win my heart did he—
Frae morn till e'en, at our house en',
I wrought and sang wi' glee;
And now that we are man and wife,
And the bairns are at my feet,
My Jamie lo'es me mair and mair,
And I sing the blyther yet.
Oh! he sails south, and he sails north
In Irvine's bonnie bay,
And takes the luck God sends, and hame
He comes in the morning grey.

Oh! there they go, the fisher lads,
And there the dark-sail'd boats,
But Jamie's is the brawest craft
On the kindly wave that floats;
For I see it mair through a warm, true heart,
Than through a cauldrife ee,
And love in the thing that it lo'es weel
Can naught but beauty see.
Oh! he sails south, and he sails north,
In Irvine's bonnie bay,
Or catch he many, or catch he few,
He's dear in the morning grey.

The Arran hills in the gloaming fade,
And the bonnie Heads o' Ayr,
And Ailsa Craig in his hazy plaid
Has wrapp'd his breast sae bare;
While a gentle breeze frae the south comes up,
And curls the skinkling sea,—
My lad will ha'e good luck the nicht,
Good luck for the bairns and me.
Oh! he sails south, and he sails north,
In Irvine's bonnie bay,
And hame wi' a thousand three times told
He'll come in the morning grey.

Oh! lie ye still, my sweet wee bird,
Your sister's sound asleep,
And faither in his bonnie boat
By the nets his watch doth keep;
He'll draw them syne, and the silver fish
He'll bring to you and me;
For wi' the lave he'll get his share—
And there's plenty in the sea.
So he sails south, and he sails north
In Irvine's bonnie bay,
And oh! that Heaven may bring him hame
Aye safe in the morning grey.

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR TO MAGA.

UNDER this designation, a learned and esteemed citizen of Edinburgh lately published a small duodecimo volume, entitled, "Songs and Verses Social and Scientific." The compositions originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and have both in their original and present form attracted much public interest. "An old Contributor" is eminently genial and intensely amusing. The two following songs are transferred to these pages by the kind permission of the Messrs Blackwood.

THE SHERIFF'S LIFE AT SEA:

BEING PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A MARITIME SHERIFF.

AIR—"*The Sailor's Life at Sea.*"

How gay is the Sheriff's roving life,
Who from east to west can roam, boys:
How pleasant, with, or without, his wife,
To sail for his island home, boys!
Roaming here
Foaming there,
Merrily, cheerily,
Readily, steadily,
Many an hour of mirth and glee
Has the Sheriff's life at sea, my boys.

When the steam is up and the goods are stored,
And 'tis time to leave the Firth, boys,
The Sheriff gaily steps on board,
And steers away for the north, boys.
Steering here,
Veering there,
Merrily, cheerily.
Readily, steadily;
Quite from care and business free,
Is the Sheriff's life at sea, my boys.

But the vessel breasts the eastern breeze,
And St Andrews Bay is near, boys;
And the Sheriff tries to look at his ease,
Though he feels a little queer boys,
Pitching here,
Twitching there,
Cheerily, wearily,
Ruefully, woefully;
Much inclined to make Dundee
Is the Sheriff now at sea, my boys.

Then the vessel nears to Aberdeen,
And the plot is growing thick, boys:
On dinner bent the rest are seen,
But the Sheriff's fairly sick, boys.
Cooking here,
Puking there,
Drearily, wearily,
Groaningly, moaningly:
Plain it is it don't agree
With a Sheriff life at sea, my boys.

Yet afloat once more, when the waves are calm,
He tempts the treacherous main, boys;
And the Sheriff cures the coming qualm
With a glass of good champagne, boys.
Quaffing here,
Laughing there,
Cheerily, merrily,
Readily, steadily;
Quite intent upon a spree
Is the Sheriff now at sea, my boys.

But the zephyr soon becomes a gale,
And the straining vessel groans, boys;
And the Sheriff's face grows deadly pale,
As he thinks of Davy Jones, boys.
Thinking here,
Sinking there,
Wearily, drearily,
Shakingly, quakingly;
Not from fear or sickness free
Is the Sheriff now at sea, my boys.

So the Sheriff here must needs resign,
For his inside's fairly gone, boys;
And he calls for a glass of brandy-wine,
And to bed with his gaiters on, boys.
Lying here,
Dying there,
Drearily, wearily,
Groaningly, moaningly;
Prostrate laid by fate's decree
Seems the Sheriff now at sea, my boys.

But a joyful strain awakes the muse,
Which will quite efface the past, boys;
For the mail-boat brings the joyful news
That promotion's come at last, boys.
Cheering here,
Jeering there,
Merrily, cheerily,
Readily, steadily:
Fear or sickness far may flee,
For the Sheriff quits the sea, my boys.*

THE MEMORY OF MONBODDO.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AIR—"*The Looking-Glass.*"

'TIS strange how men and things revive,
Though laid beneath the sod, O!
I sometimes think I see alive
Our good old friend Monboddo!
His views, when forth at first they came,
Appeared a little odd, O!
But now we've notions much the same—
We're back to old Monboddo.

The rise of man he loved to trace
Up to the very pod, O!
And in baboons our parent race
Was found by old Monboddo.
Their A, B, C, he made them speak,
And learn their *qui, quæ, quod*, O!
Till Hebrew, Latin, Welsh, and Greek
They knew as well's Monboddo.

The thought that men had once had tails,
Caused many a grin full broad, O!
And why in us that feature fails,
Was ask'd of old Monboddo.
He show'd that sitting on the rump,
While at our work we plod, O!
Would wear th' appendage to the stump,
As close as in Monboddo.

Alas! the good lord little knew,
As this strange ground he trod, O!
That others would his path pursue,
And never name Monboddo!
Such folks should have their tails restored,
And thereon feel the rod, O!
For having thus the fame ignored
That's due to old Monboddo.

Though Darwin now proclaims the law,
And spreads it far abroad, O!
The man that first the secret saw,
Was honest old Monboddo.
The architect precedence takes
Of him that bears the hod, O!
So up and at them, Land o' Cakes!
We'll vindicate Monboddo.

The Scotchman who would grudge his praise
Must be a senseless clod, O!
A monument, then, let us raise
To honour old Monboddo.
Let some great artist sketch the plan,
While Rogers* gives the nod, O!
A monkey changing to a man!
In memory of Monboddo.

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* This song, describing the imaginary voyage of a Scotch Sheriff to his maritime dominions, was written as a parody on the song of "The Sailor's Life at Sea," which was one of the lyrics so delightfully sung by Professor Wilson. Another parody, in a different style, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* under the title of "The Bagman's Life on Shore," May 1838.

* The Reverend promoter of the Wallace Monument.

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GLOSSARY.

Aboon, above.
A-low, on fire.
Auld-jarrant, sagacious.
Aumry, a store-place.
Ava, at all.
Ayont, beyond.

Ban, to swear.
Bang, to change place hastily.
Bangster, a violent person.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Baum, balm.
Bawbee, halfpenny.
Bawks, the cross-beams of a roof.
Bawsint, a white spot on the forehead of cow or horse.
Bawtie, name for a dog.
Beild, shelter.
Bein, good, suitable.
Beltane, the first of May, old style.
Ben, the spence or parlour.
Beuk, book.
Bicker, a drinking vessel.
Bink, a bank of earth.
Birk, birch.
Blae, blue.
Blethers, nonsensical talk.
Blewart, a flower, the blue bottle, witch bells.
Blinket, looked kindly.
Bob, nosegay, bunch, or tuft; also to courtesy.
Bobbin, a weaver's quill or pirn.
Boddle, an old Scottish coin—value the third of a halfpenny.
Boggie, a marsh.
Bonspiel, a match at curling, golf, or football.
Bonnie, beautiful.
Bourtree, the elder tree or shrub.
Brag, vaunt.
Braggin, boasting.
Braken, the fern.
Braw, gaily dressed.
Bree, the eyebrow.
Brochin, oatmeal boiled in water till somewhat thicker than gruel.
Brogues, shoes made of sheepskin.
Bught, a pen for sheep.
Burn, a stream.
Burnie, a small rivulet.
Busk, to attire one-self.
Buskit, dressed tidily.
Buss, bush.
Byke, a bee-hive.

Cairny, heap of stones.
Caller, cool.
Camstrarie, cross and unmanageable.
Cantie, cheerful.
Cantrips, spells, charms, incantations.
Cannily, gently.
Carline, an old woman.
Castocks, the pith of stalks of cabbages.
Cauldrife, chilling.
Cauv, to drive.
Chanter, the drone of a bagpipe.
Chap, a blow; also a young fellow.
Chat, talk.
Chuckies, chickens.
Clavering, talking idly.
Cleck, to hatch, to breed.
Cled, clad.
Cleugh, a cliff.
Cleeding, clothing.
Clishmaclavers, idle talk.
Clocksie, vivacious.
Clout, to strike with the hand, also to mend a hole in clothes or shoes.
Clud, cloud.
Clutch, seize.

Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cock-up, a hat or cap turned up before.
Coft, purchased.
Cogie, a hollow wooden vessel.
Coof, a fool.
Coost, cast.
Corrie, a hollow in a hill.
Cosie, snug, comfortable.
Couthilie, kindly.
Couthy, frank.
Cower, to crouch, to stoop.
Cowt, a strong stick.
Crack, to converse.
Cranreuch, the hoarfrost.
Creel, a basket.
Croft, a tenement of land.
Croodle, to sing with a low voice.
Croon, to make a plaintive sound.
Crouse, brisk.
Crowdy, meal and cold water, stirred together.
Crusie, a small iron lamp.
Cuddle, embrace.
Cuiff, a blockhead.
Cuttie, a short pipe.

Dab, to peck as birds do.
Daddy, father.
Daff, to make sport.
Daffin', diversion, merry-making.
Dantit, subdued, tamed down.
Daud, blow.
Daunder, to walk thoughtlessly.
Daut, caress.
Dautit, fondled.
Dawtie, a pet, a darling.
Dighted, wiped.
Dirdum, tumult.
Disjaskit, having appearance of decay.
Doit, a small coin.
Doited, stupid.
Donnart, stupefied.
Doo, dove.
Dool, grief.
Doops, dives down.
Dorty, a foolish urchin.
Douf, dull, sad.
Dow, wither.
Dowie, sad, worn with grief.
Downa, expressive of inability.
Draigle, draggle.
Dree, suffer, endure.
Dreeping, dripping, wet.
Dreich, tedious.
Dringing, delaying.
Drone, sound of bagpipes.
Drucket, drenched.
Drumly, muddy.
Dub, a mire.
Dumpish, short and thick.
Dung, defeated.
Dunt, a knock.
Dwine, dwindle.

Eerie, timorous; dreading things supernatural.
Eident, wary.
Eild, old.
Eithly, easily.
Elf, a puny creature.
Eltled, aimed.

Fardin, farthing.
Fashious, troublesome.
Fauld, a fold.
Fause, false.
Feckly, mostly.
Fend, defend.
Ferlies, remarkable things.
Flate, scolded.
Fleyt, frightened.
Fleeched, flattered, deceived.
Fleechit, cajoled.
Flow, a fragment.
Fogie, a stupid old person.
Forby, besides.
Foumart, a pole-cat,
Fraise, flattery.
Freenge, fringe.
Fremmit, strange, foreign.
Frumpish, crumpled.
Fykes, troubles, anxieties.

Gabbin, jeering.
Gabbit, a person prone to idle talk.
Gaed, went.
Ganger, a pedestrian.
Gar, compel.
Gate, way.
Gaucie, plump, jolly.
Gauds, trinkets.
Gawkie, a foolish female.
Gi'e, give.
Gif, if.
Giggle, unmeaning laughter.
Gilphie, a half-grown person, a romping lad.
Gin, against.
Girse, grass.

Glaikit, stupid.
Glaiks, foolish talk.
Glamour, the influence of a charm.
Glamrie, the power of enchantment.
Glint, a glance.
Gloaming, the evening twilight.
Glower, stare.
Glum, gloomy.
Gowd, gold.
Graffs, graves.
Graith, gear.
Grane, groan.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grat, wept.
Grecie, a little pig.
Gree, agree.
Greet, weep.
Grist, the fee paid at the mill for grinding.
Grit, great.
Grup, grasp.
Grusome, frightful.
Gutchir, grandfather.
Gutters, mud, wet dust.

Haddin, a farmer's stock.
Haet, a whit.
Haffit-links, a necklace.
Haflins, nearly half.
Haill, whole.
Hain, save, preserve.
Hap, cover.
Haps, outer garments.
Hauds, holds.
Havens, endowments.
Hecht, called, named,
Heftit, familiarised to a place.
Heuk, reaping-hook.
Hie, high.
Hinkum, that which is put up in hanks or balls, as thread.
Hinnied, honied.
Hinny, honey, a familiar term of affection among the peasantry.
Hirple, to walk haltingly.
Hizzie, *Hussy*, a thoughtless girl.
Hodder, a coarse kind of cloth.
Howe, a hollow.
Howkit, dug.
Howlet, an owl.
Hummel, humble.
Hurkle, to bow down to.
Hyne, hence.

Ilka, each.

Jaupit, bespattered.
Jeel, jelly.
Jimp, neat, slender.

Kail, cabbages, colewort.
Kaim, comb.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keil, red clay, used for marking.
Ken, know.
Kenspeckle, having a singular appearance.
Keust, threw off.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kipper, salmon salted, hung and dried.
Kith, acquaintance.
Kittle, difficult, uncertain.
Knowe, a hillock.
Kye, cows.

Laigh, low.
Laith, loth.
Leal, faithful, loyal.
Lear, learning.
Leeve, live.
Leeze me, a term of congratulatory endearment.
Lick, wipe, beat.
Lift, the sky.
Litheless, listless.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Losh, an exclamation of surprise.
Loupin', leaping.
Lowe, flame.
Lowin', burning, warm.
Lucken, a bog.
Lucky A, an old woman.
Lugs, ears.
Lum, a chimney.
Luntin, smoking.
Lure, allure.
Lyart, grey-haired.

Mailin, a rent; a rented farm, or market garden.
Mane, moan, complain.
Maukin, a hare.
Maw, to mow, the stomach,
Mawn, mown; a basket.
May, maiden.
Mense, honour, discretion.
Mickle, much.
Mim, prim, prudish.
Minnie, mother.
Mirk, dark.
Mishanter, a sorry scrape.
Mittens, gloves without fingers.

Mools, the earth of the grave.
Mullin, crumb.
Mutch, a woman's cap.
Muter, multure, ground corn.

Naig, a riding horse.
Neip, a turnip.
Neive, the fist.
Neivefu', a handful.
Newfangled, new fashioned.
Niddered, depressed, stunted.
Niffer, to exchange.
Nip, to pinch.
Nippen, carried off surreptitiously.

Oons, wounds.
Opt, opened.
Ouk, a week.
Outower, moreover, out of.
Owre, over.
Owerlay, a cravat.

Paitrick, partridge.
Parochin', parish.
Pawkie, cunning.
Perk, pole, perch.
Perlins, women's ornaments.
Pleugh, plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Poortith, poverty.
Pow, the head.
Pree, to taste, to kiss.
Preed, tasted.
Pu', pull.

Racket, stretched.
Randy, a scold, a shrew.
Rate, beat.
Rax, reach.
Rede, to counsel—advice, wisdom.
Reefer, river.
Reft, deprived.
Rink, a race, a line.
Rocklay, a short cloak or surplice.
Roke, a distaff; also to swing.
Roose, extol.
Routh, abundance.
Rowes, rolls.
Rummulgumshin, common sense.
Runts, the trunks of trees, the stem of colewort.

Sabbit, sobbed.
Saughs, willow-trees.
Scant, scarce.
Scartle, a grape or fork.
Scaur, to scare, a wound.
Scour, search.
Scoured, burnished, ran.
Scowl, to frown.
Scrimpit, contracted.
Scrimply, barely.
Scroggie, abounding with stunted bushes.
Scug, shelter.
Scunner'd, disgusted.
Seer, sure.
Shanks-naigie, to travel on foot.
Shaw, a plantation.
Sheiling, a temporary cottage or hut.
Shiel, a sheep-shed.
Siccan, such.
Siching,
Sinsyne, after that period.
Skailt, emptied, scattered.
Skeigh, timorous.
Skiffin, moving lightly.
Skipt, went lightly and swiftly along.
Slee, sly.
Sleekit, cunning.
Slockin, to allay thirst.
Smeddum, sagacity.
Smoored, smothered.
Snooded, the hair bound up.
Sough, the breathing a tune, also the sighing of the wind.
Spaewife, a female fortune-teller.
Speer, ask.
Speerin', inquiring.
Spence, a larder.
Squinting, looking obliquely.
Staigie, a young horse.
Starn, star.
Steer, stir.
Sud, should.
Sumph, a soft person.
Swankie, a clever young fellow.
Sweir, indolent.
Swiggit, swallowed.
Swither, to hesitate.
Syne, then.

Tane, the one of two.
Tapsle-teerie, topsy-turvy.
Tauld, told.
Ted, toad.
Tent, care.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentin', leading.
Tether, halter.

Thairms, strings.
Theek, thatch.
Teuch, tough.
Thole, to endure.
Thowless, inactive.
Thraw, twist.
Thrawart, froward, perverse.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, lose.
Tint, lost.
Tirl, to uncover.
Tocher, dowry.
Toom, empty.
Toss, toast.
Tout, shout.
Towmond, a year.
Tramps, vagrants.
Trantlooms, odds and ends.
Trig, neat, trim.
Troth, truth, vow.
Trow, to make believe.
Tryst, appointment.

Unco, uncommon.

Vauntit, boasted.

Wae, sad, sorrowful.
Wabster, weaver.
Wag, shake.
Warsled, wrestled.
Wat, wet, also to know.
Wauken, awaken.
Waukrife, watchful, sleepless.
Waunert, wandered.
Waur, worse.
Wean, a child.
Wee, little.
Weel, well.
Weel-faur'd, well-favoured.
Ween, guess.
Weir, war, also to herd.
Whigmigmorum, political ranting.
Whilk, which.
Whussilt, whistled.
Wile, choice.
Wist, wished.
Wizen, the throat.
Wooster-trystes, wool-markets.
Wow, vow.
Wysed, inclined.

Yate, gate.
Yeldrin, a yellow hammer.
Yird, earth, soil.
Yowes, ewes.

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